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MY LIFE IN FOUR CONTINENTS

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THE THREE PROPHETS.
APPLETON AND CO., NEW YORK.

LES SOURCES DU NIL.
CAGUIARD, ROUEN.

L'EGYPTE ET SES PROVINCES PERDUES.
LIBRAIRIE NOUVELLE, PARIS.

LA CORÉE OU CHÖSEN LA TERRE DU CALME MATINAL.
ERNEST LEROUX, PARIS.

LES COMBATTANTS FRANÇAIS DE LA GUERRE AMÉRICAINE, 1778–83. (*French and English Edition.*)
IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE, WASHINGTON.

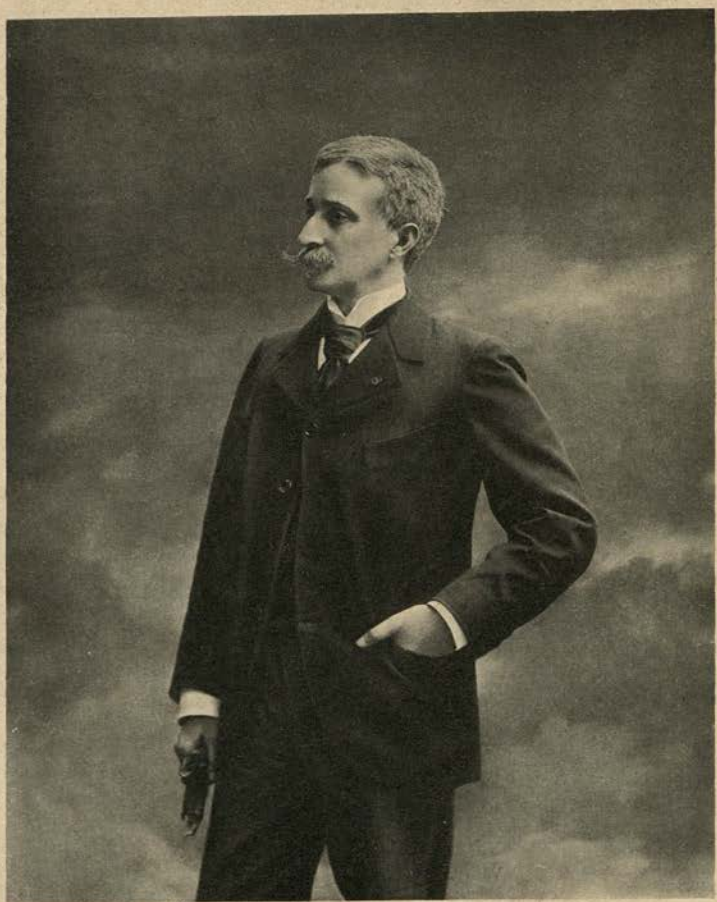

Photo. Eug. Pirou, Paris

Col. Chaillé Long.

1900.

MY LIFE IN FOUR CONTINENTS

COLONEL CHAILLÉ-LONG

GENERAL GORDON'S CHIEF-OF-THE-STAFF IN THE EGYPTIAN EQUATORIAL PROVINCES

WITH PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECES, FULL PAGE PLATES, 24 ILLUSTRATIONS, FACSIMILES, AND MAPS

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON, C.B.

Royal Engineers British Army

Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY HIS

AEGYPTO-AMERICAN CHIEF-OF-STAFF

COLONEL CHARLES CHAILLÉ-LONG

Chevalier de la Croix de la Légion d'Honneur

ommandeur de l'Ordre du Médjidieh et d'Osmanieh, etc. etc.

Colonel C. Long
96 Fifth avenue
New York.
U. S.

Mapawa
9 Dec 1879

My dear Long.

I received your letter oct. today on my arrival from Abyssa. You are very much ~~so~~ mistaken, if you think I wished to detract from the just merit due to you, for your passage from Umvoyani to Mwoli by calling the lake after the name given by the natives. Speke, in his voyage around lake Albert, had Mt Gordon, Mt Nuben, & a host of names, all of which I objected to, as materially useless. However I have written the enclosed to Editor N.Y.H. and I think that it should satisfy you, and that you can require no more. I gave my sketch ~~sheets~~ sheets to R.G.S. rough as they were, and on them was

written the native names, the map
was just- together when I was in
London, and had I known that you
would have wished to have the name given
to the lake to be inserted, it- would
easily have been so, thus Lake Ojo (alias
Lake Ibrahim (Long.))

Believe me
Yours very truly
C. Gordon.

PREFACE

"Si l'on veut dire la verité, on s'expose à beaucoup de haines; si on a la faiblesse de la taire, on trahit le premier de ses devoirs. C'est un grand danger que j'éprouva mais l'amour de la patrie doit l'emporter sur toute autre considération."—WILLIAM OF TYRE, Historian of the Crusades, 1130–1193.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, writing concerning autobiography in the sixteenth century, said: "All men, of whatsoever quality they be, who have done anything of excellence ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hands."

Also Jean Jacques Rousseau, two centuries later, wrote on the same subject: "Si je ne vaux pas mieux au moins je suis autre."

If these reasons for the necessity of writing of one's self should be deemed insufficient, I may add that I am frequently requested by unknown persons in England to inform them where they may find my biography, and they complain that in my writings I have written nothing of myself. This also constitutes a challenge which I could not ignore if I would.

Then, again, a writer of distinction, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, has done me the honour to write me recently: "I trust you will write and publish your full memoirs. It is a duty you owe to history."

And finally my publisher, who should be as good if not better an authority than all these, writes:—

"There are not many people who are much interested or who know much about Egyptian history or politics, but everyone is interested in the personality of Gordon and of such men as Burton, and vivid reminiscences of the Egypt of those days (Ismail Pasha, 1869), and of your own very conspicuous share in its drama, ought to arrest the attention of a wide audience."

Although I wrote and published a book in England entitled *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People*, which had some success, it does not appear that I am known at all in England.

There was not to my knowledge until recently a single word in any encyclopædia in England which noticed my work in Africa, which nevertheless has been given prominence in the encyclopædias of all other countries. To be precise, there are just five lines, almost furtively written and signed "F. R. C.", concealed in an obscure

note of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eleventh edition.

The note[1] is cited below as a curious manifestation of geographical and historical perversion. It attributes to General Gordon an achievement which General Gordon never claimed, but which, on the contrary, he generously attributed to his chief-of-staff, as confirmed in the letter addressed me and reproduced on the first page of this book. For a fact, General Gordon neither inspired nor ordered the mission to Uganda, nor the consequent discoveries in the Upper Nile in the gap left by Speke and Grant. That special service was accomplished under the secret orders of Ismail

[1] The *Britannica*, under "Nile," page 698. writes: "It fell to the lot of Gen. C. G. Gordon (when that officer administered the Egyptian Equatorial provinces) and his assistants to fill up the gap left by Speke and Baker in the course of the main stream. In 1874 two English engineer officers, Lieut. (afterwards Colonel) Sir Charles M. Watson and Lieut. H. Chippendall, followed the river between Gondokoro and Albert N'Yanza; in 1876 an Italian, Romolo Gessi Pacha, circumnavigated that lake, proving Baker's estimate of its size to be vastly exaggerated; Gordon in the same year traced the river between Murchison Falls and Karuma Rapids, and an American, Colonel C. Chaillé-Long, followed (1874) the Nile from the Ripon Falls to Karuma Rapids, discovering in his journey Lake Kioga, which he named Ibrahim. In this manner the identity of the Victoria Nile with the river which issued from the Albert N'Yanza was definitely established."

The order adopted in the foregoing note is a deception calculated to deceive the unwary. The two English engineers who are mentioned followed the river it is true, but followed after others. They discovered nothing and yet there is a manifest intention to make it appear that they discovered something. (C.-L.)

Pasha, the details of which are given in a subsequent chapter.

But General Gordon not only attributed these achievements in the Nile basin entirely to his chief-of-staff; he generously accorded them his cordial and enthusiastic approval, and therein, as we shall have occasion to remark, lies one of the heads of his offending.

When General Gordon, then Lieutenant-Colonel of Royal Engineers, British Army, was appointed in 1874 by the Khedive of Egypt Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces, I was Lieutenant-Colonel of the General Staff of the Egyptian Army since 1869, and was chosen his chief-of-the-staff.

Gordon said to me in our first meeting in Cairo: "You will command the military; I will take care of the administration of the Provinces." Thus there fell upon my young shoulders the triple burden of the staff, the command of garrison, and the command of the expeditions which would extend the frontiers of Egypt.

"WHAT IT COSTS TO SOLVE THE NILE SOURCE PROBLEM!"

This was General Gordon's exclamation, when on October 18th, 1874, I returned to Gondokoro

from the Victoria N'Yanza more dead than alive. Gordon, I should say, had read my reports which I had sent him in advance by messenger, and therefore knew in brief of the privations endured and of the success achieved in my mission to M'tesa, King of Uganda. He stared at me with ill-concealed horror, grasped my two hands in cordial welcome, and said tenderly: "Come, let me photograph you; the world should know what it costs to solve the Nile source problem."

The photograph taken and at once developed by General Gordon is reproduced in the chapter "What it costs to solve the Nile source problem." The photograph is a precious souvenir of those days, and the reader must agree that it bears the trace of the physical and mental suffering indicated by Gordon's exclamation.

In this too arduous service I won the cordial esteem and confidence of Gordon, to whom I became attached by the double tie of duty and sincere affection.

These expeditions, despite the terrible climatic conditions which spared none, extended the limits of Egypt south to the equator and the Great Lakes, west of the Nile towards the Atlantic, east to the Indian Ocean, to the Juba, Kismayu, and Mombasa.

It was the latter expedition which taxed my strength to the breaking point. Constant fevers had almost worn me out, and when returned to Cairo, in 1876, I was relegated to hospitals and cures in the long struggle that ensued to regain the life I had left in Central and Oriental Africa.

This may explain in a measure why General Gordon's chief-of-the-staff is so little known, if known at all, in England. But there are other reasons certainly.

Sir Richard Burton wrote me, November 4th, 1888: "You will have no chance of public recognition for your great part of the work in the solution of the Nile source problem. You have Grant against you, who hates his idol to be touched by a hand profane. The R.G. Society will be interested in anything you do about Corea, but they will not have Africa stirred up."[1]

Sir Samuel Baker wrote me, May 6th, 1893: "As you know, there is a lamentable amount of petty jealousy in all the affairs of life, but above all, unfortunately, in explorations. You did a great amount of good work for Gordon, and should I ever have to speak or write upon the

[1] Sir Richard Burton's letter, p. 543.

subject of the Nile source, I should never forget to emphasize the fact."[1]

Both Burton and Baker, notwithstanding their distinction, had trouble with the jealous coterie in the R.G. Gordon classed like coteries in other departments against himself as "conies."

Colonel Grant[2] disclosed his hand in a letter to the *Times* dated January 30th, 1876, and again when receiving a letter from Stanley dated Balundu, Itiri, September 8th, 1888 (when it was stated the expedition was starving on manioc). Stanley depreciated Lake Ibrahim, become his *Cauchemar*, Grant failed to protest against Stanley's statement, which Grant and his fellow-conies knew to be false in every particular. Stanley's mind, aside from a well-known habit of exaggeration, may have been affected by over-consumption of manioc when concocting his story. Be that as it may, his editors had the decency to cut it out of his book, which not only made no mention of it, but his map of Africa bore Lake Ibrahim thereon under one of its aliases, and the lake was given twice the dimensions attributed to it by me!

Nevertheless, neither Grant nor Stanley nor their friends apologized. The manifestation on the

[1] Sir Samuel Baker's Letter, p. 443.
[2] Letter Col. Grant, p 408.

part of Grant fully justified the scathing judgment of brave, generous-hearted "Dick Burton" which is cited hereafter.

Sir Harry Johnston, Vice-President of the R.G.S., writing my counsel under date of September 17th, 1908, excusing errors in his book *The Uganda Protectorate*, attributed them to the deceptions committed by Stanley, thus: "I am aware that the deceased Sir Henry M. Stanley did not always write very kindly of Colonel Chaillé-Long in his letters referring to the discoveries in equatorial Africa, and that these depreciations may have crept into compilations of African geography published in England. Not through me, however; I am no more responsible for them than the man in the moon, if there is one. Stanley wrote and printed much unkind criticism of other African explorers besides Col. Long—even of myself and my own opinions. It was Stanley's way."

This is in the nature of a confession. It is a distasteful, almost uncanny, subject, which is bared in a chapter entitled: "What it costs to solve the Nile source problem."

While we have Sir Harry Johnston before us, let us hear what he writes about General Gordon. It is instructive, because it will be borne in mind

that Sir Harry is Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society. He says:—

"As a matter of cold political criticism, I took exception to the policy of Colonel Gordon in seeking to extend Egyptian rule over Uganda and over the Sultan of Zanzibar's dominions when he knew presumably that such policy was, for various reasons, distasteful to the British Government and likely to cause friction in various ways."

Parbleu! Here is another confession which enables us by reflection to see more clearly into the tragedy at Khartoum, the horror of which grows with time.

Referring to the statement that I am a stranger in England notwithstanding my relations with General Gordon, who I assumed was the best-known name in Great Britain, Sir William Butler in his *Life of General Gordon* maintains the contrary. Sir William quotes Gordon's brother as saying:—

"At the moment of his departure for Khartoum, he was, to the great mass of his countrymen, a person who was now heard of for the first time." And apropos Sir William recites the story of a gentleman in Pembrokeshire who remarked to an officer of the garrison there: "I see the Govern-

ment has just sent a Chinaman to the Soudan. What can they mean by sending a native of that country to such a place?"

This story, incredible as it may seem, is vouched for by Sir William. It is some consolation for Gordon's chief-of-staff, who has been mistaken more than once for a Chinaman, first because of his association with "Chinese Gordon," and second because the "Long" part of his name was taken to belong to the distinguished Long dynasty of China. The Chaillé part has constituted him a Frenchman.

I may say that the difficulties which the Anglo-American Saxon experiences over proper names of Latin origin are apparently insuperable. Returning from Egypt to Washington in 1885, I was presented to Madame X, wife of a Cabinet Minister. The valet was absolutely correct in announcing me. The hostess beamed upon me graciously, and taking my two hands exclaimed, "Why, how do you do, Captain de Long? What a cold time you must have had in the Arctic!"

When I had recovered slightly, I protested that poor de Long had been frozen beneath Arctic snows. I, Chaillé-Long, had been baked beneath equatorial suns. Nevertheless, despite my polite protest, I had a sympathetic reception—as Captain

de Long. When I retired I ruminated long over the vanity and evanescence of fame and the extremely difficult ways of the explorer and discoverer. But recalling what has been said by Benvenuto Cellini and Jean Jacques Rousseau, I take courage to write, with my own hand, of the things I have done.

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MY LIFE IN FOUR CONTINENTS

CHAPTER I

"The sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

Jacques, in "As You Like It."

IN the comedy of *As You Like It* Shakespeare has drawn a picture the moral of which often gives me pause and wraps me, like the melancholy Jacques, in a most humorous sadness.

I am reminded, too, as the years pass, of Rosalind's rejoinder to Jacques: "A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's: then, to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands. . . ."

In the brief life allotted to man he is quickly passed from youth to old age, the stage indicated by Dr. Johnson as "the age of recollection and narrative." The author has arrived, if not at old age, at the stage where he has little, if any, desire for travel, and where he turns with a feeling akin to pleasure to undertake the task

of narrating the many scenes of a varied life in which facts are often stranger than fiction.

Before setting out upon our travels, I ask the reader to tarry with me a moment in the home of my boyhood. Princess Anne, Maryland, "Pretty Princess Anne," as it has been justly termed, is my birthplace. There came my ancestors: the Longs, in 1645, the Chaillés in 1710. It is the cradle and the grave of my beloved parents, who lie in the graveyards of "Old St. Andrew's" in Princess Anne, and of "All Hallows'" in Snow Hill. To such memories of childhood and family are added the attachment to people and the land itself, for the *Eastern Shoreman* has the same love of his native soil as the Arab *fellah*, the *ibn el bilad*, has for the Nile, of which he says: "He who drinks of the Nile will return to drink again." Likewise, the Eastern Shoreman, attracted irresistibly by the bayous and bays of the Chesapeake, returns there inevitably.

Princess Anne is the county town of Somerset. Situated at the head waters of the Manokin River, which empties into the Chesapeake, it was known until 1732, variously, as "Somerset" and "Manokin" town. The 17th of December, 1742, Somerset was divided and the name of Worcester given to the one half. Snow Hill rose to the dignity of "Court House," having enjoyed since 1786 the privilege of a port of entry.

CHAILLÉ-LONG IN 1848
AT SIX YEARS

Princess Anne, in marked distinction to the other towns of the Peninsula, possesses wide streets lined with stately sycamores, picturesque lawns, and well-kept flower-gardens. The denizens, in accord with the place, have always been distinguished in forum and field, and many there are, and have been, whose names have been heard far beyond the echoes of the town.

Washington Academy, less than half a century ago, constituted Princess Anne a University town. The curriculum might indeed have been that of any Academy in Rome or Athens, being almost exclusively Latin and Greek. Excellent régime for the creation of poet or priest, but strangely unpractical for the strenuous American life. Far from me the purpose to depreciate the classics. On the contrary, I approve them.

My father was both planter and merchant and resided in Princess Anne, beloved by all for his noble, generous nature, his charity and goodness. My mother was a gentle, Christian lady, whose virtues and nobility of soul gave her marked distinction. I was the youngest of seven children, and was present at my eldest sister's (Henrietta) wedding, held, all unconscious of the ceremony, in the nurse's arms.

In 1860 I had completed my studies at the Academy, and was halting between the choice of the Law or Medicine, when there arose the commotion that preceded the Civil War. In the autumn of that year I joined the State

Guard, one company of which was formed in Princess Anne and accredited to Somerset.

The quaint but picturesque uniform of the *Somerset Guard* was composed of a green flannel jacket, the collar, cuffs, and waistband being trimmed with bands of red cloth. The jacket was buttoned to the neck with a single row of bright brass buttons. I was scarcely eighteen, and the glare and glitter of the gilt were sufficient reflection for my youth. The trousers, considered a temporary expedient, were made of brown linen, and were worn as overalls. The captivating part of this Garibaldian uniform was the regulation cap of the U.S. Army, except the State shield. The bright red pompon lent a military appearance to an attire which else was decidedly brigandish. The pride and glory which centred in that uniform come to me now as a refreshing and precious souvenir. I have worn many elegant and brilliant uniforms since then, but none of them ever struck my fancy, fired by youthful enthusiasm, like the uniform of the Somerset Guard.

Captain Polk was a gallant soldier and had seen hard service with Walker in Nicaragua. On one occasion the Captain punished, perhaps too severely, a member, for some slight infraction of the regulations. The mother of the guardsman resented what she deemed a humiliation. At a social gathering to which the Captain was invited, Madame X cynically proposed the health

of the Guard thus: "*To the Somerset Guard: invincible in peace; invisible in war!*" The thrust entered the soul of the organization and mayhap would have broken it up altogether, but 1861 had already come, and in the war that followed the Guard disappeared over the border to fight for the Confederacy. I would have joined my comrades, accompanied by a brother,[1] but for my father, who interposed his authority.

Subsequently I received permission to organize a cavalry company for the "Purnell Legion." I had recruited a sufficient number of *bounty-*

[1] Joseph Covell entered the Confederate navy and served as lieutenant, and was sent on detached service to Europe. He had served in the insurrection of Lopez, in Cuba, in 1851, and was one of the few who escaped the terrible reprisal of the Spanish authorities. Joseph Covell escaped through his proficiency in Spanish and French, being concealed in the home of a Spanish gentleman, who was attracted by his youth and intelligence. This was the third expedition of Narcisco Lopez. It landed in Cuba from the steamer *Pompeiro*, August 3rd, 1851. Scarcely debarked, the filibusters were surprised and the greater number massacred; the prisoners were garrotted in Havana, September 1st, 1851, all except Joseph Covell Long. The United States was perhaps sympathetic to filibustering at that period, and a resolution in Congress, proposing the modest sum of $100,000 for Cuba, was evidence of current opinion as to the acquisition of the island. Lopez was an officer of rank in the Spanish army. His arrival in United States in 1849 was marked by signal cordiality. Lopez interested Governor Quitman, through whom the chief command was offered in turn to Mr. Jefferson Davis, then U.S. senator from Miss., and to Captain Robert E. Lee, both of whom declined. Joseph married the daughter of David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia. In 1861 he was associated in the publication of the *Philadelphia Evening Journal*, which published an article from Joseph's pen, entitled: "The Puritanical Pulpit." This article provoked the ire of the "Abolitionists," who mobbed the journal and threw the type in the street. The incident determined Joseph to enter the Confederate navy.

jumpers, and was preparing to muster them that I might receive my commission, when they *bolted* one night—*ratted out* and left me, very much to my chagrin.

My disgust was so complete I enlisted as a private soldier (in 1862) in the 1st Eastern Shore Regiment Maryland Infantry recruited for service within the limits of the State.

The 1st E.S. regiment was an historic regiment, and although its organization had not been maintained, it was now reorganized under the name borne in the war of the Revolution when commanded by my great-grandfather, Colonel Peter Chaillé. The regiment served during the War for Independence, and principally against the incursions in the Chesapeake Bay, its bayous and creeks, by Lord Dunsmore's fleet. Its service in the Civil War of 1861 consisted in a somewhat similar service in guarding these bayous, creeks, and rivers against blockade runners.

The 1st E.S. was commanded now by Colonel Wallace, of Cambridge, Md. Some of its officers were slaveholders, whose slaves followed their masters into camp, and the fact is mentioned as unique, and also to show that the 1st E.S. regiment did not enter the service with any idea of negro emancipation.

Under the strain of invasion of Maryland by the army of General Lee in 1863 the regiment was ordered to Baltimore, whence, in Lockwood's Brigade, it marched to the Monocacy. At Poplar

Springs, on the Frederick road, the regiment was surrounded during the night (when encamped in the woods) by the forces of General J. E. B. Stuart, who had crossed the Potomac at Rowsers Ford at 3 a.m. of June 28th. The unexpected arrival of General Kilpatrick at dawn disengaged the regiment and drove the captors toward Westminster.

The 1st E.S. resuming its march in the direction of Gettysburg was joined to the 3rd Division 12th Army Corps under General Slocum. The 1st E.S. reached the field of Gettysburg on the afternoon of the second day's fight, July 2nd. The regiment was halted near the General Field Hospital and was subjected to the demoralizing and heart-rending scenes at that spot. Nevertheless it went into action and behaved with heroic gallantry. It repulsed a charge of the famous 2nd Maryland Confederate Infantry (Jackson's old brigade) at Culps Hill. When Sickles was being driven back, Lockwood was ordered to support him. Several batteries had been lost in the Peach Orchard, and, among these, Biglow's Battery of the 9th Mass., which was retaken by Lockwood's brigade.

During the charge, the rival Maryland regiments were thrown face to face. Robert Ross was colour-sergeant of the 1st E.S. and Percolus Moore colour-sergeant of the 2nd C.S. Infantry. The men were cousins from Trappe Talbot Co., Md. In the shock of the charge there

was recognition: "Is that you, Cousin Bob?" cried Moore, and Ross replied: "Yes. Hello, Cole!" And this is cited to show the steadiness of the two Maryland regiments. The 1st E.S. lost a number of killed.

The regiment displayed all the valour and steadiness worthy of the "Old Maryland Line," although Gettysburg was its baptism of blood.

At Berlin, on the Potomac, the regiment was detached from the 12th Army Corps and ordered to Maryland Heights, and subsequently returned to the defences of Baltimore.

In July, 1864, during the movement made by General Jubal Early, commanding the Confederate forces, Baltimore was threatened and in danger of being captured. On July 10th I was unexpectedly ordered to take command of a hastily improvised cavalry company and "intercept and check the enemy." I discovered the Confederate cavalry leader on the York road. It were more exact to say he discovered me, for I was apprised of his presence by a brisk fire from his advance. My men were not cavalrymen, but infantrymen and convalescents mounted upon dray or omnibus horses. They were conscious of their utter inefficiency, and gave me a demonstration of the fact by sliding or falling from their saddles and fleeing like a flash at the first volley.

I returned to head-quarters with my orderly-sergeant, and gravely reported to General Ord,

commanding the Department, the loss of my entire command—men and mounts—in action.

General Early, it will be recalled, defeated General Lew Wallace (the commander of the Middle Military Division at Baltimore), and Washington, denuded of troops, was seriously threatened. I accompanied General Ord to Washington, July 11th, and participated with that officer in the affair at Tennallytown. But for the timely arrival of a division of the 6th Corps Washington had evidently been captured by Early. Subsequently I was transferred and promoted captain in the 11th Md.[1] and ordered to join that regiment at Fort Delaware.

General Albin F. Schoepf was commandant of the post. A Hungarian, he had served with Kossuth in the revolution of 1848. Captain Schoepf was a graduate of the Military Academy at Vienna. When Hungary struck for liberty, Schoepf resigned and followed Generals Görgei and Bem, under the leadership of Kossuth. After the fruitless struggle, Captain Schoepf fled with Bem to Turkey, where, at twenty-five years of age, he was given the rank of *Bimbashi*, or major, in the Sultan's army, and served as such as aide-de-camp to General Bem, who likewise

[1] The surviving officers of the 1st and 11th Maryland, whose organizations were united as the 11th Md. Vet. Infantry, are: Mullikin, Rastall, Poulson, Mowbray, Coburn, Hennisee, Moore, Lane Taneyhill, Parker, Vannort, Dr. McKendry Kemp, and Chaillé-Long. The latter (the author) was enrolled as a private under the *nom de guerre* of C. R. W. Long, but after the war resumed, by authority of the courts, his legal name of Charles Chaillé-Long.

had entered the Turkish service and commanded at Aleppo.

After the death of Bem at Aleppo in 1852, Major Schoepf sailed for America, and obtained employment in the coast survey and patent office at Washington. Subsequently, at the breaking out of the war (1861), his military experience and talents were made known to the General-in-Chief of the U.S. Army through Judge-Advocate-General Holt. General Scott recommended him to the Secretary of War in the following letter :—

"At the instance of the Hon. J. Holt I have had an interview with Mr. Schoepf. I have become so pleased with him that I am anxious he should be brought into the military service of the United States. Mr. S. is very intelligent, a scientific soldier, and evidently a most trustworthy man. I have no doubt he would make an able and efficient brigadier-general.

"Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War, September 24th, 1861.

"WINFIELD SCOTT."

General Schoepf[1] was a strict disciplinarian. The American volunteers, unfortunately little accustomed to discipline, chafed under it and manifested a disposition to revolt. My company

[1] General Schoepf was appointed a brigadier and participated in the battles of Wild Cat and Mill Springs, 1861; member of the military commission at Cincinnati; commanded the post at Fort Delaware, 1863–66; mustered out of service; appointed chief examiner of the patent office, 1866–86; died May 10th, 1886.

was among the malcontents, and being promptly informed of their riotous spirit, and even threats of violence against the General, I repaired to the spot, delivered a hot address, told them I was ashamed of such soldiers, and threatened to quit the service at once. "Go to your quarters," I commanded, and they went. The following morning I received an order to report to the Commanding General for service on his staff as Commissary of Musters.

Service with the General enabled me to procure many privileges for the Confederate prisoners, among whom were several of my former comrades of the Somerset Guard. Besides these were Colonel Morgan, brother of the famous cavalry leader, Colonel Burton N. Harrison, secretary to President Davis, and others.

Colonel Harrison and I, many years later, renewed our acquaintance in New York as fellow-members of the Manhattan Club, and the association begun at Fort Delaware ripened into a warm friendship, of which he gave me frequent proof, and of which I maintain always an affectionate remembrance.

Whilst serving with General Schoepf I was detached with Adjutant Kemp to attend at Philadelphia the funeral honours paid in Independence Hall to President Lincoln, whose assassination by Wilkes Booth created at the Fort, as throughout the country, inexpressible emotion.

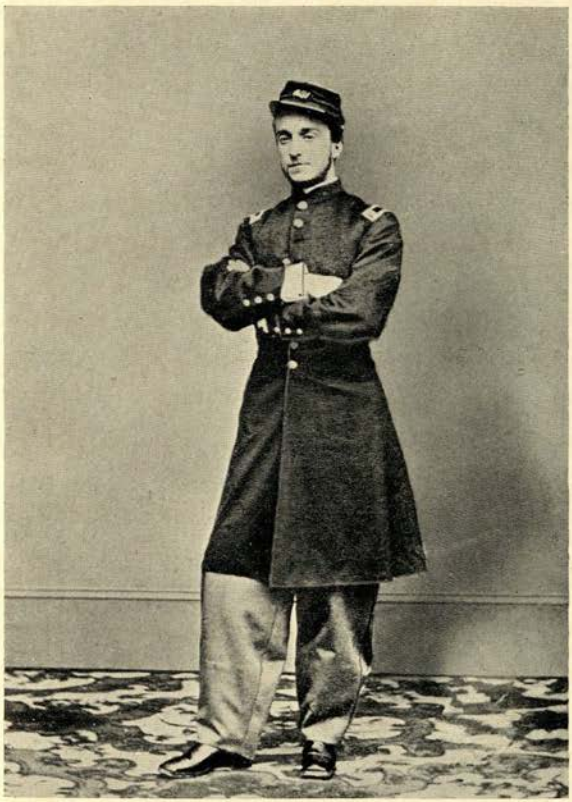
General Schoepf, during my service with him,

frequently recounted to me stories of his life in Aleppo, Asia Minor, and thus created in my mind an ardent desire to go to the East.

At the conclusion of the war my regiment, then under orders for Texas, was ordered to Baltimore, where, at Camp Bradford, with the Maryland troops, it was mustered out of service, June 15th, 1865. Adjutant Kemp and myself had been selected, as a privilege accorded only the favoured few, to appear for examination for retention in the regular army. Neither Kemp nor I proposed to remain, but I appeared before the Board nevertheless, and passed. My refusal to accept was due to the fact that I had quite decided in my own mind to seek my destiny in the Orient. Just how that object was to be attained was not at all clear, but I had all the assurance and audacity of youth.

Two years passed and the opportunity I had sought had not arrived. Discouraged somewhat, I sought my old friend, the Hon. Montgomery Blair, and told him that, failing to secure my object in the Orient, I would return to the army and accept the commission I had rejected. Judge Blair took me to see President Johnson, and tried in vain to induce him to reappoint me. Mr. Johnson was obdurate. "The army was far too large, it was necessary to reduce it to the minimum. . . ."

The interview with President Johnson is the more memorable because two Indian chiefs,



CAPTAIN CHAILLÉ-LONG

APRIL, 1865

whose names I cannot recall, were in the antechamber of the White House waiting to be received by *their Great Father*. They had come to Washington to refer to the President some question in dispute with Indian agents who were crowding and robbing their people. The costume was unique. The chiefs had doffed their picturesque dress, and donned for the occasion old silk hats with a chicken feather in the crown; osnaburg shirts with huge blue letters of the manufactory across the back, and for the rest they were bare-legged and bare-footed.

Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, dined with Judge Blair that evening, and I was of the party. The Judge asked him to place me in the Marine Corps. Dr. Byron Le Compte, who had been surgeon of the 1st E.S., and Lieutenant Muse of the Marine Corps, were then serving at the Marine barracks, and both had strongly urged me to enter that service. At table the subject was broached. "What!" said the venerable Secretary, "you would enter the Marine Corps! Young man, I would have a better opinion of your ambitions." The subject was dropped. The next day I told Le Comte of what had passed, and he laughingly replied: "By Gosh!"—a familiar expression—"I think old Neptune is right."

From 1866 to 1869 I resided in New York, where I found employment in a cotton-cloth commission house, in which I had an opportunity of learning something of that industry. I con-

tributed *entre temps* to the commercial and literary press. I lived the life of a recluse, frequented libraries, re-read favourite Latin and Greek authors, and had a moment of poetic inspiration, which gave me the courage to send my effort to Mr. William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Bryant kindly returned my poem with a friendly letter, in which he encouraged me to further efforts. Mr. Bryant's letter, however, dampened my ardour, chilled the *feu sacré*, and I abandoned poetry. I would give much to-day for the poet's letter, which I foolishly destroyed. I had also an idea of the stage and went frequently to Wallack's. I finally joined a dramatic club, which met in the Bowery under the presidency of a stock actor who coached members for the profession. Our company, indeed, gave a public entertainment for the benefit of an old actor, a friend and protégé of our manager. We played the *School for Scandal*, and played it well, quite as well, our manager said, as Wallack's company, and we filled the old beneficiary's pockets with money. The character of my associates was not high. A little while my taste was satisfied, and I finally withdrew in disgust, convinced that my vocation lay with neither of the Muses I had invoked but with Mars.

During the summer of 1869 my purpose of going to the Orient being kept steadily in my mind, assumed tangible form through two French acquaintances in New York, who informed me

that the French Military Mission in Egypt would positively be recalled—was already recalled—to France. I hastened to acquaint Judge Blair with the circumstance, and he replied, November 3rd, 1869, as follows :—

" My dear Captain,—Yours of the 29th ulto. duly received. If you can find out who the Consul is at Cairo, I will address him a letter in your behalf. It would be better, however, if your commanding officer could get you a certificate. I could then get the Department to state that that officer commanded such a regiment or brigade, or of what the regiment formed a part.

" Yours truly,

" M. BLAIR."

I thereupon obtained from Generals Schoepf, Lockwood, and Frank Blair, very flattering letters, with a certificate of service from the War Department, and enclosed them to Judge Blair, who replied, November 13th, 1869 :—

" Dear Captain Chaillé-Long,—Enclosed I send you the papers you desire. If my letter is not right in form, vary to suit yourself.

" Yours truly,

" M. BLAIR."

In the interval, following Judge Blair's suggestion, I had addressed a formal application to His Excellency Chihin Pasha, Egyptian Minister of War, enclosing the above-mentioned testi-

monials. It appears that Chihin Pasha promptly submitted my letter to Ismail Pasha, the Khedive, who had just appointed Colonel Thaddeus P. Mott, a general of brigade on his court staff. Mott was the son of Dr. Valentine Mott, of New York, who had won great favour at court by a successful operation on the Sultan Abdul-Aziz. Besides, Mott's sister had married Blacque Bey, former Turkish Minister at Washington, and this latter fact had been the determining cause of Mott's appointment in Egypt. My application was most opportune. The French Mission was being withdrawn, and the Khedive ordered his Minister of War to appoint me a Lieutenant-Colonel. At the same time, after conference with General Mott, the latter's brother, Mr. Henry A. Mott, of New York, was made the Khedive's agent in America, and forthwith the latter was charged with the selection of an unlimited number of American officers for the Egyptian Army. My appointment, made by Ismail himself, was communicated to Mr. Mott by cable, who in turn notified me. The appointments of Generals Loring, Sibley, Colonel Kennon, and Major Cameron quickly followed. Generals Loring and Sibley sailed at once for Egypt, whilst Kennon and myself were retained in New York to aid in the selection of officers. Having successfully passed examination before General Fitz John Porter, who acted as examining officer and military counsel to Mr. Mott, we were

sworn into the Khedive's service with the oath[1] cited below, which was preceded by a contract in which it was expressly stipulated that our citizenship should be respected and that under no circumstances should we be expected or required "to bear arms or wage war against the United States."

Prior to our taking this oath Mr. Mott confidentially informed us that, aside from the reorganization of the Egyptian Army, the real and immediate object of our employment was nothing less than to strike a blow for the independence of Egypt and to sever that country from the tyranny of the Turkish yoke.[2]

As the day approached for our departure I felt for the first time the great responsibility of our enterprise. It involved a struggle against a powerful and valiant army. The youngest of the family, the pain of separation from father and relatives was very great, and caused me many hours of mental suffering. Warned several

[1] I declare in the presence of the ever-living God that I will in all things honestly, faithfully, and truly keep, observe, and perform each and every of the obligations enumerated to the utmost of my ability, and endeavour to conform to the wishes and desires of the Government of His Royal Highness the Khedive of Egypt, in all things connected with the furtherance of his prosperity and the maintenance of his throne.

Sworn to in the presence of John R. Nelson and James R. Beattie, New York City.

[2] General Wm. T. Sherman, then General-in-Chief of the U.S. Army, subsequently sent a number of American officers to the Khedive to be employed by the progressive Ruler of Egypt to establish the independence of Egypt.

days in advance that we would sail on March 2nd (1870), I hurriedly visited Baltimore to say adieu to my father and the family, and returned to New York in time to proceed with Colonel Kennon and Major Cameron on board a steamer of the Cunard Company, the name of which none of us had learned. A small coterie of friends who were advised only of the peaceful side of our mission had already assembled on the deck to drink our health and wish us *bon voyage*. Among these were Mr. Henry A. Mott, to whom we had become much attached during our association, also MM. Sandier, Mary, Millet, Himely, Drs. Drake and Huntington, Livingstone, and my brother, Mortimer Addison. Imagine, reader, my surprise as we passed over the ship's side to see, for the first time, in large gilt letters the ship's name: *Aleppo!* To my fervid imagination, as well as to that of my future comrades-in-arms who knew the story of Bimbashi Schoepf, the coincidence of the name appeared an excellent omen of success.

COLONEL BEVERLEY KENNON
CHIEF OF COAST DEFENCE

CHAPTER II

THE *Aleppo* was a good solid ship, but not to be compared in speed to the ocean greyhounds of the present. The weather was exceedingly rough and stormy, even to such an old "salt" as Kennon.

Kennon was a Virginian, the son of Commodore Kennon of the U.S. Navy; had been also a lieutenant in that navy, but he had resigned early in 1861, and subsequently won distinction in the Confederate navy.

Major Cameron was also a Virginian; a queer character. He had served in the Confederacy as a chaplain, then as an officer. Since the war he had changed his religion so frequently as to embarrass at times his memory. On his voluntary confession, he had been a Methodist, Lutheran, Calvinist, and then an ardent Catholic! When we marvelled at his extraordinary versatility, he boisterously excused it on the principle that "all roads lead to Rome." He was, in fact, an uncontrollable crank, and caused both Kennon and myself much vexation and mortification. Under the ardent rays of an Egyptian sun his vagaries became so embarrassing that he was summarily dismissed and sent back to America.

The *Aleppo* made the trip to Liverpool in sixteen days, whence we proceeded at once to Paris, arriving there the night of the 19th March, stopping at the Grand Hotel.

I had letters of special recommendation to the American Minister, Mr. Washburne, who kindly proposed to present us at the Tuileries, which I declined, in accord with Kennon, much to Cameron's ill-temper and disgust. In the Bois de Boulogne, however, we caught a glimpse of the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by a brilliant escort, an incident which served as a souvenir of the Empire, which a few months later was destined to disappear in the disastrous war with Prussia.

After a few days' sojourn in Paris we resumed our journey to Marseilles, whence (having missed the "Messageries Impériales" for Alexandria) we proposed to take the "Peninsular and Oriental" from the same port. The steamer *Ceylon* had been advertised to sail at an early hour, and the train we had taken the night before being late, I sent a telegram from Dijon to the agent to retain three cabins as a matter of precaution. On arrival at Marseilles I hastened to the P. & O. office, very nervous lest we had been left behind. A tall gentleman in travelling costume was addressing the agent. I approached, excused my intrusion, but asked the agent if he had received my telegram from Dijon. The man seemed embarrassed and dumb, whereupon the

stranger turned and said: "Let me answer for the agent. The *Ceylon* has not sailed, and will not until I do. I am going abroad; come with me, gentlemen. We have ample room in my carriages." He saw my look of astonishment. "Ah, I see," he added, "I have not told you who I am." And suiting the action to the word, he handed me his card, on which I read: "Lord Napier of Magdala." He had just been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, and was going out to Calcutta. "I am taking liberties with you, gentlemen," said Lord Napier, "but the fact is I am quite sure you are American officers. You may tell me something I don't know of your war in America. And I can tell you something you don't know about Magdala which may be of use to you." Lord Napier introduced us to his staff, and secured for us near him the best cabins. Kennon knew something indeed that Lord Napier did not, for he had had much experience in planting and using torpedoes on the James River, and was able to supply information to Lord Napier, and they were inseparable during the voyage to Egypt.

Among our fellow-passengers were two Egyptian officers returning from France, with whom I was to become very well acquainted: Mustapha Bey Fehmy and Murad Pasha, both attached to the staff of Ismail, Viceroy. I shall have occasion to speak of the former later on, because of the sinister rôle he was called to play in the death

of the Mouffetish, subsequently as a member of the rebel ministry, and finally, under the British occupation, as Sir Mustapha Pasha Fehmy.

On the sixth day, April 5th, 1870, we arrived at Alexandria, where we bade adieu to Lord Napier and his staff, who continued their journey to India. He urged us to go to India some time as his guests, when he would be happy to treat us to all the varied sports of that country, tiger-shooting, etc.

At Alexandria we were met by Generals Mott, Loring, and Sibley, who conducted us to the Hôtel d'Orient, where we were to remain the day and proceed to Cairo the following morning with Chihin Pasha, Minister of War, who had invited us to accompany him to the capital in his private car.

Generals Loring and Sibley, who had preceded us to Egypt, volunteered to show us the historic attractions of the city of Alexander the Great.

Our first visit was to the fortifications, Forts Pharos (the ancient Pharos), the Palace of Ras-el-Tin, the arsenal, Kom-el-Nadourah or Fort Napoleon, the Palace of Gabari, the catacombs, the mosque of 1001 columns named *Gama bin Bir Darek* said to be the site of the ancient Church of St. Mark,[1] where the evangelist lost his life.

[1] The ancient Church of St. Mark was destroyed by the Sultan Malek-el-Kamil in 1219, when the Crusaders were besieging Damietta and threatening Alexandria. The Mosque no longer exists; since 1885 its site has been occupied by a new roadway and the church and schools of the Franciscans.

LORING PASHA

MAJOR-GENERAL EGYPTIAN ARMY

COMMANDING LORING'S CORPS, 1869–1879

We visited Pompey's Pillar, erected by the Prefect Pompey in honour of the Emperor Diocletian. Finally we visited the obelisks of Cleopatra, situated on the site of the ancient *Cæsareum*, or Temple of Cæsar, also called the *Sabasteum*. The two obelisks, of rose granite, formerly stood before the gates of the grand temple at Heliopolis, and were transported to Alexandria during the reign of Cleopatra, and hence the name.

The following morning we were presented by General Mott to His Excellency Chihin Pasha, Minister of War, in the salon of the railway station, whence we joined him in the special train in waiting and left at once for Cairo.

The railway journey across the delta of 130 miles which separates Alexandria from the capital was novel and interesting, and, despite the intense heat from the sirocco that was blowing, the dust and the flies, we enjoyed the panorama as if it were a wonderful picture seen for the first time. To the right and left of us, as far as the eye could reach, were vast fields of green *bersim* (clover), over which roamed camels, donkeys, horses, and buffalo; the latter in the water of the irrigating canals, crumpled-horned, great-eyed brutes, which lazily moved their huge bodies through the muddy water or sank beneath the surface to shield themselves from the sun's rays or the bite of insects.

Kafr-el-Zaïat is the half-way station, where we

stopped for refreshments. The station is celebrated as the scene, in 1858, of a tragic incident. Said Pasha, then Viceroy, had given a great fête in Alexandria, to which all members of the royal family were invited. When the train returned, the drawbridge was open, and train and occupants toppled over into the river full fifty feet below. All were lost save Prince Halim, the brother of Ismail. Halim was an athlete and quick of movement; he opened the door, and, leaping, escaped by swimming ashore. Ismail, the future Viceroy, alone of the sons of Ibrahim, had not accepted the invitation to the fête.

Tantah is the third city in importance in Egypt. There one catches a passing glimpse of the orientalism which increases as you approach the capital. Here the proud, cynical Bedouin, in his white Roman toga, his head hidden beneath an ample cowl, or burnous; here the Soudanese, disdainful of all covering; here the fellah with gallabiah, or gown to the knees, his feet encased in red *baboche* (slippers). The air is rent with the cries of vendors of bananas and dates. And fellaheen girls, the face covered with veil and the body with dark blue drapery, carry, poised on their heads, great bowl-like baskets filled with oranges, cried: "*Ishteri bordukan betai Jusef Effendi*" ("Buy oranges of the Mr. Joseph kind"), all the while reciting the story of how these particular oranges became

red: "Madame Potiphar, enamoured of Joseph, was eating oranges, and whilst absorbed in thought accidentally cut her finger, the blood from which reddened the fruit, and hence the name. . . ."

Benha-el-Assal (City of Honey) is an important cotton entrepôt, situated on an arm of the Nile about thirty miles from the capital, branch railway lines connecting with Zagazig, Mansourah, Ismailia, and Suez.

The distance from Alexandria is usually covered in four hours. As the train approaches the capital the great pyramids loom up upon the horizon. To the eastward the Arabian chain of mountains, to the westward the Libyan; in the foreground the Mokhattan hills, and at their base, in the valley spreading to the river, resplendent in her Oriental beauty, lies Cairo. The Nile glistens like a silver thread in the sunlight which flashes against the yellow hills. A *khamseen*, or sirocco wind, has filled the air with heat, and a yellow impalpable dust sheds a golden haze over the city.

As we emerged from the station, what a babel of voices! What clamour from *arbagee* and *homarah*—coachmen and donkey-boys! We are lifted from our feet and forced into a carriage, and the successful driver, who fairly captured us, drives his horses through the crowd, preceded by the sais, or groom, gaily dressed, crying with uplifted wand as he goes: "*Owah ya geddah ya*

raghl!" ("Look out, O young men!") There are men on horses, women and children on donkeys, vendors of wares and fruits amid the crowds that fill the streets. An overpowering odour of attar of roses and incense, the hum of human voices under the sound of *darabouk* (drum) and the twang of stringed instruments; the strident vocal notes of the musicians, and above this hurly-burly of the street the *muezzin's* call to prayer from the Minaret. Such were the ineffaceable impressions of the *City of the Victorious* on that hot, dusty day in April, 1870, as we rode through the streets on our way to the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, then the most noted *hostellerie* of Cairo.

Etiquette at the Court of Ismail was more exacting and implacable than at any court perhaps in Europe. In default of uniforms it was necessary to be dressed in the official *stambouli*, the official court costume both at the Yildiz Kiosque at Constantinople and at Cairo. The costume, it may be added, resembles the cassock of the clergy of the Church of England, except the *tarboush* (red fez), which is obligatory, a single-breasted black frock buttoned to the throat a black vest, and black trousers and patent-leather shoes.

Edmond About has compared the Egyptian official dressed in *stambouli* to a bottle of bordeaux wine with the red seal on top, and, for a fact, the comparison is striking.

An Italian tailor was called in urgently to make up the necessary costumes, and pending the interval of their preparation, we were taken to have a look at some of the principal points of the wondrous city.

Besides Generals Loring and Sibley, our constituted and enthusiastic guides, we were joined by an old gentleman, Hakkekyan Bey, a distinguished Armenian, long resident in Egypt, a graduate of Oxford, engineer by profession but scholar and Orientalist by practice, and knowing Cairo and Egypt, indeed, better than a book. Hakkekyan Bey, discarding the theory that the pyramids were constructed as monuments and tombs for the kings of Egypt, maintained that the intention of their founders was that they should serve as barriers to the encroachment of the desert sands. "Let us go to the Citadel," he said, "first, to show you the outlines of the city." Referring us at the same time to a chapter in the *Thousand and One Nights*, where a *man of Mosul*, in reciting the charms of Bagdad as the "City of peace and the mother of the World," was interrupted by his elder, who said: "My son, he who has not seen Cairo has not seen the world; her soil is gold, her women enchantment, and the Nile a wonder. . . ."

The Citadel, superb specimen of Saracenic architecture, was constructed by Salah-eddin-Yousouf (A.D. 1176), otherwise known as Saladin, the Saracenic founder of the Ayoubite dynasty.

Our amiable guide invited our attention to the two gates that give access to the fortress; the one on the south-east, through which passed the Mamelukes on March 1st, 1811, when, after a famous banquet, to which they were convoked by Mohammed-Ali, they were shot down and exterminated in the sinuous defiles of the narrow passages; the one on the north-east reached by a winding steep hill—a monumental gate. The Citadel was particularly interesting because it had been converted into a War Office, and contained a printing office, a foundry for cannon, and arsenal and manufactory of war material. It was to be the future offices of the American officers during their service in Egypt.

From the heights of the Citadel, Hakkekyan Bey, pointing *north*, indicated to us the Abbassieh road, the military schools, the palace of the Koubbeh, the village of Mattarieh, and the sacred sycamore called the *Virgin's Tree*, under which slept Mary with the child Jesus; the obelisk, the ruins of Heliopolis, where General Kléber with 10,000 French soldiers attacked and defeated a Turkish army of 80,000; to the *east*, the tombs of the Mamelukes, Kait Bey, and further on the petrified forest; to the *north-west*, the railway stations, the Ismailia Canal, the Shoubrah promenade and palace, the palace of Kasr-el-Noussa; *west*, the old port of Boulak, port of entry for Nile boats from and to the Delta and to Upper Egypt. Boulak, apart from its interest

as the port of Cairo, possessed a Government printing office, factories, foundries, manufactory of arms, a paper-mill, a school of *Arts et Métiers*, and, finally, the celebrated museum, created by Mariette Bey, removed since to new buildings in Cairo itself. On the right bank of the Nile the palace of Kasr-el-Nil with its military barracks, the great bridge of Kasr-el-Nil, the palaces of Kasr-el-Ali and Kasr-el-Aini; *south* the ancient aqueduct, old Cairo, Fostat or Masr-el-Atika, the old Coptic churches, and cemeteries (Coptic, Catholic and European), the Necropolis, the Gardens of Ibrahim Pasha, the Island of Rodah; Embabeh, where Napoleon fought the memorable battle of the Pyramids on July 21st, 1798, and, finally, two miles away, the pyramids of Gizeh, the Sphinx, Sakkara, and " the ancient site of Memphis, whose former magnificence," remarked Hakkekyan Bey, " is now represented by the prostrate colossal statue of Rameses II. . . ."

" Within our range of vision," added Hakkekyan, " still stand in Cairo, one hundred gates, four hundred or more mosques, and several Christian churches and synagogues, seventy public baths, and a population estimated at five hundred thousand souls, composed principally of Egyptians, Turks, Circassians, Copts, Armenians, Syrians, Persians, Jews, Abyssinians, Nubians, and negroes."

Descending the vast alabaster stairways of

the Citadel, Hakkekyan recalled an incident which was either unknown to us or forgotten. "Gentlemen," he said, "nearly three-fourths of a century ago this Citadel was the scene of a grand banquet given by Mohammed Ali Pasha to the officers of the United States fleet under Commodore Barron (December, 1804), which visited Egypt during the war between the United States and Tripoli. The American Commodore, accompanied by many officers of the fleet, and Captain Eaton, United States Consul at Tripoli, came from Damietta to Cairo, where, received with much military pomp, they were fêted at the Citadel. Commodore Barron was empowered by the American Government to seek the friendly aid of Mohammed Ali (then simply Pasha of Egypt) in finding Hamet, Dey of Tripoli, who had fled from his country and taken refuge in the Mameluke camp. Mohammed Ali sent Captain Eaton to Minieh with a strong escort to confer with Hamet, who returned with the American Consul and proceeded to Alexandria, where, with the aid and consent of Mohammed Ali, a Greco-Arab battalion was recruited and marched under the command of Eaton across the desert to Derna. . . ."[1]

[1] The fortress of Derna was attacked by Eaton, the U.S. fleet returned from Egypt co-operating, and Hamet would have been re-established on his throne, but it appears that another U.S. Consul had espoused the cause of the usurper, much to the chagrin and disgust of both Eaton and Hamet. Captain Eaton lost an arm in the attack upon Derna. Lieutenant George Washington Mann, U.S. Navy, a native of

A few days thereafter, April 15th, attired in *stambouli*, we repaired to the Palace of Abdin, where, as indicated in advance, we would be presented to the Khedive by Zulficar Pasha, the Grand Master of Ceremonies. General Mott, it was understood, was to be with us at the reception, but he had been sent on a mission by the Khedive that morning to Alexandria, and the rôle of spokesman devolved upon me; French being the only language employed at the Court of Ismail.

Zulficar Pasha was a courteous, amiable old gentleman, dressed in a gorgeous uniform, the breast of which was resplendent with the many decorations conferred upon him by the crowned heads, who had but recently left him souvenirs of their visit as guests of Ismail Pasha during the fêtes of the inauguration of the Suez Canal.

We followed Zulficar Pasha up the broad stairway between the opened ranks of the Palace Guards to the audience chamber. Ismail was standing in the corner of a vast reception-room near a luxurious silk-covered divan which ran around the entire room, and which, according to Turkish and Egyptian custom, constituted the only article of furniture. Zulficar preceded us, his body inclined, and when within a dozen

the Eastern Shore, of Maryland, was the first to plant the flag on the walls of Derna. For this act of gallantry the General Assembly voted him a handsome sword and belt. At the same time, honourable mention was made of the Maryland Midshipmen, Gordon, Davis, and Trippe.

paces of the Khedive he bent quickly, touched the floor with his open hand, the palm upward, and recovering, brought it quickly to his breast, lips, and forehead, and backing swiftly towards the door saluted again and retired. We advanced in turn; the Viceroy saluted, and having acknowledged it *à la militaire*, he motioned us to a seat on his right. Ismail looked us over for a moment, and then slowly said :—

"I welcome you, gentlemen, to my country. I desire to express to you my appreciation of your prompt response to my invitation. I may say to you in absolute confidence that you are expected to see active service very soon. Your experience in the late war with the States in America, the lack of any selfish interest in Egypt on the part of your country, are the motives which suggested Americans for the proposed service. You will encounter much jealousy on the part of the native officers. I ask you to bear it with patience and indulgence. If, however, it should become insupportable, then you must not hesitate to come to me directly for redress. I count upon your discretion, devotion, and zeal to aid me in the establishment of the independence of Egypt. When this shall be accomplished, as it will be, *Inshallah!* I will bestow upon you the highest honours."

The Viceroy paused to give me an opportunity to interpret to my companions what had been said. Cameron was labouring under great excite-

ment, and but for Kennon, who kept him down with a look under which he quailed, he would have made a fool of himself. Meanwhile a number of *chiboukgee*, or pipe-bearers, came in with long-stemmed chibouks, the amber mouth-pieces of which were studded with diamonds and sapphires. When these had been smoked they were removed, and *kowagee*, or coffee-bearers, served coffee in tiny gold cups ornamented with precious stones. This ceremony completed, the Khedive arose, bowed us out, and led by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, we descended the stairway as we had come, and saluting, entered our carriage in waiting and returned to our hotel.

Generals Loring and Sibley were there, anxious to learn the particulars of our reception. I recall that we both expressed some disappointment as to the personal appearance of Ismail, who was short, fat, puggy, and squinted, but who nevertheless impressed us with something of that "divinity that doth hedge about a king." But both Kennon and myself were irresistibly attracted to the man, and we learned later that he exercised this charm upon everyone.

Hakkekyan Bey, as usual, called upon his friends, the generals, that evening. He listened with some interest to the account of the reception accorded us, but he said somewhat coldly :—

"My friends, do not let me diminish your ardour, but do not put too much faith in princes, especially in Egyptian princes. In Plutarch you

will find that Agesilaus, once King of Sparta, is reported as having taken service in Egypt under King Tachos. After honourable service, Agesilaus, was treated with scant courtesy by Tachos, who, instead of bestowing upon him honours befitting his rank, appointed Agesilaus Chief of the Mercenaries, a post, under the circumstances, of humiliation. Have a care," said Hakkekyan, " that the Egyptian Ismail does not treat you as the Egyptian Tachos treated the Spartan Agesilaus."

I had occasion, years after, to recall the warning of Hakkekyan Bey.

CHAPTER III

THE fêtes of the inauguration of the Suez Canal, to which all the crowned heads of Europe had been convoked, had been nominally concluded several weeks before our arrival, but, for a fact, a goodly number of guests still lingered in the hotels, loth to go, whilst their bills and extras of every kind were regularly paid by the Khedive, whose munificence and prodigal hospitality had won for him the title of "Ismail the Magnificent." The scandal of the manifest exploitation of the Khedive's hospitality became so great that La Rose, director of the French theatre, on his own responsibility, wrote a farce entitled *C'est le Vice-roi qui paie*, a piece which was actually played, for one night only, with great success, but was suppressed and the director reprimanded as a matter of form.

A grand opera house and a French theatre had been constructed for the fêtes. Both of these gave nightly entertainments to crowded houses, notwithstanding the excessive heat, which commences with the hot khamseen winds in February and March. The richness of the decoration and *mise en scène* at the Italian opera was unrivalled. A *corps de ballet*, selected from the

best in Europe, with such artists as Naudin, Mongini, Maurel, and Capoul. *Aïda* was presented with unequalled splendour of costume and decoration by Verdi and Mariette Bey, the *grand maestro* having led the orchestra at the first representation. The American officers were furnished with *billets de faveur*, or free passes, by order of the Khedive for both theatres, there being but one condition, that the officers should wear full-dress uniform or stambouli.

Although the fêtes were over Cairo seemed still to live in the sunshine which they reflected. The souvenirs of the scenes enacted were still recounted in the café by European and Arab; for the former it was a period of plenty, where gold flowed as freely as in the famed river of Pactolus; for the latter it was a return to the magnificence of the days of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and equalled, if it did not surpass, the tales of the *Thousand and One Nights*. Visitors were taken to see the Palace of Ghezireh[1] and the apartments occupied by the Empress of the French, and were told the story of the arrival of the Empress at the railway station, where Ismail had gone to meet her with a brilliant escort and carriages of state. How the Empress had broken away from the assembled courtiers, and ere her intentions could be divined vaulted into the saddle on a donkey and rode away, to the horror of the dignified Khedive. Ismail,

[1] Now a hotel for tourists.

however, recovered quickly from his stupor and followed likewise on a donkey, and thus the peerless Eugenie and the magnificent Ismail passed through Cairo to the palace on donkeys, followed by the splendid but empty equipages. The fairy-like fêtes that followed; the one at the palace of Ismailia; the three days' fête in the desert, to which 10,000 guests were invited, the bill for which rendered by the maître d'hôtel Pantellini at 60 francs per head was paid by a cheque for 600,000 francs. This maître d'Hôtel became rich, bought the Grand New Hotel in Cairo, and, besides, bought at Rome the title of Count, and was known thereafter as Cavalieri Conti di Pantellini.

. . . . . .

The transition from life in America to Egypt proved a sad tax upon the brain of poor Major Cameron. The derangement manifested itself in a variety of absurd actions. He imagined himself a victim of persecution; he conceived an intense dislike of Loring, Sibley, and Kennon, and finally of myself. He proceeded to do me up by putting poison in my wine, and when detected was so frenzied, that in attempting to strike me he was knocked down. Kennon took him a challenge, which he promptly accepted, and the night before the meeting he aroused the whole hotel by practising with a pistol upon his imaginary adversary. He attracted the attention of both Loring and Sibley, who

promptly caused Cameron's arrest, and charging him with dementia, asked the Minister of War to annul his contract, and the following day he was placed on board of a ship leaving for Southampton, and we heard of him no more.

The arrival in August, 1870, of twenty or more American officers of all grades, from captain to brigadier-general, recalled the purpose of our presence in Egypt, a purpose which was made to wait upon the necessary augmentation of officers.

General William T. Sherman, then General-in-Chief of the U.S. Army, became interested in the movement to furnish officers for the Egyptian Army. Did the General-in-Chief take this action with the knowledge that these officers were employed with the intention on the part of the Viceroy Ismail to establish the independence of Egypt and sever by revolt the Turkish yoke? There can be no question but that General Sherman so understood their employment.

The American officers mentioned below were, for the most part, appointed on the suggestion and recommendation of General Sherman;[1] Lieutenants Rogers, Martin, Fechet, Dennison,

[1] Generals Mott, Loring, Sibley, Stone.
Colonels Chaillé-Long, Colston, Derrick, Dye, Field, Jenifer, Kennon, Lockett, McIvor, Mason, Purdy, Prout, Reynolds, A., Reynolds, F., Reed, Rhett, Rogers, Savage, Van Allen, Ward.
Lieutenant-Colonels Bassel, Dunlop, Graves.
Majors Campbell, Dennison, Fechet, Hunt, Hall, Loesch, Lamson, Martin, Morgan, Parys, Whyte.
Captains Freeman, Irgins, Porter.
Surgeons Johnson, Warren, Wilson. Total 43.

STONE PASHA

MAJOR-GENERAL EGYPTIAN ARMY

CHIEF OF GENERAL STAFF, 1870–1876

Savage; and Captains Coppinger, Loesch, Irgins, and Dr. Wilson were actually officers in the active service of the United States Army at the time of their appointment, and were detached and given one year's leave to serve in the Egyptian Army. The visit of General Sherman to the Khedive in 1872, to which reference will be made subsequently, emphasizes the fact that General Sherman was aiding the Khedive in his efforts to achieve the autonomy of Egypt.

General Charles P. Stone was the senior officer in rank of the newly-arrived Americans. He was a classmate of General Sherman's, and was specially recommended to Ismail by the *generalissimo* as the chief of staff of the Egyptian army. Preparations were now commenced in view of the proposed conflict. General Loring was sent to Alexandria in command of what was to be known as the 1st Army Corps; General Sibley proceeded to Rosetta as chief of artillery; Colonel Kennon was placed in charge of the coast defences; and the other officers were attached to the general staff in various capacities.

My first service was a secret reconnaissance in the desert towards Ismailia, for the purpose of suggesting a point for the construction of defences against an enemy (the Turks) moving from the Canal against Cairo. Upon my reports, earthworks were promptly constructed at Tel-el-Kebir, where later, in 1882, Lord Wolseley won against Arabi Pasha the battle of Tel-el-

Kebir.[1] Subsequently I was sent to the military school at Abbassieh as instructor in French, and at the same time I was made chief of staff to the general-in-chief, Ratib Pasha, a position more ornamental than useful, not from any fault, however, of Ratib, but for the reason that the powers of the general-in-chief were in a large measure absorbed by the Minister of War. Major Morgan was also attached to the staff of the general-in-chief as aide-de-camp.

Colonel Kennon was ordered to Alexandria, where he assumed charge of the coast defences and undertook the construction of a counterpoise disappearing battery near Fort Ras-el-Tin, the model of which Kennon had submitted to the Khedive, who was much pleased with it. The fort was circular and subterraneous, and it mounted a 40-pounder breech-loading rifled gun on a counterpoised mounting, and to protect it against dropping shells it had a conical hood.[2]

[1] Arabi Pasha reaped the fruits of this reconnaissance, and more than one critic of his operations in 1882 has remarked that his choice of the Tel-el-Kebir position showed military insight all the more remarkable on account of its contrast with the rest of his blundering leadership. But all he did was to occupy the position selected more than ten years before, and to complete the entrenchments then marked out and partly constructed.

[2] Kennon's battery of Moncrieff-mounted guns at Ras-el-Tin was the only battery that survived the bombardment of 1882. When the British fleet ceased firing, its guns were still in good order and were ready to open fire again next morning, as the official reports admit. At Kennon's request the author reported the action of his battery, in 1882, to the Senate Military Committee, at Washington, and he is under the impression the Committee recommended an appropriation to construct such a battery for U.S. coast defence.—Vide *Three Prophets*, p. 189.

The Franco-Prussian War deprived Ismail of the aid and protection of the French. The catastrophe at Sedan encouraged the British to develop their interests in Egypt. They commenced by demanding the dismissal of the American officers in the Egyptian Army. The U.S. American Consul-General in Egypt was Mr. George Butler. The reputation of the Consul-General was deplorable, but he was maintained nevertheless, in spite of the protestations of the Khedive and the American residents, chief among whom the missionaries, to whom he was especially obnoxious. The protection of the U.S. Consul-General under the circumstances was neither desirable nor practicable. Not so, however, M. de Lex, the sympathetic Consul-General of Russia, who, being appealed to, promptly intervened, and obtained the sympathetic support of His Majesty the Czar in favour of the retention of the Americans.

A short time thereafter Egyptian war vessels were seized by the Sultan, and the Khedive was warned to put a stop to his preparations, which were deemed suspicious by the Porte.

Colonel Kennon was ordered to command a mission[1] to Assouan, where, in the winter of 1871, he proceeded with a number of American and

[1] Colonel Kennon executed the mission confided to him by Ismail, and his valuable reports on the Assouan Dam suggested by the Khedive formed a part of the Archives of the General Staff which fell into British hands after the British occupation in 1882.

Arab officers for the purpose of making special studies and surveys with the ulterior object of constructing a dam or dams at that point, Ismail having in mind the necessity of a greater development of the irrigation of the Nile valley.

During the winter of 1870–71 our evenings were spent at the Théâtre Français, or the Italian opera, sometimes both.

General Loring (who came frequently to Cairo), with his staff, was seated one night with Major Morgan and myself in the *buvette* of the Théâtre Français during an *entr'acte*, when Ali Bey, prefect of police, dressed in a gorgeous uniform as a member of the Khedive's staff, entered, and saluting the General, turned to Major Morgan, and said: "Give me a glass of water." Morgan turned blue, filled his own glass, and dashed the contents full in the prefect's face, and before he could recover from the shock, he slapped both of his cheeks so energetically that he was swept almost out of the door. Red with pain and rage Ali Bey bounded up the steps that led to the Khedive's box, where he reported the indignity that he had suffered. "What did you do to provoke the American officer?" asked Ismail. "I requested him to give me a glass of water," replied Ali. "Did he give it to you?" queried the Khedive, whose eyes closed cynically. "No, Your Highness, he threw the water in my face and slapped me." "Ali Bey," said Ismail, "I should have been greatly disappointed

had he not done so. I did not bring the Americans here to wait upon you or anyone else; you may consider yourself fortunate he did not *shoot you.* Go now and ask his pardon, and see that you do not insult another American officer." And the next moment Ali executed the Khedive's mandate as courteously as he had been impertinent. He kissed Morgan's hand and was effusively polite. The incident was widely spread and commented upon, and assured marked respect thereafter for the Americans, who had suffered not a little from the jealousy of the native officers. The Khedive was immensely pleased and laughed heartily over the incident.

Major Morgan was a midshipman at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and had served with distinction in the war between the States on the cruiser *Georgia.* Contrary to the rule, for naval men ride badly, Morgan was an excellent cavalier, and delighted to exhibit his rare qualities as a horseman on the Shoubra road, to the envy of the Bedouin riders and the admiration of those who frequented the promenade. Morgan and the author served for some time on the staff of Ratib the Generalissimo, and had he been an indifferent rider in that experience life perhaps would have been the forfeit. As it was, Morgan was an experienced master of horse, among the Bedouins.

One day Morgan was on the Shoubra, mounted upon an Arab horse, which, mild and gentle

when recently selected as the mount of the Empress Eugenie at the inauguration of the Suez Canal, had become, under Morgan's circus training, an extraordinary jumper. "Naboleone," for such the horse was named by the Arabs, now leaped like a jack-rabbit. Woe to the cavalier (other than Morgan) who inadvertently pressed his withers ever so slightly, for it was thus that Morgan would send Naboleone in air like the winged Pegasus. The horse was a beauty and the rider of twenty-five years an Adonis.

A harem coupé with the Khedivial crown, two eunuchs on the box, two on horses behind, all of them armed with scimitars, pistols, and huge hippopotamus whips, marked the inmates as of the royal family. Sacred to profane gaze, courtesy then bade everyone halt and face to the rear. Not so Major Morgan, who behind the thin veil of the Circassian houri beheld laughing eyes and more extended hands, holding roses wrapped with a dainty *mandeel* or handkerchief. Taken unawares by the unexpected overture the proffered gift fell to the ground. The challenge was too much for Morgan's discretion. He forgot eunuchs, scimitars, pistols, and the much more dreaded hippopotamus whips, and picked up the flowers and handkerchief and recovered his seat without quitting the saddle (one of the tricks in which he had acquired proficiency). He pressed Pegasus with his knees, who bounded in air, whilst the cavalier saluted with the trophy,

to the admiration and consternation of the siren occupants of the coupé. The act, though quickly executed, did not escape the lynx-like eyes of the eunuchs, who, with drawn scimitars and raised hippopotamus whips, started in pursuit. Across the road was a closed gate, which shut off a railroad-crossing when a train was due. The jar and thunder of the express train could be heard, but close behind were scimitars and hippopotamus whips; the knees were pressed and Pegasus cleared the gate with a bound; a second pressure and the rails were crossed, amid the shouts of horror of the railway servants now enveloped in the smoke of the train that rushed past. . . .

The delay in opening the gate to the pursuers afforded Morgan advantage. He turned a road to the left, a donkey and his driver stood in the way, Pegasus like a bird soared over their heads; the donkey brayed with fright, and the driver, in wild emotion, cried: "*Allah kerim!*" ("God be praised!") and fled.

Morgan's horse was fleet, and he soon left his pursuers behind. On regaining his domicile, Morgan recounted his adventure to some friends, one an equerry to the Khedive, the other an attaché at the Palace, and showed them the roses and the handkerchief. When they read the initials beneath the crown they paled, and cried: "Allah! save us!" One of them said: "This is bad business. If you want money to go away

my purse is at your disposal." The other added: "You are not the first man to come to grief through this lady. Take my advice, seek refuge at your Consulate; you may thus avoid being sewn up in a bag and thrown into the Nile." The equerries had scarcely left Morgan when Nubar, the Prime Minister, arrived. "The handkerchief!" he cried. "Your adventure is known at the Palace; the Khedive is furious." "The handkerchief!" said Morgan. "You wish it as evidence of the lady's folly and mine?" And whilst he spoke he lit a match and burned it. Nubar, furious, turned, and as he left, said: "Possibly you have not heard the last of this affair." Morgan thought discretion the better part of valour, and sought the protection of the Count and Countess de Lex, the Russian representatives, and the matter was passed over in silence.

I was returning from my duties at the military school at Abbassieh, mounted, as usual, when I was the victim of an incident which I have noted as an "escape by the skin of my teeth."

The Abbassieh road running eastward from Cairo is a picturesque promenade, along which is the faubourg of that name, the Egyptian Military School, the Khedivial palace at Koubbeh, the village of Mattarieh, the Virgin's Tree, and, finally, Heliopolis and the desert.

Along this ancient highway, which once connected Heliopolis with Memphis, there passed

the armies that invaded Egypt from the most remote ages, and there, too, were re-echoed the bugle calls and drum beats of the legions of Bonaparte under Kleber, victorious at Heliopolis.

My mount was an exceptionally large iron-grey Arab stallion, purchased from a Bedouin. The beauty of the beast won me in spite of my better judgment, for I clearly perceived he was vicious and perhaps intractable. American officers were frequently challenged to feats of horsemanship, and this fact counted for much in my decision to purchase. I hoped that the animal might win me some advantage over our rivals, who were accounted excellent horsemen.

The bad temper of my horse and his general wickedness were soon well known to all Cairo, and also his reckless rider. He was given the street quickly by all who recognized him, even though unheralded by the sais or groom careful to announce the coming of a cavalier by the cry of "*Owah ye riglak!*" Failure to heed this friendly warning to get out of the way was cause for an incident which might have cost me my life, as well as the lives of others, and from which I escaped truly by the skin of my teeth.

It was sunset of a day in midsummer of 1870 when I quitted the school, and, mounting, rode leisurely homeward preceded by my sais. Twilight is of brief duration in the Orient, and after the sun is down night falls apace. In the

gloom I saw ahead of me two pedestrians holding hand-in-hand, the centre of the road, apparently oblivious to the cries of my groom. My steed, ever on the alert for mischief, darted toward the duo with the manifest intention of running them down. I gathered the reins firmly, and with a desperate effort threw him aside by sheer force, and avoided what might have been a serious accident to one or both of the pedestrians.

Far from showing the rider some courteous acknowledgment, the duo, taking courage from the obscurity, filled the air with offensive maledictions: "*Ya ibn el kelb, ya khanzeer, ya noosarani!*" ("You son of a dog! you pig! you Christian!")

My horse, excited by the cries, was prancing madly, whilst, warned by the darkness, I responded by spurring him sharply and passed rapidly on my way. Suddenly there was the swish of whip, followed by a strangled cry for help, uttered in French: "*Au secours! au secours!*" ("Help! help!") I called to my sais, and, wheeling, rode rapidly back. We had already entered the streets of the city, and although the lamplights were dim I recognized at a glance the equipage of a certain European well known by the pseudonym of Hakim Hazouk. Hazouk was eccentric and irascible. He had been many years in Egypt, spoke Arabic fluently, and coming upon the pedestrians in the midst of their unflattering vociferations,

COLONEL ALEX. W. REYNOLDS
CHIEF OF THE STAFF TO GENERAL LORING

he had vigorously applied the lash to their backs.

As I arrived, the situation was apparent: the Arabs had turned upon the man who had lashed them. Like two bulldogs they had jumped to the carriage-box, and seizing the unlucky Hazouk they would have choked him to death but for my timely aid. I slid from my horse, climbed quickly to the rescue. I attacked the bandits in turn and threw one of them to the ground, and grappling with the other rolled with him to the ground, luckily falling on top of my antagonist, who, stunned by the shock, was momentarily in my power, a situation I improved by pounding and choking him well. Releasing him finally I regained my feet. Hazouk was nowhere to be seen, and had made haste, as soon as he had recovered his breath and senses, to drive off.

Meanwhile bandit number two reappeared upon the scene, accompanied by a howling mob of one hundred or more Arabs, whose sinister cries of "*Lazim moutou! Lazim moutou!*" ("Kill him! Kill him!") warned me of their purpose.

My sais implored me to mount and escape while there was yet time, but my blood was up, and enraged by the insults and mortified at the cowardly flight of Hazouk, I faced the crowd. My antagonist had recovered, and reinforced by his friend and emboldened by the mob, he was the first to attack me. I received a blow on the head, which stunned me for a moment, but

recovering quickly, it had the effect of lending me the strength of a giant and the fury of a wild beast. I seized my aggressor, and pounded him so fiercely that he cried out "Allah! Allah!"

In the struggle the Arab endeavoured to force his hand into my mouth with the object of tearing out my tongue. I allowed his fingers to pass between my teeth, then very strongly set, and closed upon them as in a vice. During this time I had surely been despatched by the crowd but for my sais, who kept them at bay. My horse, which he caused to perform all his antics, by kicking and plunging, served me in the emergency.

I held my assailant meanwhile firmly by my teeth, and ground his fingers to the bone, wetting my white linen clothes with blood.

The police finally arrived from the adjacent zaptieh or police station, attracted by the cries of my antagonist and the frantic protestations of my sais, who loudly proclaimed my titles as an Egyptian military officer unheeded in the mêlée. The police had some difficulty in forcing open my jaws, and in order to effect this object, they struck me in the face repeatedly. When the man was finally carried off limp, my sais fairly forced me into the saddle, and I rode rapidly to my quarters.

As I passed the residence of Nubar Pasha, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, Nubar was in the act of quitting his carriage, and recognized

me in the full glare of the lamps before his gate.

"What in the name of God is the matter?" exclaimed Nubar, as he looked upon my blood-bespattered face and linen fatigue jacket. When I had briefly related the incident he hastily re-entered his carriage, declaring, much to my surprise, that he would at once report the affair to the Khedive. "No one can say," said Nubar, "what may follow if such a thing should go unpunished."

On the following morning, while preparing to resume my daily duties at Abbassieh, and with scarcely a trace of the scrimmage of the night before, the Prefect of Police was announced. He came by order of the Khedive that I might identify his prisoners, two lieutenants of the Egyptian Army whom he had left at the door in charge of an escort.

Nubar's interference, which at the momen appeared to me as somewhat exaggerated, was perhaps wise. Both officers, who were not Arabs, but Circassians or Turks, were quite overcome with fear of the punishment that awaited them, which was, according to the military code, exile or death. They begged for mercy, and the one with whom I had grappled held up his mutilated hand in extenuation. The identification accomplished, the Prefect led his prisoners away, informing me that I was expected to confront the accused, who would be summarily tried by

the Khedive's order that morning by the Minister of War, Kassim Pasha himself.

When I appeared in the Minister's divan at the designated hour, Kassim accosted me thus: "Do you recognize the accused? What have you to say as to their offence? They are charged with attacking and striking you with intent to kill you whilst engaged in the performance of your military service."

I have never forgotten the look of astonishment, mingled with perplexity, at my reply, nor the look of surprise and gratitude that beamed from the faces of the two officers, who expected death or its equivalent—exile to the Soudan.

"Pasha," I said, "I do not come to accuse, but to defend these men. They have done no more than you or I would have done under like circumstances. The aggression was committed first against a civilian, who had lashed them with a whip. These men are officers of the army to which I belong. How is it possible to admit that they should not resent the indignity put upon them? Besides," I added, "it was in the night-time; they could not recognize me in my undress uniform, for I wore no emblem of rank. My interference to protect a civilian was a matter wholly personal, and for which I felt I was entirely responsible. I ask Your Excellency that these officers be restored to duty without punishment or even reprimand."

The Minister paused for a moment. "*Ziah*

ente owze, Ya Bey" ("As you wish, Bey"), and turning to the accused, he dismissed them in his characteristic way :—

"*Imshee ya ibn el kelabt!*" ("Get out, you sons of dogs")—a familiar and popular ejaculation in Egypt, which was meant as a paternal reprimand.

The liberated officers first kissed the hand of the Minister and then, rushing toward me, seized my hands, pressed them to their lips and foreheads, exclaiming, amid tears : "*Mabrouk, Ya Bey! Wallahi Mabrouk!*" ("God bless you, Bey! God bless you!")

Thus ended an incident in which my assailants escaped either exile or death, whilst, owing to the intelligence and devotion of my sais in the presence of an infuriated mob, I escaped having my tongue torn out, thanks to the exceeding strength of the grip of my jaw, metaphorically by the skin of my teeth.

Acting under orders of the Chief of Staff, in March I proceeded to Alexandria to report to General Halid Pasha, commanding the 1st Division of Infantry, 1st Corps, for the purpose of organizing an *arkan harb* or staff service. I was soon subjected to every species of annoyance on the part of Halid, who not only refused to comply with the letter and the spirit of my instructions, but withheld my pay during several months. Recalling the instructions of the Khedive, I submitted with patience until it

became insupportable, when I appealed finally to him, and Halid Pasha was promptly exiled to the Soudan. General Raschid Pasha succeeded to the command, and with that amiable and sympathetic officer my duties were rendered easy and my mission was successfully accomplished.

In the autumn of 1871 vague rumours in Cairo reported a disaster to Sir Samuel Baker, the Governor-General of the Soudan. There were no telegraphs or railways, and communication was long and difficult. The Khedive ordered a relief expedition[1] to be prepared, if necessary, to go to the east coast, and enter Africa from a point at or near Zanzibar. I was designated to command the troops, whilst Colonel Purdy and several other officers were entrusted with the survey of route, the construction of maps, etc. Among the officers who reported to me for duty with the proposed expedition was Major Hunt. This officer was formerly in the naval service, and knew far better the management of a ship than of a horse, evidence of which was unhappily manifested a few days subsequently by his horse running away and killing him.

I was seated in the Café de France on the Place des Consuls in Alexandria when the accident was reported to me. One of my companions, a civilian, said: "I will wager anything you please that the Government will not accord the

[1] The relief expedition was abandoned, when subsequently it appeared that Sir Samuel had conquered his difficulties unaided.

dead officer the honours of a military funeral." I was nettled by the remark, and recalling the conduct of Halid Pasha, I rejoined: "I will not wager a piastre, but I will make a precedent. I pledge you my word of honour that if by midday to-morrow you do not see me pass this café in command of a burial detachment, you will find me here writing my resignation." My friends refused to accept the challenge, because, they said, "You will surely lose." But I maintained what I had said, and mounting my horse, rode at once to division head-quarters and asked for the detail. Raschid Pasha demurred. "It was not possible," he said; "the Moslem soldiers would not enter the Christian cemetery." "If this be so, Pasha, then I refuse to remain in an army that will not honour me," and I at once sought the telegraph office. General Loring and his staff, I should add, were absent for the Bairam fêtes in Cairo. I telegraphed both Loring and Stone the death of Hunt and the request that military honours be rendered the deceased officer. Receiving no response, I then telegraphed the Khedive the situation, and Ismail promptly replied that Raschid would be ordered to comply with my request. At eleven o'clock the following day I passed the Café de France in command of a funeral escort *en route* to the Christian cemetery just without the city gate, where, pending the arrival of the body from Ramleh, I halted the detachment, instructed them in

the burial ceremonies, which were performed two hours later with precision in the cemetery which no Moslem had heretofore entered. The trouble with our commanding officers (Americans) was that they feared taking responsibility.

Several of my comrades of like rank (lieutenant-colonel) informed me from Cairo of a rumour that General Stone would recommend to the Khedive the appointment of Captain Coppinger[1] of the U.S. Army, recently arrived, to a colonelcy in the Egyptian Army. I wrote the Chief of Staff a private note to say that if there was anything in the rumour, it would be manifestly unjust to my comrades of equal rank and to myself, unless it was contemplated to promote us at the same time, and that I would certainly appeal to the Khedive. General Stone was very angry, and referred my letter with severe comment to the corps commander, who in turn referred it to me. In reply I disclaimed writing an *official* letter, and maintained the privilege of appeal accorded me by the Khedive, which would be exercised if the contemplated injustice were perpetrated. Briefly, the General acknowledged, after reflection, that my attitude was correct. Captain Coppinger was not appointed and returned to the United States.

The Hon. William H. Seward, formerly Secre-

[1] Captain Coppinger proved to be the son-in-law of the Hon. James G. Blaine, and subsequently became Brigadier-General of the U.S. Army. He doubtless thanked the author for his opposition to his appointment in the Egyptian Army in 1871.

tary of State, visited Egypt in 1871. In a volume entitled *W. H. Seward's Travels Around the World*, written some years later, there appears the following reference to American officers :—

"May 10th, 1871. The Americans in Egypt are a mixed though intensely interesting family. The Khedive is reorganizing his army on the Western system of evolution and tactics. For this purpose he has taken the loyal General Stone as chief of staff and the loyal General Mott as aide-de-camp, and with these some eight or ten military men who distinguished themselves in the Confederate army. All of the Americans visited Mr. Seward to-day. While he expressed pride and satisfaction in finding his countrymen thus honourably trusted and employed in a foreign service, he nevertheless remarked with characteristic tenacity that he disapproved and lamented a proscription party at home, which exiled even former rebels to foreign lands, but it was due to the American people to confess that in no other civil war had the victorious party practised so great magnanimity as the party of the Union had done."

This ungracious mention of *Americans in Egypt* partakes of the nature of a *coup de Jarnac*. It is due, however, to the memory of Mr. Seward to say that he did not write this note, which is erroneous and unjust. Generals Stone and Mott did not absorb all the loyalty of the Americans, nor did they affect to do so. The loyalty of the

officers already mentioned of the U.S. Army and Confederate army was quite satisfactory to General Sherman, General-in-Chief of the U.S. Army, who sent them to Egypt for some higher purpose than mere reorganization; the Egyptian army, indeed, having been reorganized *on the Western system of evolutions and tactics* many years prior to the advent of the Americans. Mr. Seward's biographer might have been more precisely informed about the Americans in Egypt if he had applied to General Sherman, who had recommended the U.S. Army and Confederate officers alike to Ismail to fight for the *independence of Egypt*, which appears to have been ignored by Mr. Seward's biographer.

General W. T. Sherman, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, visited Egypt in the winter of 1872. He was accompanied by Colonel Audenreid, his chief of staff, and Lieutenant Fred Grant, son of General Ulysses Grant, then President of the United States. The General was accorded exceptional honours by Ismail Pasha, who detached Lieutenant-Colonel Ward and myself to act as his aides during his sojourn in Egypt. We accompanied him to Minieh on the Khedivial Nile yacht—well stocked with luxuries, but after visiting several sugar plantations the General complained of the excessive heat and the flies and decided to return to Cairo.

General Sherman was much annoyed that the Governors of Provinces and their subordinates,

on learning that the son of the President of the United States was in the party, insisted upon treating Fred as a *Prince* and the General-in-Chief as a nullity. "*Fên ibn el Sultan betai Amerika?*" ("Where is the son of the Sultan of America?") Mohundiz, Mudir, and their satellites asked, as they rushed on board to do honour to the guests. When the modest lieutenant was indicated they fell upon their knees, pressed his hand to their lips and forehead, and called him "*Ya Dowaladkum*" ("Prince"), the General being totally ignored. General Sherman had contemplated visiting Thebes and Assouan, but after the experience here recited, which Ward and I tried in vain to correct, he ordered the return to Cairo, much to our disappointment. After a stay of several weeks the General and his staff departed for Constantinople. Ismail was not ungrateful for the sympathy and aid of the American general, and subsequently made him a present of diamonds, estimated by the New York Customs as valued at $60,000 and taxed therefore at that rate, and held for duty until released by a special Act of Congress.

During my service at Alexandria I frequently acted as inspector-general of troops. On one occasion the infantry were being exercised in firing to test the efficiency of the Remington rifle, against which it appears adverse reports had been made with the view of having the rifle condemned and replaced by some other. In

the course of the inspection I observed several soldiers drop their greased cartridges in the sand, with the result that the lock could not close, and when fired blew out, tearing off the fore-finger and thumb of the rifleman. I reported the case to the Commanding-General, but Egyptian soldiers resorted frequently to such mutilation in order to get out of the army, in which at that time they remained indefinitely.

I have had occasion to refer to George Butler, the U.S. Consul-General in Egypt. Butler was a brute, whose associations and aspirations were limited to the bar-room. He lived at the Hôtel d'Europe in Alexandria, where he became the terror of the guests by his drunken bouts, where he had with him several attachés ready to join him in his drunken orgies. During one of these, a missionary, the Rev. Strahan, was waylaid and badly beaten. An American officer, Major Campbell, made the remark in the hearing of one of Butler's henchmen that " Butler deserved to be whipped in a pillory for the cowardly assault." The denunciation was reported to Butler, and that night, whilst Campbell was seated in a public restaurant with General Loring, Reynolds, and Jenifer, Butler and his fellows appeared and opened fire against Campbell, shooting him in the leg. The assassins, believing Campbell to have been killed, fled, and fearing summary punishment sought refuge in the zaptieh or city prison, whence they repaired on

board a ship, and sailed for Europe the following morning. It was in this way the American colony was rid of its unique Consul-General, who returned no more to Egypt. The prestige and good name of America suffered inexpressibly by the scandal provoked by the aforesaid representative, and consequently added little to the credit of the American Military Mission.

In the spring of 1872 I suffered an attack of typhoid, and convalescent, received leave for two months to visit Europe, which was improved by a rapid visit to some battle grounds of the recent Franco-Prussian War.

In the autumn of 1873 I was recalled from Alexandria, and given direction of the first, second, and third sections of the General Staff in Cairo. In connection with this duty I was attached as aide-de-camp to His Majesty Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, then travelling in Egypt incognito as the Duke of Alcantara.

Ismail Pasha was truly *grand prince*. His palaces, of which there were a dozen or more, were imposing edifices; his attendants, from equerries to *valets de pied*, were attired in brilliant uniforms; his equipages and horses were numerous and costly. I reported for duty, by order of the Khedive, to His Majesty Dom Pedro, and tendered him in his name a superb coupé with outriders and *valets de pied*. His Majesty refused to accept them, to my great disgust, as he had refused, in fact, in the first place the

proffer of a palace with every luxury and convenience. Dom Pedro's excessive pretension of democracy, it was clear, would not be understood in Egypt. I pleaded in vain with the Emperor to accept the service of the coupé and servants, but he persistently declined. I determined, however, not to report the Emperor's refusal, and caused the coupé and servants to report to me at such hours as suited my own convenience and service as the Emperor's aide, which was naturally unquestioned. His Majesty was modestly installed at the New Hotel, where I had my own quarters. He was habitually clad in an old well-worn suit of ill-fitting black clothes, with an old black slouch hat, likewise the worse for wear. I reported to the Emperor every morning at nine o'clock, when he would himself select from the carriages stationed in front of the hotel the most disreputable of them all. In such a vehicle, the dirt and dust of which was disastrous to my elegant uniform fresh from the shop of a Paris tailor, we visited the tombs of the caliphs the first day out. But I profited by the experience of that day, however, and presented myself the following morning in an old discarded suit of stambouli, and thus enjoyed my outing with the Emperor immensely. Our arbagee or coachman on this occasion was a rude ruffian, who, it so happened, neither knew me nor had the least idea of the rank of my companion. When we returned to the hotel late in the after-

noon covered with dust, neither the Emperor nor his aide-de-camp could be recognized as gentlemen. The arbagee, indeed, was suspicious of his fare, and when Dom Pedro left the vehicle and walked hastily to the hotel, the coachman imagined he was being done out of his money. He followed him rapidly, seized him rudely by the arm, wildly gesticulating and hurling at him all the voluble maledictions for which the Arab lexicon is noted. "*Iskout ya in Allah bouk.*" "Shut up, you cursed imp," I cried, "don't you know he is a king!" The fellow looked at me in scornful disdain, and said: "*Howah, melik, howah! Ana megnoun? ana? Shouf el bornito betai*" ("He a king, that fellow! Am I a fool? Only look at his hat"), and the enraged arbagee laughed with scorn. I quickly settled the score and sent him away. I told General Stone of my experience with the Emperor of Brazil, and intimated that if Dom Pedro should repeat his visit, I would gladly yield my privilege of aide-de-camp to any one of my comrades, who had envied me my appointment. I profited by the service, however, for I visited with the Emperor every hole and corner of the capital which else had never been seen.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER the departure of the Emperor I returned to the daily routine of duty at the General Staff, the offices of which were located in the Citadel. The theatres *la Comédie Française* and *l'Opéra* were open every night at nine o'clock and closed at one a.m., after which the American officers would either seek their own quarters or assemble by invitation at the home of a comrade to break a bottle of wine and smoke.

On the night of the 19th February, 1874, a number of my comrades were gathered at my house in the *Esbekieh* after theatre, and were seated around the festive board discussing the events of the day. The chief topic of this occasion was the arrival in Cairo that very day of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon[1] of the Royal Engineers of the British Army, famous already as "Chinese

[1] The following brief summary of Gordon's career before this date may be of use to some of my readers :—

Charles George Gordon, the fourth son of Lieutenant-General Henry W. Gordon, Royal Artillery, was born at Woolwich, England, January 28th, 1833. He was educated at Taunton School and thence passed as cadet to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in 1848. He was commissioned 2nd lieutanant, Royal Engineers, June 23rd, 1852, lieutenant in 1852, and sent as assistant in the construction of the defences of Milford Haven. He was ordered to the Crimea ; was at Balaklava, January 1st, 1855 ; at the assault of the Redan, June 18th, and the capture, September

Photo by London Stereoscopic Society

GENERAL GORDON, C.B.

Gordon," the successor of the Americans, Ward and Burgevine, chiefs of the "Ever-Victorious Army" in the suppression of the Taeping rebellion in China. Gordon, it was reported, would succeed Sir Samuel Baker as Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt. Whilst the question was being discussed an Arab officer was announced—a "messenger from the palace" with a note which read :—

"My dear Chaillé-Long,—Will you come with me to Central Africa? Come and see me at once. Very truly, "C. G. GORDON."

I read the note to my astonished guests, excused myself, and left them, promising to tell them the result on my return.

8th, 1855. Lieutenant Gordon was attached to the International Commission to fix the boundaries between Russia and Turkey in Bessarabia and in Asia Minor. Returned to England in 1858, and was ordered to Chatham as instructor, with rank of captain, April, 1859. Ordered to Pekin on declaration of war with China; was present at the occupation of Pekin and destruction of the Summer Palace, 1860. On the death of the American, Ward, the commander of the "Ever-Victorious Army," Captain Gordon was appointed by General Stavely his successor, with the rank of Brevet-Major, December, 1862. In this service Major Gordon acquired the sobriquet of "Chinese Gordon." The Chinese made him a "Ti Tu," and decorated him with the orders of "Yellow Jacket" and the "Peacock's Feather."

Major Gordon returned to England and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, R.E., at Gravesend, October, 1871, and subsequently was named member of the International Commission at the mouth of the Danube, with head-quarters at Galatz. It was whilst in this service he met Nubar Pasha at Constantinople. Nubar prevailed upon Gordon to enter the service of the Khedive as Sir Samuel Baker's successor. Gordon accepted, was appointed by Ismail Pasha Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces, with head-quarters at Gondokoro, and arrived in Cairo February 19th, 1874.

At the doorway of the house of an English architect, where Gordon was stopping, I was met by a short, unmilitary-looking man, but whose laughing, sympathetic eyes were winsome. With extended hands, he said: "How are you, old fellow? Come, take a b. and s. [brandy and soda]; it will help us talk about Central Africa." Led by Gordon into his room, we seated ourselves at a table on which there were an open Bible and an open bottle of brandy. He said:—

"The Khedive spoke to me about you to-day. You are to go with me as Chief of the Staff. You will command the soldiery. I don't want the bother. 'H.H.' [his familiar way of speaking of H.H. Ismail] has given me a firman as Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces.[1] Will you go?" Adding: "H.H. bade me say to you that he would receive you to-morrow morning, that is, this morning, at 8 o'clock at Abdin Palace."

When I had somewhat recovered from my surprise, I asked Gordon when he proposed to leave. "Oh," he replied, "to-morrow night." I protested it was not possible. First, it would be necessary to turn over my duties to a successor. I had no outfit, no clothing, no shoes, and besides I must close my house, get rid of

[1] General Gordon's government was limited in the north by Fashoda, south by Foweira on the Nile, with, however, instructions to push the limits of his government to the Nile source, the equator, and west and east, to the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

servants, horses, etc. "Abandon them all," said Gordon; "I have clothes and everything necessary." A box of boots had been opened. He took a pair, and before I could divine his purpose, he pulled off my shoe and replaced it by a brogan. "It fits perfectly," he cried, and I was obliged to confess with regret that it did. We talked of a thousand things, drank brandy and soda, and smoked. It was quite day-dawn when I left Gordon and regained my home, whence my companions, disgusted at my protracted absence, had long since departed. Having charged my servant to awaken me at six, I turned in for a nap, and at eight o'clock repaired to Abdin Palace, where I was immediately received by the Khedive.

Ismail was pacing nervously the reception-room when I entered, escorted by the Assistant-Master of Ceremonies, Tonino Bey. Ismail asked: "Have you seen Colonel Gordon?" "Yes, Your Highness, I have been with him the greater part of the night." "Very good," replied the Khedive, "now listen. You have been chosen as his Chief of the Staff for many reasons. Chief of these, to guard the interests of the Egyptian Government. An expedition is being organized in London under command of a pseudo-American, named Stanley, ostensibly to succour Dr. Livingstone, in reality to plant the British flag in Uganda. Go to Gondokoro, but lose no time in making your way to Uganda;

anticipate the London expedition, make a treaty with the King of Uganda, and Egypt will owe you a debt of everlasting gratitude. Go, and success attend you, *Inshallah!*"

I appealed to the Chief of Staff to retard Gordon's departure at least for twenty-four hours, and a letter was obtained from Prince Hussein, Minister of War, to Gordon, in which it was stated that it was necessary to turn over my sections of the staff to my successor (Colonel Mac E. Dye). Besides, I should have time to settle my accounts, pack my effects, close my furnished quarters, and prepare for a prospective absence of three years in Central Africa. Colonel Gordon manifested great impatience over this delay.

Major William Campbell, an American officer of the General Staff, desired to accompany the expedition, and Campbell was given the command of the detachment which would follow with stores and impedimenta. With the rearguard were Romulo Gessi, Gordon's factotum and confidential valet, who had served him thus since the war in the Crimea, Russell, a nephew of Lord Russell, Anson, a cousin of Gordon's, Auguste Linant de Bellefonds, who was engaged by me as secretary to Gordon (with the latter's approbation), Dewitt, and Bohrendorf, employed by Gessi, and finally Abou Saoud, who had been taken from prison by General Gordon, where he had been placed by Sir Samuel Baker charged

with treachery and treason. Abou, for a fact, had proved the ruin of Baker; it is not strange that he should prove unfaithful to Gordon.

On the morning of February 21st, 1874, Colonel Charles George Gordon, Lieutenant Hassan Wassif (Arab aide-de-camp), and myself were at the Cairo railway station, whence a special train would convey us to Suez. Ibrahim Bey Thewfik, representing the Khedive Ismail, would escort the party to Suez. How many of those who came to see us off are living to-day? American officers, courtiers of the palace; princes, sons of the Khedive; Ministers of the Egyptian Council; travellers attracted by Gordon's distinguished individuality and the dangerous character of the mission in those days; all desirous of wishing God-speed to the Egyptian mission to the Belad-es-Soudan, the land of the blacks.

In approaching Bir Nefisha the train was held up by Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, who begged indulgence for the liberty he had taken. He had been hunting, accompanied by two young ladies, one of them his niece. He had lost his way, and overcome by fatigue begged the favour of proceeding with us as far as Ismailia, his residence. I knew Count de Lesseps well, and introduced him to Gordon, and in turn he introduced us to his charming companions. The Count paid attention to Gordon, whilst Ibrahim Bey Thewfik and myself paid court to the young

Parisiennes. I recall that Count de Lesseps suggested to Gordon a sovereign remedy for combating excessive thirst in the desert travel before us, namely, "to place a pebble in the mouth to increase the secretion of saliva." When we arrived at Bir Nefisha, Count de Lesseps pressed Gordon to halt the train and stop with him until the morrow. Ibrahim and I both urged him to accept, but in vain, and we bade our friends adieu.

On shipboard Gordon informed me that my appointment as Chief of the Staff had been bitterly opposed by General Stanton, the British Consul-General. "No one," said Stanton, "but a British officer should occupy that position"; and Gordon replied: "I do not want a British officer, and will not have one. He would be writing home and making trouble for me in London. Besides," Gordon added, "I like Americans. I served with them in China. You must keep your eye on Stanton and Lord Derby, for both of them will be after you with a sharp stick." A recommendation I have had cause to remember on several occasions, as will appear hereafter.

Apropos to the Americans with whom he had been associated in China, Gordon told me of his relations with Ward and Burgevine; especially interesting because absolutely different from the story told by Archibald Forbes, of whom an honest English critic wrote: "Writers such as

Forbes with a vivid pictorial style, but almost in ignorance of Gordon, set themselves to cater for the open-mouthed, agape public, feeding the demand with exactly the hot meats required."

"Ward and Burgevine," said Gordon, "were two very brave and gallant men, whom I am proud to have been associated with and call them friends. They were engaged by a rich Chinese banker in Shanghai, Takee, who contracted with Ward that he should be paid £40,000 if he should take the town of Sung Kiang, actually in the possession of the Taepings. Ward organized a force of Chinese, disciplined, and led them into successive battles with Taepings with such success that the force became known as the *Ever-Victorious Army*. Ward finally captured Sung Kiang, looted the town, and secured the prize. The capture of Tsipoo, Khading, Tsingpu, and Nangao followed. Ward's reputation was established. Captain Roderick Dew, R.N., commanding H.M.S. *Encounter*, wrote Sir James Hope from Ningpo, February 23rd, 1862 :—

"'It is my painful duty to inform you that General Ward, while directing the assault, fell mortally wounded yesterday at Tseki. The *Hardy* brought him down the same evening to Ningpo, and he died this morning.'

"Burgevine was a man of great ability and courage," continued Gordon. "Whilst proud and somewhat overbearing, he was generous to a fault. He could not brook advice, and was

extremely sensitive as to his dignity, and held, undoubtedly, a higher position in Soochow than the most of foreigners had done before him.

"Li Tutai, the governor, and Burgevine detested each other mutually. Li, on his part, because jealous of the imperious and scornful American, jealous of his skill and ability; Burgevine, on his side, because he could not brook the insolence and officiousness of the 'damned rice-eating Chinaman.'

"Li ordered Burgevine to the siege of Nankin. The troops had not been paid since several months. Burgevine refused to march. He called upon the Takee, who treated Burgevine with marked discourtesy, whereupon the latter slapped Takee, kicked and cuffed him severely, and took the money with which to pay the troops. This act led to Burgevine's dismissal. Burgevine subsequently joined the Taepings, and having already had very close relations with Gordon, wrote the letter dated October 3rd, 1863:—

"'My dear Gordon,

"'Thanks for your kind letter and expressions of regard. The step I have taken was after due deliberation, and not to avenge any injuries inflicted on me by the Imperialists. I have the same object in view now that I had for the last three years, and I assure you that no selfish considerations have induced me into the serious step I have taken. I fully appreciate the difficulties and dangers of my position, but,

with a firm reliance in the Great Controller of all events, I shall endeavour to shape the means in my power to the desired end. Perhaps you may think me Jesuitical, but you may rely on what I say notwithstanding. I am suffering very much from old wounds, and I shall avail myself of your kind offer, if needed, with the same frankness with which it was offered. I should like to see and converse with you very much. While in Shanghai a short time since, if a meeting could have been arranged between us, I would have been most happy to have discussed the Chinese question, and am not too proud to say that I am always open to conviction. I am perfectly aware, from nearly five years' service in this country, that both sides are equally rotten. But you must confess that on the Taeping side there is at least innovation and a disregard for many of the frivolous and idolatrous customs of the Manchieus. While my eyes are fully open to the defects of the Taeping character, from a close observation of three months, I find many worthy traits never yet displayed by the Imperialists. The rebel Mandarins are, without exception, brave and gallant men, and could you see Chang Wang, who is now here, you would immediately say that such a man deserved to succeed. Between him and the Futai or Prince Kung or any other Manchu officer there is no comparison. If you would like an interview, I will gladly meet you at any place you may designate. With best regards.

"'BURGEVINE.'"

After the battle of Patachiaou Burgevine again wrote Gordon, October 18th :—

"My dear Gordon,

"The unexpected and horrible treachery of Morton nearly cost my head and that of the other Europeans in the place. I was endeavouring to care for the wounded men and procure them some assistance, but personal fear prevented my endeavours, and we were all jeopardized in consequence. I had nearly restored affairs *when your letter arrived and upset everything. The Chinese letter accompanying it advised the authorities to cut all our heads off, but I have influence enough to prevent that as yet. The messenger, Louis Wilson, is a perfectly trustworthy man, but if you mean to do me any real good, do not appeal to the feelings of Chinamen.*

"I have sent all the wounded men to Nanking, but trust that your innate feelings of kindness will secure them whatever attendance is necessary. As for myself, I am in no fear of the ultimate result; still, if you could return the horses and arms carried off by the treacherous rascals, you would be materially assisting me.

"Yours,

"Burgevine."

The foregoing is interesting, as showing that Gordon, whilst commanding the "Ever-Victorious Army," was in friendly correspondence with Burgevine. When I expressed my astonishment at that sort of warfare, Gordon said: "Well, Burgevine got me in a corner, a veritable *cul de*

sac; he could have bagged me and the 'Ever-Victorious.' I knew the man's generous, chivalric nature. I wrote him to come and dine with me. Burgevine accepted, alleging to his men that his mission was to induce me to surrender without fighting. After a good dinner Burgevine showed me how to *rat out.* I gave him all the gold he could carry for his men, and that night I escaped." Gordon added: "Burgevine and Ward were gallant soldiers; I was very fond of both of them." "What became of Burgevine?" I asked. "Burgevine was exiled from China in 1865 by Imperial order. He returned one day from Yokohama, and the following morning his body was found floating in the Chikiang. When the news reached Shanghai, many there were who pointed towards Shanghai and muttered, as if in dread of being overheard: "The Futai's arm is long and his hatred follows it."

When within sight of Massowah, Gordon turned to me and asked: "Did you ever hear of Kirkham, the general-in-chief of the Abyssinian army?" "Yes," I replied; "Kirkham has been in Cairo. Was there only a few weeks ago, arrayed in an extremely gaudy uniform. He claimed to have been charged with a special mission by King John. One day whilst drunk at the Hotel Shepherd, where he stopped, he boasted that, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Johannes, King of Kings, King of Sion, he was on his way to London,

charged with making an offer of marriage from King Johannes to Queen Victoria." Gordon laughed heartily. "How Stanton must have raged!" he said. "Yes," I replied; "for when Kirkham had sobered up he was summoned to the British Consulate, and thence hurried to Suez and back by the first steamer to Massowah whence he had come."

Gordon added: "I was a passenger on a Peninsular and Oriental steamer *en route* to China, when a waiter was accused by a fellow-passenger of taking two rupees from him. I saw the captain, paid the money, and took the man into my service. *It was Kirkham!* He behaved well in China, stuck to me, and when I returned, I left him at Aden, with a strong letter to King John, who might wish a faithful valet. Johannes then made him a *general!* Then a *Minister Plenipotentiary!* Then a *royal match-maker!* Dear me, why did not Stanton let him execute his mission? What would the Queen have said?"

From Suakin we traversed the desert to Berber, 280 miles on camel-back. Eliadin Pasha, the Governor, lent Gordon a pony accustomed to desert travel, and thus, comparatively at his ease, Gordon tested our endurance in camel-riding and that of the Arab escort. When we arrived at Berber all were extenuated with fatigue. I recall a scene which even now provokes a laugh. Gordon had engaged two Arab

servants in Cairo, Osman and Mustapha. By association with European travellers on the Nile they had contracted the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. When the caravan halted at midday Osman and Mustapha, charged with Gordon's outfit, were found to be very drunk. Gordon was in a rage, called them, but anticipating their master's anger they turned and ran, Gordon after them, belabouring them with a stout stick at every step. Finally they got away and returned to Suakin, and we saw them no more.

At Berber we were received with great ceremony by Hussein Halifa,[1] the Governor. Hussein commanded the Nubian desert, as well as that from Berber to Abou Hamed and thence to Korosko, hence his title *Sheikh el Atmour* (Sheik of the Desert). He was a splendid type of the proud Berber. Tall, well-shaped, and though very black, his straight hair, thin lips, aquiline nose, and arched feet showed that he did not belong to the negro race. As we passed into the divan of the Governor's home, there arose from the assembled throng a fat little man, who grasped my hand effusively and carried it as an act of extreme humility to his forehead. "An old friend of yours?" asked Gordon inquiringly. "Yes," I answered, as I looked him over and

[1] Halifa was the same to whom, ten years later, 1884, Gordon, returning to the Soudan, confided £10,000 as a sort of assurance of Halifa's loyalty. Halifa, it is reported, proved faithless and joined the Mahdi.

recognized in him my former Chief of Division, General Halid Pasha, of whom I have had occasion to speak, and who, inasmuch as I had had the *pull* to have him sent to the Soudan, now assumed that I could have him sent back. Whilst sipping coffee I told Gordon the story, at which he seemed much amused.

The Governor of Khartoum, Ismail Pasha Ayoub, received us with much pomp and parade, followed at night by a banquet, the post-prandial feature of which being a curious dance by five hundred Dinka and Shillook soldiers dressed in white, the dance being known as *el Kamalaleh*, an ancient Egyptian word signifying to *bend the knees like a camel;* the dance, as well as the word, doubtless dating from the period of an ancient Egyptian occupation. After the Kamalaleh was concluded a dozen girls were introduced, dressed only in bangles and leathern strips around the waist. With the clinking of the bangles and a clucking of the lips they moved in slow measure to the tum-tum evoked from a tambourine in the hands of an Arab musician. When the ballet was introduced Gordon slipped from the divan and hurriedly departed. The first introduction to the Soudan ballet-girl was too much for Gordon's idea of propriety, a fact which gave him a very bad opinion of Ismail Ayoub, whom he disliked ever afterwards.

Khartoum was the head-quarters of the ivory trade of Central Africa, chiefly directed by the

Rataz Agad Company, of which Abou Saoud was an employé or associate. These ivory merchants, aside from their *okels* or warehouses in Khartoum, maintained a military force, estimated at 3000 men, known as *hotariah* irregulars, composed of *Dongolowee*, distributed in various *zeribas* in Darfour, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and south towards Gondokoro. They regarded the Soudan as country which belonged to them by right of conquest. Abou Saoud had intrigued with such effect with the King of Unyoro as to drive Sir Samuel Baker from the country, and, indeed, cause his recall. Sir Samuel, it has already been said, arrested Abou, and now Gordon,[1] his successor, having assumed the responsibility of releasing him, it was believed by the Rataz Agad Company that he would reverse the policy of Sir Samuel and encourage their commerce.

Gordon, the morning following the banquet at which the merchants were present, issued a decree,

[1] General Gordon was well aware that the commerce in white ivory included also the commerce in "black ivory," that is, commerce in slaves. His instructions from the Khedive on this head in 1874 were absolute, and repeated those which had been given his predecessor, Sir Samuel Baker, in 1869. The author cites therefrom: "Considérant que l'humanité réclame la suppression de ces chasseurs d'esclaves qui occupent le pays en grand nombre, une expédition est organisée afin de soumettre à notre autorité les contrées situées au sud de Gondokoro *de supprimer la traite des noirs*, et d'établir un système de commerce," etc. etc.

Gordon's Chief of Staff was not made aware of these instructions until some time in January, 1875, when receiving Gordon's instructions for the Niam-Niam campaign, when he would be called upon to apply these instructions himself in an emergency.

announcing that *Meri*, or Government, assumed the monopoly of the ivory trade. The hotariah were called upon to disband, and three months were permitted to get out and turn over all ivory in their distant zeribas into Government stores! The decree meant ruin to the ivory merchants. They appealed to me in despair; first, because they could speak to me in Arabic, and second, because custom makes the second in command the one who settles all such details. When I told them that I knew nothing of the matter and had never exchanged a word with General Gordon on the subject, they were distrustful. And yet such was the fact.

The next morning, whilst at *tiffin* together, Gordon turned to me and said: "You have not said anything about the ivory monopoly?" "No," I replied, "nor have you. I learned of the decree from the merchants themselves. They asked me to intercede, but I told them General Gordon is the Governor-General." "Now tell me what you think of it," he said. "The decree," I replied, "might be issued in five years. At this moment it is full of danger. When Abou arrives we shall have trouble. Were I in your place, I would send him back to prison and let the Khedive deal with him." "Recall the ivory monopoly?" rejoined Gordon. "Never!"

Gordon, I may say just here, was decided to defy the ivory merchants, and maintained the decree. Abou came subsequently, and as we

shall see attempted to do for Gordon what he had done for Baker. The incident is given place here because, for a fact, it arrayed against Gordon the ivory influence at Khartoum, and ultimately provoked the revolt of the Mahdi, and Gordon, indeed, avows it frankly, though cynically, when he says in his *Journals in Khartoum*: "*I laid the egg which hatched the Mahdi.*"

The courtesies of which we had been the recipients at Khartoum required recognition, and the Governor-General declared he must give a banquet. I protested that we had only one servant (Adam, my cook). We had no dinner service, only a dozen tin plates, a dozen tin cups, rude knives and forks, no table linen—well, we had nothing.

"No matter," cried Gordon, "the dinner must be given." "When?" I asked in dismay. "To-morrow night at eight o'clock," he answered. "Well," I rejoined as an idea flashed into my mind, "perhaps I may find Aladdin and his wonderful lamp in the market. Come, Hassan, let us go 'look see.'"

I called immediately upon Ayoub Pasha. I had complimented him upon his really magnificent banquet and his *cuisine*. "Where did you get your chef?" His chef was not from France, but from Constantinople. The Turks yield nothing to the French in the art of cooking. Ayoub called Ali and placed him under my orders. He was given *carte blanche*, and for the same two

hundred guests whom Ayoub had invited to his banquet. "But, Pasha," I added, "we have no *vaisselle*, no wines, nothing." "*Malaish*" ("No matter"), answered Ayoub, "come with me." If Ali was an Aladdin, Ayoub was also another.

Ayoub led me to the magazine, which concealed treasures indescribable. There, covered with dust, he showed me superb *vaisselle, service de Sèvres*, Bohemian glassware, fine knives and forks, damask table linen, and, shades of Bacchus! wines of the best crues of Médoc, Burgundy, and the Champagne. "Did these come from the 'caves' of Aladdin?" I cried. "No," answered Ayoub, "Sir Samuel left them here, and they are turned over now to his successor." "Say nothing to Gordon of this," I said, "until after the banquet."

One hundred soldiers were at once put to work unpacking and preparing the banquet table under my directions, assisted by Hassan and even Ayoub Pasha, delighted to play the part of Aladdin.

When Hassan and I returned we found Gordon in the kitchen, his coat off and sleeves rolled up, busily engaged in washing a lot of cheap plate he had purchased. More than this, he had boiled a quantity of tapioca and had poured it into pans—forty tapioca puddings—to which he pointed triumphantly: "What do you think of those?" "All right," I replied in unfeigned

astonishment, "I will match your tapiocas. You will be proud to-night of your Chief of the Staff as *maître d'hôtel.*" I asked him to rest upon his laurels and leave the further preparations to Hassan and me, and he did.

When I led Gordon the next morning into the vast courtyard of the palace to have a look at the banquet table, he stood agape. The snow-white table linen of finest damask, the service of Sèvres, the glassware from Bohemia, the wines. He rubbed his eyes as if dreaming. "Where did you get them?" "From Aladdin, did I not tell you?" And then I told him of the stores left by Sir Samuel Baker.

The banquet that night was a great success, and the guests, although unaccustomed to knives and forks, were immensely pleased, especially with the *Veuve Clicquot*, whose acquaintance they made for the first time.

Sir Samuel's administration left something more substantial, for a fact, than wine for the considerable sums expended from the Egyptian Treasury. I refer to a flotilla of steamers, ten or twelve in number. Among these were the *Tellawaheen* and *Bordène*. The former conveyed us as far as Fashoda, the northern limit of Gordon's government, and thence the *Bordène* took us to Gondokoro. Navigation of the Nile was rendered excessively difficult; first, by the constantly forming *sudd*, or drift vegetable matter, second, because of the scarcity and diffi-

culty of obtaining sufficient wood for fuel, the wood being mimosa or ebony.

The wood problem commences after Fashoda, or, more properly, after reaching the marsh regions of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. There the *Bordène* halted to procure fuel. I accompanied the wood-seeking party, and absent all day under a blazing sun and almost waist-deep in black mud, returned at night with a bad case of chill and fever. Gordon was seated at table on the upper deck, and in my habitual place *opposite him was Joseph, a young German recruited as a servant for Gordon at Khartoum.* Lieutenant Hassan, who met me as I went on board, was in tears. "What is the matter?" I asked in Arabic. Hassan, who was a very timid man, looked significantly at the Governor-General, and muttered: "Ya Bey, we have had trouble on the steamer all day. The Pasha has been in a very bad humour." Too ill to hear more, I hastened to my cabin, and sending for my servant, Adam, I had a bath, a cup of tea, a big dose of quinine, and retired for the night. In the morning Hassan came to my cabin, accompanied by Ali Captan, commanding the steamer. Would I listen to his complaint? Ali was a man of seventy or more, and had seen hard service with the Baker expedition. Throwing his fez on the floor, accompanying the act with a nervous expectoration (an act indicative with the Arab of great exasperation and anger), he said: "Ya Bey, I want to return

BAKER PASHA

(SIR SAMUEL BAKER)

From a photograph, by kind permission of Lady Baker

to Khartoum. I can't remain any longer with *Gordoon* Pasha. *He slapped my face!*" I was too astonished to reply. Hassan burst into tears; he had been called a baboon, a booby, and baby, and "*Gordoon* Pasha" had mocked him; he, too, wanted to leave, and wished to return to Cairo. "The Pasha," he said, "was angry with them." He had fumed and fretted, and finally, when Gordon ordered Ali Captan to get under way, which he could not do, there being no steam or fuel, he had slapped Ali's face, an offence that no good Mussulman can excuse. I poured all the oil at my command on the troubled waters, and promised to make it all right when I was over my attack of fever.

Hassan was mollified, but not so the irascible Ali Captan, whose anger increased in meditating upon the indignity he had received. Hassan disclosed to me that during the day Ali Captan vowed vengeance, and threatened that he would throw Gordon into the river. I caused the old man to be watched closely, and he was not let out of sight until I was assured by Hassan that the old man's anger had completely passed.

With the provision of wood the *Bordène* proceeded on her way. Gordon's ill-humour passed. He came, indeed, to my cabin in the most solicitous manner. "I have been very low, old fellow; don't be hard upon me. This is a terrible country. Come now, get up, have a turn

on deck, and let us have breakfast." Joseph, the German, resumed his place behind Gordon's chair, quite overjoyed at the privilege of no longer being obliged to play the rôle of gentleman, and to sit *vis-à-vis* to his master, of whom he stood in awful awe.

Several days later Gordon had another attack of ill-humour, this time with Kellermann, a German Alsatian, who had also been engaged as servant by Gordon at Khartoum. Kellermann was impertinent, and Gordon, beside himself with rage, kicked him. Kellermann came to me with a long story full of wrath and revolt against the Governor-General. In clearing out Gordon's cabin, he had picked up a letter addressed: "General Stanton, British Consul-General," and understanding English fairly well, he had read it. Kellermann said, eyeing me closely: "General Gordon informed General Stanton, that in obedience to his wishes, Colonel Chaillé-Long would return to Cairo after a visit of inspection at Gondokoro." Stanton had evidently followed me with his stick, and this fact may have been the cause of Gordon's frequent attacks of ill-humour. I explained to Kellermann as well as I might Gordon's extreme irritability, excessive doses of quinine, etc., and sent him away somewhat pacified, but still very angry. Kellermann, I have neglected to say, claimed to be a grandson of the distinguished Kellermann, Duke of Valmy, Marshal of France, but the indications of his

relationship with the conqueror of Valmy were slight.

Twenty-six days were consumed in the navigation of the Nile between Khartoum and Gondokoro, where we finally arrived, April 17th.[1] Under instructions from Gordon I inspected the garrison composed of 1500 troops, the stores, etc., and submitted my report on the 19th. Gordon announced his intention to return to Khartoum the following day, where, he said, he would "await the arrival of the rear column."

The Governor-General, it will be understood, knew nothing of my private instructions from the Khedive, and these were sufficient to prevent me from returning with Gordon. The disclosures made to me by Kellermann were embarrassing, because liable to provoke an explanation with Gordon, which I would avoid if possible. I therefore took into my confidence Lieutenant Hassan, Ali Captan, and Raouf Bey, the commandant of the troops at Gondokoro. What if

[1] Vide *L'Egypte et les Provinces Perdues*, 1892, p. 49 :—

"General Gordon was the first to make (after John Manuel) a trace of the Nile between Khartoum and Gondokoro on the occasion of his first voyage in 1874. Subsequently, in 1876, Gordon surveyed and mapped all that part of the Nile between Dufilé and Lake Albert, and from Magungo to Foweira and thence to M'ruli. *In a letter dated April 29th, 1876, addressed to Ismail Pasha, Khedive, Gordon mentioned a group of lakes which he felt sure existed south of the Lake Albert.*"

The author adds that he, as well as Gordon's aide, Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, assisted Gordon in making the *trace* between Khartoum and Gondokoro. The author is not aware that General Gordon has been given credit for this work which appears indeed to have been appropriated by others. (Note by Author.)

Gordon should insist upon my return to Khartoum ? The night of the 19th I quickly caused all my baggage (it was not much) to be removed on shore, and accepted Raouf's invitation to sleep at his quarters. In the early morning I repaired to the steamer, arranged that Lieutenant Hassan was not within Gordon's call, and when the order was given to cast loose, I stepped ashore. I saw Gordon rush out as the steamer shot forward on her course northward, and give the order to "turn astern." But Hassan, who acted as interpreter, was not within call, and Ali Captan was dumb. I waved my hand adieu, and finally it must have dawned upon Gordon that I had purposely remained and the *Bordène* proceeded on her way without me. I think, indeed, that Gordon was very happy over the *dénouement*, for he wrote the British Consul-General that I had departed for the distant Uganda long before he had communicated the Khedive's order to return, which was strictly true. The order, indeed, was never communicated to me.

CHAPTER V

MY proposed mission to Uganda, necessarily pacific, forbade my taking any considerable force of soldiers lest I should provoke opposition and thus retard, if not defeat, its object. Raouf Bey detached from his command two Soudanese soldiers, specially recommended for their devotion and courage. Saïd Bagarrah was a giant black of the warlike Bagarrah; Abd-el-Rahman was a native of Darfour. Both had seen service with Bazaine in Mexico in the Egyptian contingent lent the Emperor of the French by the Viceroy Saïd Pasha.

From the stores at Gondokoro I selected presents for M'tesa, King of Uganda, a quantity of cottons, fancy silks, flannels, jewellery, precious stones and paste diamonds, a very large mirror, a music-box, an electric battery, and, besides these, the horse I would ride. A horse had never been seen by the people of Uganda, hence his appearance could be counted upon to create a sensation. A white man had only once ever visited Uganda. With an intimate knowledge acquired in youth of the negro in America, I possessed some subtle elements of success with

the negro in Africa. I may add, by anticipation, that that music-box, mirror, and battery raised me in the African mind to the dignity of a *Lubari*—a sort of god—a *deus ex machina!* The Arab horse won for me the prestige of a centaur!

The mission, composed of myself, the two forementioned soldiers, and three servants, left Gondokoro on April 24th. A caravan, carrying stores, would escort me to Foweira. After Foweira the last Egyptian outpost, the unknown!

Through pitiless rain, mud, misery, malaria, and the dread fevers of the jungle we ran the gauntlet of endless obstacles.

At Foweira I prepared with care for the perilous journey to the court of the savage king. The commander of the post, Major Baba Tuka, although doubtful of the success of the undertaking, lent me important aid and counsel. It was necessary to assume for the occasion the rank and title of an Egyptian prince, to ensure a good reception by the reputed capricious and cruel king. As *M'Buguru* or White Prince, therefore, in conformity with the court protocol, I addressed a communication to His Majesty M'tesa in Arabic, asking permission to visit the capital. The King responded promptly and royally by sending his Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs, with 5000 soldiers, as an escort of honour. Through the vast forests of bananas, which extend from Foweira south, the barbaric

host swept like a cyclone. The Uganda warrior is armed with lance and shield, but there was a *corps d'élite* furnished with a few old matchlocks, the gift of slave-traders who had crossed the continent from ocean to ocean for centuries. Fantastically dressed in plantain leaves, they raced up and down the flanks of the column, engaged in mimic combat, firing at random, and imitating by excited gesture and cries the lion, leopard, monkey, and elephant, with which the country abounds.

On June 20th, fifty-eight days since leaving Gondokoro, we arrived at Rubaga, the capital of Uganda. The column halted on the brow of a hill facing a like eminence, where stood the palace, and at the base were assembled the King, his court and harem, to greet "the prince."

Prostrate upon their faces, their noses in the dust, lay ten thousand subjects of the King, attitude commanded by the Uganda protocol in honour of the M'Buguru.

I was dressed for the occasion in the brilliant full-dress uniform of the Egyptian Army, which, packed in a sheet-iron box, had escaped the incessant rain and the terrible ant; a blue tunic and red trousers, both resplendent with gold braid; patent-leather boots, gilt spurs, and a red fez. The Uganda, it should be understood, are the only people in savage Africa who affect clothing. They wear habitually a sort of toga,

composed of the inner bark of the wild fig tree—a toga of white cotton being the court costume. The Africans, as a rule, male and female, affect cow's tail, bangles, and beads, but the Uganda alone covers himself or herself with cotton or bark cloth. Imagine then, if you may, the prodigious effect of the brilliant uniform in which I appeared that day, an effect enhanced by the horse on which I was seated, the object of superstitious wonder and awe.

Suddenly, as if borne upon the wind, there came running from the palace messengers from the King, bidding the M'Buguru approach. Touching with spurs the flanks of my restive Arab, he bounded like a deer down the hill. When near the royal presence the steed stumbled, and pulling him up, he reared and plunged; it proved too much for harem and court, which fled in fright. The King alone stood his ground, greatness could not be associated with fear! I saluted, wheeled, and rode rapidly back to my post amid the plaudits of the people. In the act of dismounting, which the savage masses mistook for *dislocation*, they arose in wild disorder, and fleeing helter-skelter, disappeared in the forest. They had taken me until that moment for a centaur!

Close by, a neat collection of huts surrounded by an enclosure had been constructed for the Egyptian Ambassador and suite, and it was there we were conducted by the Ministers of the King.

The Palais Royal had nothing in common with the edifice of that name opposite the Louvre in Paris. It was, however, an immense hut, somewhat pyramidal in shape, surrounded by seven circular palisades, through whose gates it was necessary to pass to reach the Palace.

The following morning I was received in solemn audience. A Cabinet Council in honour of the M'Buguru had been convoked, and Ministers and courtiers were prostrate on their faces before the throne. The exception to this rule were the *Marsala*, ten in number, whose fantastic costume was completed by a stout cord wound about a red turban ornamented by ostrich plumes. The cord, sinister badge of office, proclaimed them the favourites of the Palace, the King's executioners!

M'tesa, clad in a long blue cloak, embroidered with gold braid, his feet encased in sandals and on his head a red cap or fez, met me at the door, and retrograding, led me back to the throne, where, placing me on a seat on his left, the post of honour, he sat upon his throne, his feet resting upon an elephant tusk polished white.

When the Cabinet business had been despatched, M'tesa turned and asked me to explain the object of my visit to Uganda. Ide, the Arabic interpreter, who had been placed at the court of Uganda years before by Arab slave-traders, served me admirably now as interpreter. "I had come," I replied, "by order of the King,

my father, great Sultan of Egypt, to salute M'tesa, great King of Uganda, to bring him presents and wish him *Salaamalec.*" When Ide had translated into Uganda there were loud cries of "*Kurungi! Kurungi!*" ("Good! Good!") Whereupon a number of warriors rushed in, made a feint attack upon the King, whirled their stout sticks around their heads, and executed a series of mad antics, which Ide explained were manifestations in honour of the M'Buguru. I was not entirely assured that this was so, when M'tesa nodded significantly to his Marsala. These bounded from their posts, unwound from their heads the plaited cord, and rushing to the door, lassoed and choked to earth those within reach, and then beat out their brains with clubs. Thirty victims thus were killed in so many seconds as a signal honour to the Khedive's Ambassador!

The scene, as revolting as unexpected, froze me and my companions with horror. Saïd and Abd-el had rushed from the door towards me, alarmed for my safety as well as their own. The interpreter reassured them: "It was nothing, only a common court custom. M'tesa desires to impress your master with his power." Saïd expressed his feelings of surprise in the characteristic ejaculation of the Arab: "*Ya Salaam!*"

The work of blood accomplished, the audience terminated. We turned to go. My head swam,

and the odour of blood filled us with disgust and dismay. M'tesa, it was manifest, was a monster of the type of the famous King of Dahomey.

Returned to our quarters, my companions, deeply impressed with the horrors enacted, suggested flight. It was not difficult, however, to show them how hopeless it would prove, how impossible to elude pursuit or escape the hostile *Unyoro*. Our only safety lay in our apparent indifference and a bold front. The horse had already created an immense impression. The mirrors, music-box, and electric battery would accomplish wonders, and the confidence of my companions was restored in the careful rehearsal of their rôle and the manipulation of the battery, which would prove a powerful talisman on the morrow when we should present the Khedive's presents.

The next morning (June 22nd) was a memorable day in the Uganda calendar. Gifts are inseparable from a visit to an African monarch, but gifts from a prince! Expectation was great.

Saïd and Abd-el presided at the presentation, and displayed, with ostentatious pride, the startling vari-hued cottons, calicoes, flannels, silks, satins, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires (in paste), the like of which had never been seen in Uganda. The King, surrounded by favourites of his harem and by the court, was in a state of uncontrollable exaltation when the mirror, 10 ft. by 5 ft., was uncovered to view! M'tesa and

his numerous wives peered with manifest fear and dread into its magic depths. *Mystery!* The huge music-box came next. Wound up, *Il Miserere, Il Trovatore* fell for the first time upon savage ears: savages who seemed not one whit touched by tender notes, but were strangely stirred to fear by the cylinder *moved by an unseen hand. Sorcery!*

The electric battery, the *pièce de résistance,* came last, and required firmness and discretion in manipulation, for on the impression it would create depended not only the success of my mission, but possibly our lives. Saïd placed the unattached poles in my hands, and when the King and court remarked the apparent facility with which they were handled, they were eager to examine them. M'tesa stretched out his hands; as he received them Abd-el deftly connected, and the King was vigorously electrified and almost thrown down. The Ministers in turn, cowering with fear, were obliged by M'tesa to follow suit, and each in turn was mercilessly treated to a full dose—overturned and well-nigh extinguished. When the poles were returned to me, *disconnected,* the audience marvelled that I took them without jar or grimace, and this supreme test won for me in that moment the prestige of Lubari, a veritable *deus ex machina.* Henceforth we had nothing more to fear from the superstitious M'tesa. Had I asked him the half of his kingdom it had been

given with thanks! As it was, I obtained subsequently, with the aid of the friendly Arab interpreter Ide, the King's signature to the treaty[1] whereby the entire Nile basin passed under the protectorate of Egypt, and thus the chief object of my mission was accomplished.

During my sojourn of thirty days in Uganda I visited the Palace frequently, always preceding my visit by the request that the human sacrifice be omitted, that there was no such custom in Egypt. To my personal protest against the sacrifice, the King said: "The M'Buguru does not understand the people of Uganda, who can be governed only thus."

My visit to the Lake Victoria Nyanza was the occasion of an imposing naval review.

On July 14th, though misty, cold, and disagreeable, I left camp, accompanied by Saïd, Abd-el and Selim, as sais, with an escort furnished by King M'tesa, for a visit to Lake Victoria Nyanza.

The road wound through banana groves,

[1] So long as the author remained on the active list of the Egyptian Army, reasons of state precluded his rectification of certain statements made by the late Henry Stanley, who claimed that he was in Uganda *prior* to the Egyptian expedition. For a fact, the British traveller, who made it appear that he was American, arrived in Uganda April 15th, 1875, nine months *after* the author's visit. He found on his arrival that Egyptian military posts occupied the Nile from Gondokoro to the Lake Victoria, and Linant de Bellefond, son of the distinguished French engineer, was residing at the Court of the King, as Egyptian Minister-Resident, by virtue of the treaty with Egypt, signed July 19th, 1874. *Vide* extracts from bulletins of the American Geographical Society, New York, January and June, 1904, pp. 384–9.

climbed hills or plunged into dense umbrageous forests. A three-hour march, painful because of excessive weakness from constant and daily fevers, brought us to the bayou at the head of the lake, named Murchison Creek by Captain Speke.

We found several huts near the water's edge, which we occupied, a dangerous proceeding at the present when the edge of the lake has become the rendezvous of the tsetse-fly, whose bite is said to have introduced the deadly "sleeping-sickness," which was unknown in 1874.

At five o'clock, accompanied by Saïd and Abdel, I embarked in the boats placed at our disposal by the M'tongoli, who had been charged with the excursion party on the lake. Selim and the horse were left at Murchison Creek, Selim being instructed that if I did not return at the end of four days he should retrace his steps to the capital, and taking with him my servants, proceed to Urondogani, on the river, and await me there.

After several hours of paddling, the M'tongoli conducted us to the east shore of the creek, where a landing was effected, and having prepared the huts for occupancy, a fire was made, a "koko" or chicken was cooked, and having smoked a portion of tea in lieu of tobacco, we spent the night guarded by the Uganda navy men, who assembled in order to extend us the honour of an imposing naval review on the morrow.

The morning of the 15th dawned bright and clear. The sound of *nogarah* (war drum) and a trumpet made of an elephant's tusk broke over the stillness of the lake, summoning the Uganda flotilla "to quarters." The scene was unique and really imposing. I counted forty boats, boats resembling somewhat the birch-bark canoe of the American Indians. They were about twenty-five feet long and three feet wide, composed of stout strips of light wood sewn together, the prow being ornamented either with the antlers of a deer or a rude imitation thereof. In each of these I counted thirty men (fifteen a side) wielding paddles. Thus there were 1200 men, apart from drummers and musicians, who, with their instruments, I was informed, acted as cruisers or scouts.

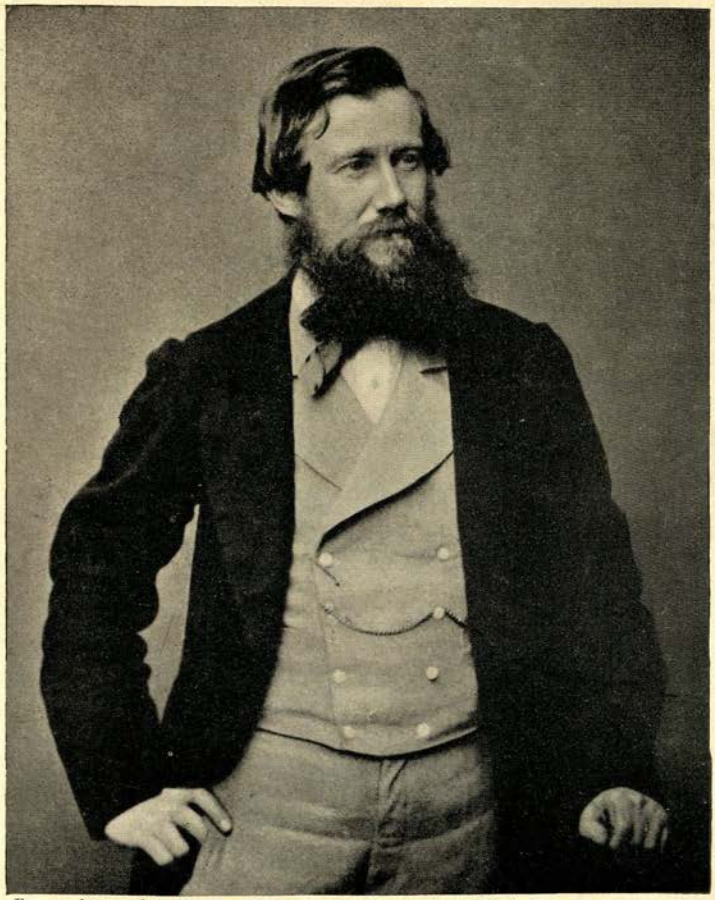
The Baganda, besides being arrayed, as is the custom, in a sheet of khaki-coloured bark, wore in addition on this gala occasion a bunch of ostrich or other plumes attached to his head, thus augmenting the picturesqueness of the spectacle.

Before taking the place of honour assigned me in the proposed excursion on the lake, I surveyed the pageant as the hoarse din broke over the surface of the water and was re-echoed again and again by the surrounding hills. While looking upon this barbaric throng, with the uproar and noise in my ears, I recalled the lines from *Childe Harold*:—

"Childe Harold at a little distance stood,
And viewed, but not displeased, the revelry,
Nor hated harmless mirth however rude:
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent glee."

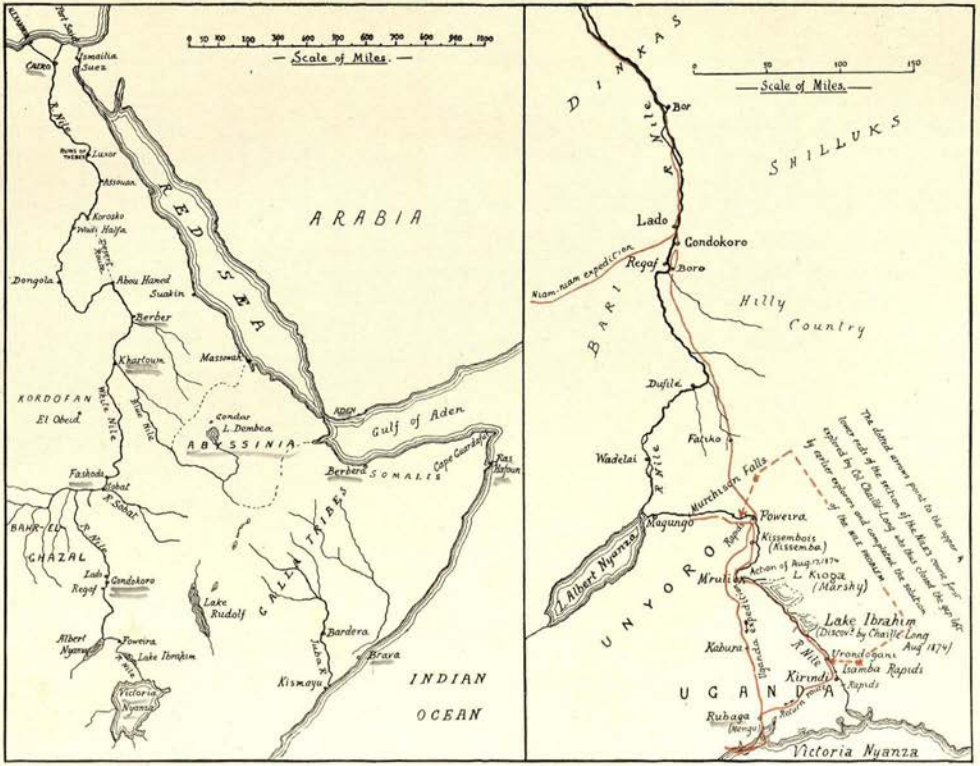
After much yelling and screaming for the honour of having me on board of some particular boat, the naval brigade pushed off from shore, sending high the spray in the air as each boat's crew attempted to pass the other in furious race.

Much doubt had been thrown by geographers upon the dimensions of the Lake Victoria attributed to it by the chart sketched by Speke, who discovered the lake in 1862. It is a fact, confessed by Captain Speke, that he had never been actually on the Lake Victoria, but had determined its size by careful study and views from a distance. My principal object, then, was to definitely determine that question, and, if possible, push the reconnaissance far enough to solve it, possibly to cross to its eastern shore. I was, for a fact, the first white man to sail upon the Victoria Nyanza. This honour was purely sentimental, and detracted nothing in my mind from the honour of the discovery of the lake, the principal Nile source, which clearly belongs to Speke. Subsequent travellers would find in certain watersheds or drains the Nile sources (and there are many of these), but the fact remains that to Speke belongs the honour of which they would deprive him.



From a photograph in the possession of the Royal Geographical Society

CAPTAIN J. H. SPEKE



SKETCH MAP OF THE NILE, AND OF THE REGION EXPLORED BY COLONEL CHAILLÉ-LONG

During the day I examined the shores for shells, made frequent soundings, and pushed as far as the M'tongoli would go eastward. The M'tongoli declared that it would require thirty days to cross the lake. Nevertheless I insisted, and pointed out what I had deemed a coast-line, recalling to mind what Grant had said, cited from Sadi, an Arab, who claimed to have seen a mountain from the opposite shore.[1]

The M'tongoli finally declared that M'tesa had ordered him positively not to take me across the lake. At midday I gave the order to return to our camp of the night before. At an early hour of the 16th, accompanied by my numerous escort, we set out for Murchison Creek. Selim, with my horse, was still there, and bidding my M'tongoli adieu, I returned with my soldier companions to the capital.

My diplomatic mission accomplished, I proposed, in returning, to trace the unknown Nile from Lake Victoria to the Lake Albert, an important gap which, Speke being unable to fill, had left the question of the Nile sources a still disputed problem.

On July 20th I bade King M'tesa adieu, and with an escort of 500 warriors marched to a point on the Nile whence Speke had been driven by the hostile natives.

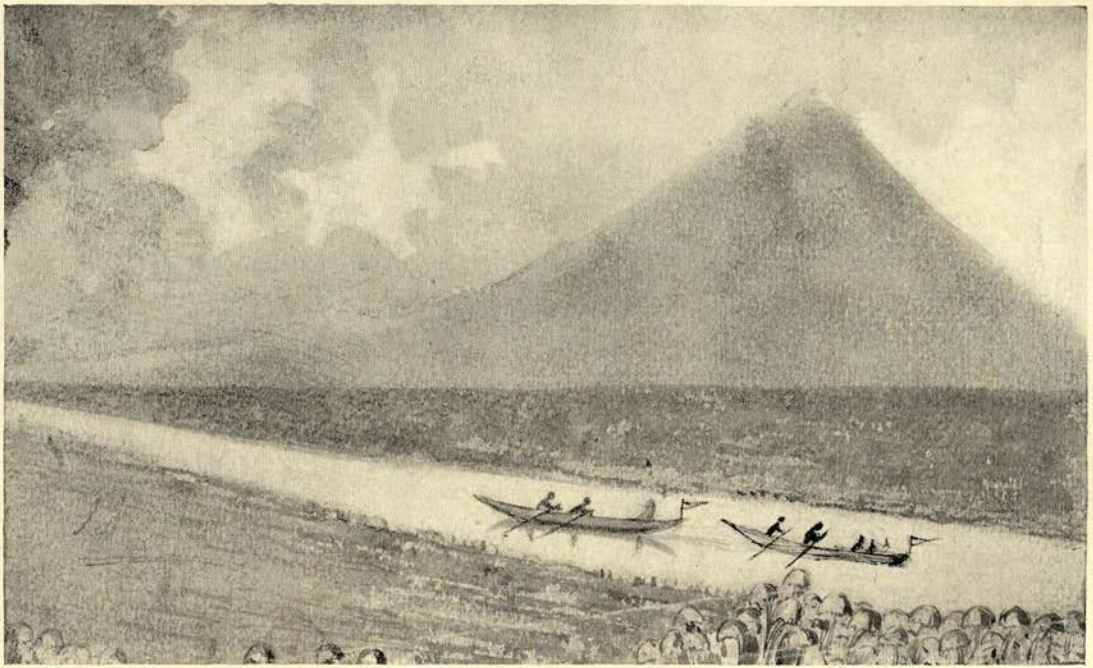
[1] In *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People*, p. 140, the author makes the following note: "The subsequent exploration of Stanley, in April, 1875, proved that the land that gave me the impression of a coast-line was, in fact, a chain of islands."

It was at Urondogani, awaiting boats with which to descend the river, that M'tesa sent me a most embarrassing present—*eight* young women and among these a girl of eight years, the *daughter of the King!* The interpreter explained that the etiquette of the court was *ne varietur* on that point. "You can't refuse them; they would be slain because deemed unworthy of acceptance, and the King would be angry with the M'Buguru."

Saïd helped me out of the dilemma, and put me right with African etiquette. He distributed the women among the chiefs of the escort, all except the princess, who could not be given away, but must be taken to Cairo and educated and one day returned to her country. Saïd was a fair tailor, and with some of my well-worn linen he made a jacket and short trousers, and thus attired, the Princess M'tesa was converted into a waiter-boy and served us in that capacity to Cairo.

My horse, placed in charge of Selim, was sent with the escort of 500 Uganda men by the land route, with orders to await my arrival at M'ruli, or failing to find me to proceed to Foweira.

After much diplomatic *palabra* with the native chiefs, I obtained four flat-bottomed boats of the same character and model as those constituting the boats of the Uganda navy, described as in the naval review on the Lake Victoria. They were, in fact, leaky craft but, light and easily



DESCENDING THE VICTORIA NILE BEFORE ENTERING LAKE IBRAHIM, *ALIAS* CHOGA

manœuvred. Two of these we lashed together solidly, thus enabling us to make a defence if attacked. Two were taken in tow, but finally cast loose—abandoned.

My personnel, reduced to the minimum, consisted of myself, my two soldiers, two servants, the Princess M'tesa, and two boys (the servants of my soldiers). Eight mouths! My provisions consisted of five pounds of flour, five pounds of beans, carefully reserved for the emergency which now confronted us.

On the morning of August 7th, in two boats with two in tow in case of need, we commenced the descent of the Victoria Nile.

Uganda, I have said, is a vast banana forest. Bananas had constituted for many weeks our daily diet. We would depend, therefore, upon bananas, hoping to be able to procure them by the river route.

On August 11th, in latitude 1° 30′ north of the Equator, I discovered a vast lake, which the Khedive subsequently named "Lake Ibrahim," in honour of his father, the soldier, Ibrahim Pasha.[1]

Lake Ibrahim is the veritable nursery of the lotus, and the primitive home of the lotus-eaters. Floating islands formed of the detritus of the papyrus serve as the habitations of the

[1] See, in Appendix No. I, a full discussion of the importance of the author's exploration of this reach of the Nile by the discovery of Lake Ibrahim, and of the subsequent change of its name by certain cartographers to Lake Kioga.

Lotophagi, whose food is locust and decayed fish.

Homer, in the Odyssey, mentions the lotus as a delicious fruit of the country of the Lotophagi, and the stranger who ate of it forgot his country and never returned to it. This legend is based upon the fact that the lotus contains a narcotic. We were obliged to eat of it whilst on the lake, and precisely as in the case of the stranger experienced its soporific effect.

The ancient country of the Lotophagi, according to Herodotus, was situated on the northern coast of Africa on the Mediterranean Sea, not far from the Gulf of Syrtis in Tunis, now known as the Gulf of Gabes. But Lake Ibrahim, in the basin of the Nile, is the real home of the lotus and the lotus-eaters.

The lotus, it may be mentioned, comprises several kinds of the same family; the lotus *sativa* or *trifolium* of Discorides, a sort of wild clover which grew in the meadow around Sparta and Troy; the *Rhammus* lotus of Linnæus, a thorny shrub or small tree bearing a reddish fruit about the size of an olive. Pliny also mentions a herb known as *Faba Greca*, a *lotometra* of whose grain the Egyptian shepherds made bread. The Egyptian lotus, however, is a *nenuphar* or lotus lily, the *nymphœa* lotus, which grows in ponds in the Nile delta, but which, as we shall see, has its principal home in the mysterious regions of the Nile sources.

The Persian and Arab poets praised the lotus in their songs, and a Persian poet, in singing of Joseph's beauty, says that it was the rays from Joseph's face that, penetrating the depths of the Nile, caused the lotus to spring up and grow upon the surface of the river.

The surface of Lake Ibrahim was covered with a great hat-like lily, and with the *pistia stratiotes* both blue and white. In the centre of the lotus grows a bulb, and we detected the natives in the act of plucking and eating it. Hard pressed for food, we emulated the natives and ate heartily thereof.

There are floating islands in the lake formed of papyrus and vegetable detritus, which, matted together, finally forms a surface on which the natives construct huts, which they inhabit only, perhaps, when fishing at certain seasons. The lotus-eaters are certainly also fish-eaters, and, from the intolerable odour, eat them with relish when decayed.

The lotus was sacred to the ancient Egyptians, and is even now sacred to the Buddhist in the Far East. The image of Horus, the divine infant, can be seen in the temples of the Thebaide in the form of the sun rising out of the bulb of the lotus. It was one of the attributes of Isis, and the greater number of Egyptian queens are represented as holding in their hands the lotus as a symbol of life.

The discovery of Lake Ibrahim and the

hitherto unknown Nile from the Victoria to the Albert Nyanza solved finally and definitely the much-disputed question of the Nile sources.

The 17th of August at midday we succeeded in breaking our way through a mass of matted papyrus and lotus, and finally emerged into the unobstructed river. In attempting to land at M'ruli we saw, to our dismay, a body of men hidden in the tall papyrus. Packed in long canoes, they emerged, deployed in numbers, 700 to 800, and to the lugubrious sound of war drums commenced to attack us. They were the people of Unyoro, whose king, Kaba Rega, had attacked and overpowered Sir Samuel Baker at Masindi, in June, 1872.

The assailants, armed with lances, yelped, howled, and gesticulated. The Unyoro language is almost identical with the Uganda, and the Princess M'tesa was our interpreter.

We hastily piled up our sheet-iron travelling cases, which now served as a rampart of defence, and distributed ammunition for our Sniders and elephant gun, with which, fortunately, we were well supplied. "The fishes will eat you at sundown," said the Chief of Kaba Rega's men defiantly. Cautioning our servants, charged with keeping our boats (tied together) "broadside to the enemy," I motioned to my soldiers to await the effect of my first shot. The Chief received the explosive ball full in the breast, and leaping in the air from the shock, capsized his boat and

the whole crew were thrown into the river, struggling in an inextricable mass. I raised my hand: "*Yeidderum!*" and the rifles of Saïd and Abd-el responded with deadly effect. During the fight, and unperceived, a boat had approached behind a floating mass of papyrus bush, enveloped in smoke. I did not see the uplifted lance of the savage, for, at the same moment, I felt a blinding shock, and fell bleeding and senseless. When I recovered I found I had received an ugly wound in the face, from which I had lost much blood. Adam, my servant, had seen the movement of the savage, and seizing a revolver from those prepared for close action, he had shot the assailant, but in doing so had shot me as well.

The fight was maintained with energy until sundown (with a loss of eighty-two killed of the enemy), when, disheartened and dismayed at the deadly effect of our arms, the Unyoro withdrew. Nightfall saved us. Africans are unaccustomed to combat at night, and this knowledge had lent energy to our defence. In the interval between daylight and dawn we paddled with unabated vigour, although my shoulder and arm were bruised and blackened by the pounding recoil suffered from the terrible Reilly elephant rifle.

I copy here from my itinerary, pp. 181–5, *Central Africa: Naked Truths*:—

The morning of the 19th, at an early hour, the last handful of flour had been distributed,

share and share alike, and we were soon *en route*. I insisted that by incessant work we could reach Kissembois at night; and this gave an extra spurt in getting over the last quarter, for Kissembois meant shelter and food to the famished from the gratefully remembered Rionga, ex-king of M'ruli. We paddled and paddled until after midnight, keeping as well as we might the middle of the stream, the dim outline of the high papyrus that lined each shore alone enabling us to keep the direction. I said to Saïd: "Surely we are near Kissembois; fire your rifle in order to call the attention of Rionga." At this moment several hippopotami, surprised doubtless by so unusual an intrusion upon their nocturnal foraging expeditions, left the shore with maddened roar, and encircling our boats made a show of fight. We poured a brisk fire into them as we neared the bank, driving them, frightened, away. It was now two o'clock in the morning; darkness and a drizzling rain enveloped us. Famished, faint with hunger and fatigue, I decided to tie up to the papyrus growth until dawn, and if possible gain the shore in order to gather some bananas. I ordered another volley fired, and hardly had the echo died away when there came a reply, the faint sound of a distant nogarrah was heard, it must be Rionga. A moment after, a bugle call rang out clear, despite the dense air. It was "Il-iré" ("Forward"), there was no mistaking the bugle of the Egyptians from Foweira.

Thank God, we were saved! I confess the darkness concealed a tear that involuntarily forced its way, the tension had been great and the men wept like children.

In the excitement of the moment the revulsion of feeling, I threw my hat in the air, shot my pistol into it, and lost it in the darkness. I jumped into the mud near the bank, followed by Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman, and found ourselves waist-deep in the slimy ooze. Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman then commenced firing rapidly in the air in response to the now continuous bugle calls. The sounds were distant, and we could not see our way and therefore groped back through the mud, and awaited impatiently the day that seemed never so long in coming. An hour or more there was a splash of paddles, and finally the challenge of soldiers, who were cautious, "Who comes there?" "*Gahadiah Missariah*" ("Soldiers of the Egyptian Army"). "*Ente min eh?*" ("Who are you?") answered Saïd. "I am," said one, "El Gamos," and another, "El Fil"; and my soldiers cried to their friends: "*Ana Saïd Bagarrah*" ("I am Saïd Bagarrah"). "*Ana Abd-el-Rahman*" ("I am Abd-el-Rahman"). And soon in the darkness there was mutual recognition, and such hugging and kissing that would have overturned the boats but that they were tied fast together.

"*Fên el Bey betani?*" ("Where is our Bey?") asked the officer, who had come to our

relief by orders of Major Baba Tuka, who was with Rionga at Kissembois, where the officer would lead us. It was Rionga, indeed, who had first sounded the nogarrah and who then informed Baba Tuka of the rifle shots.

Day had not fairly broken and the rain fell in deluges when we arrived at Kissembois. There were some huts on the high bank which emitted smoke, and the savoury smell of food appealed to my olfactory senses to such a point as to give unexpected strength to my emaciated body. Climbing the hill quickly, I entered the hut unperceived until my shadow, cast upon the walls of the hut by the blaze, caused the two blacks hanging over the fire to turn and behold a ghost-like bearded face. With one simultaneous bound, and agonized cry of fear, they bolted to escape, but the grass hut, though temporary, was unyielding, and with a mighty effort they overturned it and whirled it in the air like an inverted umbrella, and fled. I would have laughed then as I laugh now, but I was hungry and fainting. I seized a roasting fish, and pointing to the fire bade my people do likewise.

Never before or since have I enjoyed a repast as on that morning. Major Baba Tuka[1] and

[1] General Thoumas of the French expedition to Mexico refers to the Soudanieh corps of which Baba Tuka was a part in his book entitled *Les Français au Mexique*, p. 127:—

"In the month of February, 1863, the expedition was reinforced in the most fortunate manner by the arrival of the Egyptian battalion.

"The Emperor Napoleon III had asked Saïd Pasha, Viceroy of

Rionga came. The affectionate greeting of the former and the silent joy of good old Rionga to learn how we had beaten his old enemy Kaba Rega, who had driven him from his throne, were almost worth the suffering endured. Rionga could not believe I was the same man who had left him a few months before. My hair hung in great damp locks around my shoulders; my beard, that covered my breast, seemed to render more cadaverous my emaciated face; while the painful wound upon my nose and one eye closed and blackened caused him to doubt my identity. My people too were in a sad state.

On August 20th, more dead than alive, we reached the post at Foweira. Neither Selim nor the escort and horse had arrived, nor had there been in the months that had elapsed any communication from Gordon at Gondokoro.

My misery was great; the want of proper food and medicine was so urgent that we despaired of ever reaching Gondokoro.

It was at Foweira, worn by incessant fever, I was tossing upon my couch one night in the vain attempt to sleep, when, out in the ceaseless

Egypt, to lend him a battalion of blacks of the Soudan for the expedition; he supposed, with reason, that these men would resist better than Europeans the lowlands of Mexico. The battalion was prepared by orders of the Viceroy, the police aiding by recruits found on the streets in Alexandria. The whole were embarked on the nights of the 7th and 8th of January, 1863, on the transport *La Seine*. They rendered the greatest service to his army." Major Baba Tuka served in Mexico, and he, as well as all of the officers of the Soudanieh, were decorated with the Legion d'Honneur. Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman belonged to this corps.

rain that had beaten upon us for months, I heard the voice of the sentry as he passed to and fro before my hut, and the refrain of the song he was humming resumed eloquently the veritable value of Central Africa.

"*Wallahi! hadi biladi el moos wah el mattar: mattar wah moos, moos wah el mattar, Wallahi!*" ("This is a country of bananas and rain, rain and bananas. True as God is my witness.")

Well, the poor devil of a soldier was right. This unhappy country had the immense advantage—if it might be an advantage—to be deluged by rain during six months, and for a like period to be roasted by a pitiless sun.

I recall with pain the tardy convalescence, which, without medicine and proper food, seemed never to come. Each day appeared a year, hoping for a relief party with stores, something to give us strength to resume the journey homeward. Major Baba Tuka gave me all the care and attention possible, but his provisions were long since exhausted, and he and his command were living upon *dourah*, which in that country forms the chief food of the natives; the bananas commence farther south.

Baba Tuka frequently entertained me with stories of experience in Mexico and of his life at this forlorn post of Foweira. Among other stories he told me of a great snake that came every night, and, wrapping itself around a cow, sucked the milk. I was incredulous (I am still),

but Baba Tuka insisted. I would not deprive him of the pleasure of stuffing me with a marvellous story.

One night however, it was the 12th of September, I was aroused by loud outcries in the hut adjoining mine, occupied by the soldiers and servants. They rushed into my hut pell-mell, breathless and affrighted. They had seen *Afrite!* (the Devil). Leastways, a huge head had attempted to push through the interstices of the hut, and countless small serpents ran about over their bare legs. I was again incredulous; they were dreaming! In the morning the sentry shot a boa making for the hut. Examination disclosed the fact that this female boa was seeking her young in the hut, her eggs having been hatched out by the fire. She measured thirty feet in length.

One day I discovered in my baggage a stray package of radish seeds. I planted them at once, and they sprang up rapidly—so rapidly, indeed, that they developed into heads and luxuriant leaves, but without bulb. Nevertheless I devoured them voraciously, using them as a salad with an oil called *sim-sim* which Baba Tuka had pressed from some plant.

Notwithstanding our desperate condition we gained sufficient strength to resume the journey northward; my horse in the meantime having arrived with the escort which had finally escaped the Unyoro, who had barred the way. Through

pestilential jungles and across swollen streams, with only doura for food, for there were no bananas, attacked daily with fever, we finally arrived at Gondokoro October 18th, 1874.

Gordon had returned from Khartoum with the rearguard and stores. I had sent him by a messenger in advance a detailed report of the success of my mission, and I found him greatly elated. He was shocked at my haggard appearance. "Come," he said, "I will photograph you; the world should know what it costs to solve the Nile source problem."

"Where," I asked, "are the Europeans who were to follow us?" Gordon led me to the spot where once stood the brick *kanissa*, the Catholic church erected by the Jesuits. (The building had been razed to the earth, and the brick ground to dust served, mixed with grease, as paint to ornament the naked bodies of the Bari.) Pointing sadly to a long row of graves, he replied with emotion: "All lie here save Campbell, who left, ill, for Khartoum. You must hasten there or you will find a place here also. I am astonished," added Gordon, "that you could have withstood the hardships through which you have passed." "Well," I said, "I was born on the eastern shore of Maryland, and when a boy suffered each year an attack of what was familiarly known as *bilious fever*; in fact, a rank *yellow fever*. This process has doubtless rendered me immune to Central African fevers."

My doubts as to Abou had been fully corroborated. Gordon, indeed, frankly assured me that his appointment was an error. "It was Abou who inspired the attack upon you at M'ruli," he said to my amazement. I learned, in fact, that the wily Dongolowee had been sent to Unyoro, and Gordon, in his book, subsequently published, charged Abou with being privy to this attack upon me.

CHAPTER VI

THE following day, accompanied by Saïd and Abd-el, and bearing Gordon's despatches, letters, and telegrams to the Khedive, I left Gondokoro on the steamer *Khedive* for Khartoum.

At Lado we stopped for wood. I found there Gessi promoted to Vakîl, or Gordon's confidential secretary, doing duty as *Mudir* or chief of that station. Gessi told me many interesting incidents which had occurred during my absence, and among others that General Stanton had insisted upon my being returned to Cairo, but that Gordon had replied: "Colonel Chaillé-Long is gone to the Nile sources, and therefore impossible at this season to communicate the Khedive's order of recall." Gordon, therefore, had not exaggerated the "big stick" with which Stanton hoped to accomplish my elimination from Gordon's government.

On arrival at Khartoum, November 6th, 1874, I learned that poor Campbell, though nursed with care by the sisters of the convent, had died of fever but a few days before, and had been buried in the cemetery of the

Austrian Catholic Mission under the directions of Monseigneur Comboni, the chief of the mission.

Gordon's telegrams were despatched immediately. The first announced the navigation of the unknown Nile between the Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza; the discovery of "Lake Hussein" (named Ibrahim by the Khedive); the treaty with King M'tesa, and the annexation of Uganda to the Khedivial crown.

The second was a despatch in which Gordon said: "I pray Your Highness to consider the promotion of this officer to the grade of Colonel. He has served a long time as lieutenant-colonel, and he has achieved a very important work. In order that I may not miss the courier which is about to leave, I write this letter before the arrival of the Colonel."[1]

On November 17th His Highness the Prince

[1] Subsequently, and when Gordon had learned of Campbell's death, he wrote: "Your Highness, Chaillé-Long is the only superior officer living. I beg that your Highness will permit him to remain if only for several months. He has rendered me very great service."

The author learned subsequently that when Gordon's despatches were received, General George B. McClellan, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Army, then visiting Cairo, was actually being received in private audience at Abdin Palace. The Khedive Ismail was radiant with excitement and exaltation, and turning to General McClellan, said: "General, these despatches from General Gordon announce the successful achievement of a difficult mission confided to an American officer whom you have permitted to enter my service. On his simple pay as a Lieutenant-Colonel he has done for Egypt what expeditions, costing millions, have failed to do. I not only promote him, but assure his future." Vide *Egypt and Abyssinia*, p. 80, Colonel Mac E. Dye.

Minister of War telegraphed me in Arabic as follows :—

" The Khedive confers upon you the grade of Colonel and the decoration of the Medjidieh 3rd Class. The firman and decree will be sent by post."

I was desperately ill whilst in Khartoum, where, strangely enough, there was lack both of medicine and physicians. I was lying one day on the divan of the *Bordène*, moored to the wharf, a prey to gloomy reflections, and scarcely with any hope of surviving until the arrival of a doctor, for whom I had telegraphed to Khairy Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, at Cairo. My soldiers and servants had been given leave to visit the city. I was alone. A shadow stood in the doorway. " *Ya Saahatak*," it said, " *Owze bassal ?* " (" Your Excellency wishes to buy onions ? ") " *Talli-henna* " (" Come here "), I replied. The Arab approached, and cutting the sample onion held in his hand placed it close to my face for inspection. The odour created a desire to taste it. Since several days I had been unable to eat anything, the mere mention of food causing me intense disgust. I ate the onion with avidity, and delighted the Arab vendor by giving him a commission to buy me one hundred bushels, if possible, for the troops at Gondokoro. When my orderlies returned I drank an entire bottle of Bass's ale, which put me in a profound slumber, from which I awoke only the next day

to find myself bathed in a profuse perspiration. Briefly, in ten days this treatment achieved my convalescence and I was restored to comparative health.

During my stay in Khartoum I gave a *fantasiah*, or fête, in return for the courtesies of the Governor, Ayoub Pasha. The feast was given in the old abandoned palace built by Djaffer Pasha, a former governor. Among my guests, besides the Governor and officers of the garrison, were Hansell, the Austrian Consul-General, Marno, his compatriot and protégé, who would visit General Gordon with a letter of recommendation from the President of the Geographical Society of Vienna, M. Orlowsky, a Polish engineer, and many Arab notables.

I had telegraphed the Minister of the Interior on my arrival for reinforcements, and receiving these later on to the number of six hundred and fifty, I prepared with a quantity of dourah, etc., to rejoin Gordon.

On December 15th I quitted Khartoum, having despatched in advance the steamer *Khedive* with Hansell and Marno, and on the 22nd was at Fashoda.[1] Fashoda was then the northern limit of Gordon's government, which extended south to the Equator. Fashoda possessed a fortress principally used for the confinement of the worst offenders exiled from Cairo. Khartoum was the

[1] Vide article in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, le 5 Mai, 1900, entitled "Fachoda et Khartoum," Chaillé-Long.

first stage, Fashoda was the second and last, for few exiled to Fashoda ever returned.

At the mouth of the Sobat I learned that a post of *hotariahs* or Dongolowee irregulars were in distress and in danger of starving, surrounded by a numerous band of hostile savages. The Sobat had never been explored. I therefore placed on board a detachment of soldiers, a field-piece, and towing a boat with one hundred and fifty bushels of dourah, I ascended the river to the relief of the besieged. I found the Dongolowee closely surrounded at Boul-boul, and quickly disengaged them by a few shots from the field-piece, which created more consternation than injury. The demonstration, indeed, was sufficient, and opened the way to the establishment of peace relations with the rival forces.

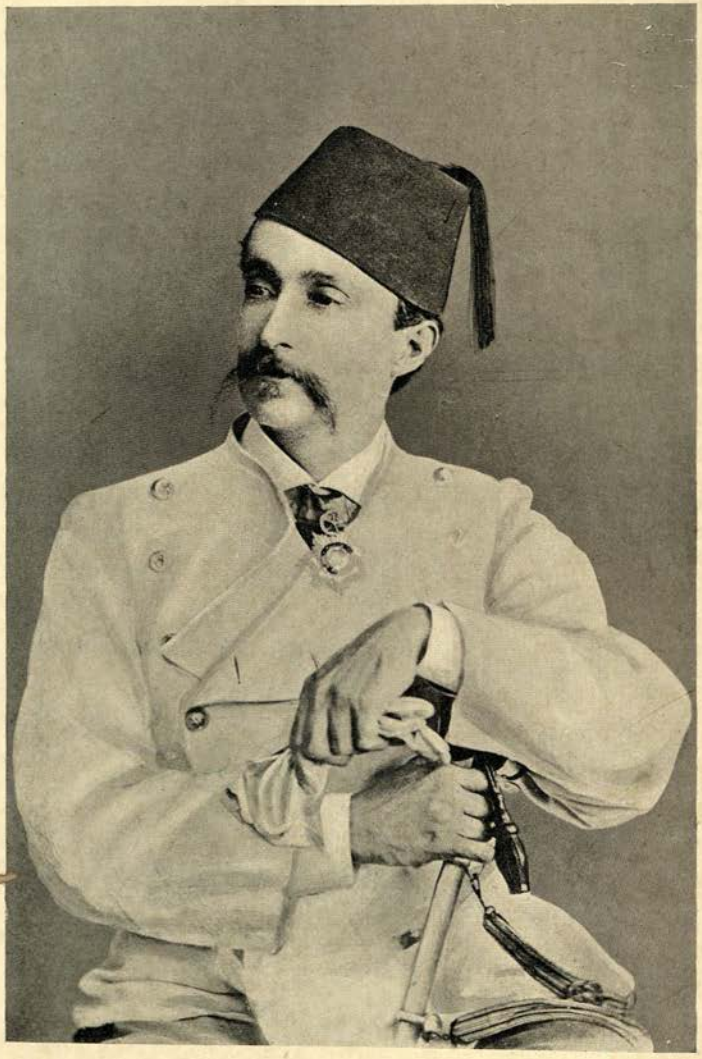
Returning rapidly to the junction of the Sobat, I took my dourah and soldier-laden nugger boats in tow and proceeded southward to Gondokoro, or rather Lado, for I found that Gordon had removed the garrison at the former place to Lado, on account of the mortality of the troops.

Arrived at Bor, Gessi delivered to me the following letter received from Gordon :—

"LADO, *January 2nd*, 1875.

"MY DEAR CHAILLÉ-LONG,

"The day before yesterday as I was coming down, Gondokoro being completely evacuated, I met, near Lado, steamer *Khedive* coming



CHAILLÉ-LONG BEY
1875

up. I *brought her back* and found Hansell and Marno on board. I got your letter, and am glad at what you have done for me. If this letter reaches you before you leave Bor, give over to Ibrahim Effendi there fifteen soldiers and tell him to look after them. I gave the doctor written orders to come back in *Khedive*. He will catch it, and also Ali Effendi, whom I also ordered to come up in *Khedive*. I should like to know the cause of delay for taking out the voyage to Berber she made with Raouf Bey. She has been absent from Robatchambe since September 2nd, now four months, when the only thing I ordered to be done was that she was to have her shaft taken out and the other one put in; that Ali Effendi is a thorough scamp. It is the second time he has done me, and I will not only dismiss him, but have him kept in prison six months.

"Glad indeed to hear of your promotion.

"Linant, on the eve of departure south, got headache through camping in marsh *vis-à-vis* Regaf; got regularly prostrated, and, from what the others said, made me fear for his life. I counselled his return. He is still ill; he was much against his return, so I did not press, but his father's telegram has decided me now to send him down in *Bordène*. Kemp nearly always sick, and then will act as careless as ever. He has come across me several times, and given me so much trouble that, as he proposed to go down, I shall send him down also. Linant's servant is also continuously ill. You must know I sent Watson and Chippendall and Kemp to Regaf to keep, and the latter to recover his health, while I

stayed and raged at Gondokoro to get the place vacated, in which I have succeeded.

"Gondokoro is detestably unhealthy, and I had a very painful griping diarrhœa, which I have just got over. I hope you are all right. You must mess with me, for I cannot part with that female who is invaluable to me. Yours sincerely,

"C. G. GORDON."

A few days after my return to Lado the camp was attacked in force one night. I had great difficulty in repelling the savage hordes, who, with lighted torches, were endeavouring to burn us out. Gordon was in his hut and gave no sign of coming out. It was during one of the oft-recurring periods when he shut himself up and placed a hatchet and a flag at the door as a sign that he was not to be disturbed, a seclusion which sometimes lasted from three to five days. I sent an officer to him to warn him of our danger, but receiving no reply went myself. I entered abruptly, and found him seated very calmly at a table, on which were an open Bible and a bottle of cognac and sherry. I told him of the situation, to which he made abrupt answer: "You are commander of the camp." Whereupon I hastily turned and left him, but not before I had posted an officer with a half-dozen men specially charged with Gordon's safety. The savages were finally driven away by a vigorous sortie.

The next day Gordon entered my hut in the full-dress uniform of the Royal Engineers and cleanly shaven. He came forward with a quick, tripping step, as was his habit, and said: "Old fellow, now don't be angry with me. I was very low last night. Come and dine with me. We will have a glorious dinner." This was a meat-offering of peace. It is a part of the story that I readily accepted the invitation, for we frequently dined together unless he was *low*. The table was placed on the bank of the river, near his hut door. It was quite sunset when we were seated and impatiently awaiting the servant, who from the cook's hut was approaching, bearing upon a dish a wild duck shot by Hassan. The servant was in the act of placing it upon the table when, with a sudden swoop, a hawk pounced down, and, clutching it in its claws, to our dismay, bore it away. The roast duck was hot and the hawk dropped it into the river, which was some consolation to Gordon and myself. He laughed heartily at the incident, and said: "Well, Long, we can recoup on the canned meat. The beggar can't get away with the sherry, although it *was mean* to take the duck."

During a brief rest in the camp at Lado I was awakened one morning at dawn by the officer of the guard, who reported that our camp was being invaded by a herd of a hundred or more elephants. "What was to be done?" he asked. I tumbled out quickly, and from the door of my hut

witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. Elephants in single file, apparently unconcerned at our presence, were quietly moving toward the river. The enigma was manifest, we had placed our camp directly across their accustomed path to the river, where they went for daily drink and ablutions.

I awakened Gordon. "Shall we take a shot at them?" "Certainly," replied Gordon, who followed to the point where an officer had already placed two 12-pounders. The elephant column, returning, was permitted to pass and the fire was directed against the last files. The stampede that followed the firing was formidable; the leader trumpeted the alarm, the single file doubled and fled with precipitancy, causing the ground to shake as if rocked by an earthquake.

Two elephants were stretched upon the ground writhing in agony and manifesting distress that was almost human. Gordon agreed with me that it was a painful sight. It cured us both of the desire for elephant killing, and I never look at an elephant now without a feeling of keen remorse.[1]

[1] Edoward Foa, the sympathetic author of *After Big Game in Central Africa*, who was charged with a special mission to the Zambesi, 1894–7, describes the shooting of a female elephant and the capture of her calf. Foa says: "My bullet struck full in the breast at the base of the neck. She turned aside stunned, I see that she is wounded to death. Poor beast! Never have I been able to contemplate so near the death of an elephant in all its details. She is lying eight yards from us, in the full sunlight, at the edge of the water, which is fringed with red, and we look on in silence while life leaves the enormous body; her flank heaves,

On a subsequent occasion, when it was necessary to communicate with General Gordon, absent at Regaf, twenty miles south of Lado, on a matter of urgent service, I sent a detail of twenty infantrymen with a hurry message. The detail failing to report promptly, I despatched a relief of one hundred men under a trustworthy captain. Five miles away he found our missing twenty men in the trees, surrounded by a herd of elephants! The herd on the approach of the one hundred men abandoned their prey and fled. And none too soon, for the twenty men were nearly dead of thirst and sleeplessnes.

It appeared that, returning on time, one of the first detachment had shot and wounded what he took for a single elephant. There was a herd! They resented the attack, and the men scurried to stout trees for safety, leaving their guns in their haste. The twenty vowed they no longer cared for elephant shooting.

I have had occasion to surprise the lion in his lair, and have taken random shots at him from the saddle. He proved an intolerable pest when, at night, barricaded in huts with my

blood flows from breast and shoulder, her mouth opens and shuts, her lips tremble, tears flow from her eyes, her limbs quiver; with her trunk hanging down, her head low, she sways to right and left, then falls heavily on one side, shaking the ground and spattering blood in every direction. . . . All is over! Such a spectacle is enough to make the most hardened hunter feel remorse. It seemed to me that I had done a bad action. Several times have I said to myself upon seeing these splendid animals suffer that I ought to place my rifle in the gun-rack for ever."

soldiers, servants, and porters to escape the fury of storms, he would attempt to scratch his way to us from the roof. There was nothing to do but grin and bear the ordeal of horrid roars. It would have been certain death to have gone outside, nor was it possible to shoot through the roof, which, wet without, was dry as powder within. Foa tells us of a trick he learned from a native hunter, Tambarika, to get rid of lions which troubled him at night. Tambarika and his men could clear the place of lions by imitating the cry of a pack of wolves. Alas! had I but known Tambarika in Central Africa!

Gordon confided to me the task of opening a road south-west of the Nile to the country of the Makraka-Niam-Niam, road which the *hotariah* or Dongolowee ivory-hunters had in vain attempted to open because of the hostile *Yanbari*, who had resisted successfully all their efforts to cross their country from the Nile.

My command consisted of seven hundred regulars (Arabs and Soudanese) armed with Remingtons. I passed rapidly without serious opposition to Jebel Baginzi, on the border of the Monbutto land, the point reached by Doctor Schweinfurth, the distinguished German traveller, coming from the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

At Jebel Baginzi, I discovered the Denga pygmy or Ticki-Ticki, and cite from my itinerary of those days:—

"Have taken possession of the Makraka-

Niam-Niam country in the name of Egypt. The Sheikh made me a present—in exchan for age bright red silk handkerchief—of a rare specimen of the pygmy race—an adult woman.

"Ticki-Ticki, in form almost a *rhomboid*, was a wonder. A captive since several months, she had learned some Arabic. '*Tiggi wah nahan?*' ('Will you come with us?') '*Iwah,*' she replied, '*izzikan ente mosh yekeltni*' ('Yes, if you will not eat me'). Ticki-Ticki was nude except for only a few fig leaves, with iron bangles on ankles, arms, and neck. She was shy—very much frightened at the first white man she had ever beheld. Her femininity was displayed at a piece of old calico given her as a waist-cloth, but which she coquettishly tied *around her neck!* When convinced that we had no intention of eating her, she lost her timidity, babbled away, and finally gave us an exhibition of the curious war dance of her people, war being the occupation of both sexes of this diminutive but bellicose race.

"The Ticki-Ticki, like the Niam-Niam and tribes west of the Nile, are cannibals. Bananas, wild sweet potatoes, known as *yam*, and ants constitute the daily diet. Human flesh is a delicacy not to be had every day. The American yam, indicated by the name (*n'yam-n'yam*), was doubtless introduced into America by the negroes exported directly from the west coast of Africa."

The savant, ethnographer, M. A. de Quatrefages, member of the Institute of France (whose acquaintance I subsequently made), says: "There is no nation or tribe of human beings which has not believed in the existence of little people and which have played a part in their legends." For a long time, and until recently, history held—mythical history, at least—that the world was first peopled by a race of giants. Recent writers, however, are disposed to believe that our original ancestors were not giants, but pygmies. This theory may hurt the pride of race, especially of those afflicted with what the French term *la folie des grandeurs*.

Homer, in the Iliad, sings of little people in the south land to which the cranes flee, and where, borne upon the backs of sheep and goats, pygmies made expeditions to secure the eggs and young of the cranes. Aristotle declares that the pygmies inhabited the marshes of the Nile (Bahr-el-Ghazal). Pliny ascribed many countries to the pygmies—Greece and Asia. Ctesias, the Greek historian, writing of India, said: "There are in the middle of India black people whom they call pygmies, the largest were not more than two cubits. Their hair is very long, and falls to the knee and farther. Their beard is longer than that of other men, and when hair and beard have attained full growth it serves them for clothing."

M. Quatrefages declares: "Without doubt Ctesias was wrong and mistook, for hair and beard the long grass garments worn by the women of Travancore. Ctesias doubtless meant the negritos or the protodravidian tribes which M. Rousselet found in the Vindhya mountains, the bandra-loks or man-monkeys." [1]

The travellers who have discovered and written of the pygmies in modern times date from Battel, in 1625, who wrote thereof in a book cited by Quatrefages, entitled *The Strange Adventures of Andrew Battel of Leigh, in Angola, etc.*, London, 1625. Battel was followed by Dapper, who found the Baké-Bakkés, Admiral Fleuriot de Langle, 1861, Touchard and Marche, Brazza and Ballay, Falkenstein, du Chaillu, Mollien, Miani, Schweinfurth, Wolf, Chaillé-Long, Casati, Stanley, King, Grogan, Vossion, Donaldson Smith, etc.

The fact is that the first of modern travellers to send specimens of the pygmies to Europe for scientific study and measurement were the Italian traveller Miani and the author. Miani sent to Rome two specimen pygmy children,

[1] M. A. Quatrefages, in his book *Les Pygmées*, cites the Pigmy woman discovered by the author. Ticki-Ticki measured 1·36 m. height, 173 millimetres front to the rear of the head, and transversalment 145 mm. The *indice céphalique* of the cranium was 80·23, the average measurement of negroids examined by the author's friend, the late Dr. E. Hamy of the Institut de France. Since the days of my work in the Soudan several travellers have visited the Pygmy country; some of the race have been brought to Europe and there is an extensive literature on the subject.

named Tobo and Chairallah. Chaillé-Long brought with him to Cairo the adult woman pygmy, named by him Ticki-Ticki. Tobo and Chairallah were first examined at the Egyptian Institute by Colucci Pasha, Regny Bey, Dr. Gaillardot, etc., and then sent to Rome, where they have been the subject of much study by, among others, MM. Mantegazza and Zanneti. The Ticki-Ticki, sent to Cairo, was subsequently taken to Vienna by Dr. Brugsch (Brugsch Pasha), and after measurement returned to Cairo.[1]

Ticki-Ticki had learned to speak Arabic from her captors. She had been sold to the King of Monbutto. Gongo was king of the Akkas, who inhabit the jungle, their houses being made by tying together the tops of the high grass, cutting out at the base and centre a space for

[1] Dr. Abbate Pasha, President of the *Société Khédiviale de Géographie du Caire*, writing of African pygmies, remarked: "The cranium is large, almost round, and presents a profound hollow in the forehead at the base of the nose." "*Cet oeil rudimentaire*," dit le savant docteur, "*impair, incomplet sans doute, mais enfin un oeil, est peut-être l'origine de l'oeil cyclopéen.*"

M. Bonola Bey, Secrétaire-Général of the same society, writing of pgymies declares that pygmies have been discovered in the Philippines and in Asia. He expresses the opinion that pygmies once existed in Central Africa, Madagascar, India, Indo-China, and Sumatra. Bonola Bey ventures the opinion that at a prehistoric period there were pygmies in Switzerland, Sardinia, Germany, and Mexico. The pygmies of Africa, Asia, and the Esquimaux were the remains of the peoples who had preceded. Professors Poncet and Lériche wrote an article in the bulletin of *La Société d'Anthropologie de Lyon* entitled "Les pygmées néolitiques de Suisse, Nains d'autrefois et nains d'aujourd'hui." The first remains of pygmies of prehistoric ages were discovered in 1874 in a cave at Schwenerbild. . . ."

shelter. Armed with diminutive spears (a number of which were given me), the Akkas, of both sexes, went to war against their enemies or hunted together the elephant. They attacked in swarms, confusing the beasts by their cries, and then hacking them to pieces or transfixing them with countless thrusts.

Ticki-Ticki were passionately fond of smoking, not in the sense of procuring the effect desired by the white man, but to create nausea. The bowl of the pipe was half filled with native tobacco, the other half with dung; after vomiting they enjoyed the *dolce far niente* that succeeded.

The Ticki-Ticki are noted by Crampel for their prowess in elephant hunting. Crampel lived among the Bayagas pygmies. He tells the story of a family, the father and sons, who were hunters. The chief said to Crampel one day: "I have lost six of my sons, killed in the hunt. But," he added triumphantly, "I have twenty-six elephant tails."

Among the incidents of the march westward was the capture of a caravan of slaves, composed principally of four hundred young girls between the ages of ten and twenty, the result of extensive *razzias*, who were being taken to markets on the west coast. The old Afghan in charge of the caravan, although disposing of a force of several hundred irregulars, attempted no resistance, but endeavoured to placate me by the offer of

presents. He was informed that the orders of the Khedive were imperative and that they must be liberated. The capture, besides, was opportune. A force of two hundred and fifty soldiers was already designated as a *corps d'occupation*, and, married, these soldiers would support passably well their prospective service of two years in the country, when they were told they would be relieved by others.

Formed in single rank facing the soldiers, the captives were delighted at their promised freedom and privilege of choosing their consort. The marriage ceremony performed by Arab *fikis* afforded some ludicrous incidents. The question of the unpronounceable names of the savage maidens was solved by the priests, who named them numerically thus: Numero Wahidah, Etnetain, Telat, Arba, Erbania, Khams, etc.—that is, one, two, three, four, five, etc., in the feminine form of the words, up to two hundred and fifty or more.

A grand *congo* dance was given at night. It was a gala affair. The brides burnished their bangles and copper fastenings and wore fresh fig leaves. The loose bands that encased their ankles kept time in clanking sounds to strange music evoked from a wooden horse-like machine, accompanied by blasts from trumpets of elephant tusks. Rude it certainly was, but in striking resemblance to the dances on the old plantation in the days before the war of the States, and when

the fiddle and bow of "Old Uncle Ned" was a characteristic feature in the life of the once picturesque negro.

The master of ceremonies, one of the savage sheikhs, led the warriors in the dance, holding aloft a curiously-shaped sword, his insignia of office, whilst the fat yam-and-banana-fed forms of the Niam-Niam women followed each other in giddy gyrations and eccentric evolutions of a dance strangely like the cakewalk of the Afro-American.

Having established the military garrisons[1] and created a cordial understanding with the different tribes, I prepared for the return to Lado. On the eve of my departure the friendly sultans sent me princely presents of ivory tusks, valued roughly at $150,000! A force of eight hundred Niam-Niam warriors was sent as porters of the ivory and as an escort of honour. These auxiliaries would carry their own rations and would aid me in fighting the redoubtable Yanbari, who, I was warned, would surely attack me on my return.

My column returning, minus the two hundred and fifty regulars composing the garrisons established in the Niam-Niam country, numbered sixteen hundred souls. The warlike Yanbaris,

[1] The author was followed in the Makraka-Niam-Niam country by Junker and other travellers, but so great was the spirit of petty jealousy that animated them that not one mentioned this corps of occupation, nor the name of the traveller who had preceded and blazed the way for them (C.-L.).

armed with poisoned arrows and lances, attacked me, as predicted, eight or nine thousand strong. The attack was made with intelligence and vigour and maintained during two days, but was successfully repelled. I reluctantly burned their villages and inflicted great loss upon them in order to open the road.

The night of the second day we had succeeded in driving the enemy from the hotly contested field, on which he left his slain of that day. Overcome with fatigue and loss of sleep I retired to rest, when I was suddenly awakened by an overpowering odour of burning meat. For a moment I thought myself the victim of an illusion. I sat upright on my couch, the odour of beefsteak was unmistakable—irresistible to a stomach fed on bananas, yams, and ants. I arose and went out. Saïd and Abd-el were sitting beside the fire. "What is this odour of meat?" I asked. Saïd arose, and pointing to the many bonfires burning, he said: "*Inas dǫl yeakel inas*" ("The Niam-Niams are eating their enemies"). Curious, I approached and beheld the Niam-Niams greedily feasting upon their roasting rivals, seventy-five of whom had been slain that day.

I reached Lado March 14th. Gordon was absent, having given over the command to Bimbashi Loutfi, and was living at Regaf. I had addressed him my reports by advance mes-

senger and found the subjoined letters,[1] among which a line that said :—

"My dear Chaillé-Long,

"Thanks for your letters. Glad you are back and hope you had not many difficulties. If not too tired come up.

"C. G. Gordon."

A Turkish and an Egyptian officer had arrived a few days before, bearing my firmans of promotion, decoration, and a general order, all of which were read to the troops paraded at Lado.[1]

General Gordon sent me the following letter addressed him from the Prince Minister of War :—

Cabinet of the Minister of War.

"Cairo, *December* 7th, 1874.
(28 *Chawal*, 1291.)

"General Gordon,

"Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt.

"Colonel,—The Khedive desiring to give to Lieutenant-Colonel Chaillé-Long a testimonial of his satisfaction for his brilliant conduct, courage, and firmness displayed in the two engagements which occurred at Kamrase and Mruli, near the Equator, confers upon him the order of Medjidieh.

"I send you herewith, Colonel, the firman of the grade of Colonel, also the brevet and cross

[1] See note at end of chapter.

of the 3rd class of the Medjidieh, which I beg you to give to Colonel Chaillé-Long Bey, expressing to him my personal congratulations.

"Accept, Colonel, the expression of my best sentiments.

"HUSSEIN."

The order read to the troops in all the garrisons in Egypt and at Lado was as follows :—

Ministry of War, Bureau Chief of Staff.

"CAIRO, *November* 16th, 1874.

"General Order, No. 18.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Chaillé-Long of the general staff, on expedition near the Lake Albert Nyanza, was attacked by an armed force numbering about seven hundred enemies of the Khedive. Alone with two soldiers he resisted the reiterated attacks of the enemy, and finally put them to flight after having killed eighty-two men.

"For this brilliant deed of arms, and for having successfully accomplished, notwithstanding great difficulties, the mission confided to him in the country of Uganda, His Highness the Khedive is pleased to name Lieutenant-Colonel Chaillé-Long to the grade of Colonel in the Staff Corps.

"By order of His Highness the Prince Minister of War.

"The Chief of the General Staff, STONE."

Gordon took great aversion to both Hansell and Marno, and with reference to the latter said to the author, reproachfully : "How you could

take him with you I do not know!" Gordon added: "You will regret it, see if you don't." The warning was amply justified. Marno was ungrateful for the author's kindness and hospitality and endeavoured to appropriate the honour of the discovery of the pygmy Ticki-Ticki. Marno was denounced by Gordon and the author to the Vienna Society, and Dr. Hochstetter, the President, promptly replied, expressing regret both to Gordon and the author (note, page 238, *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People*).

The author explained to Gordon that Marno fell on his knees and wept, praying the author to permit him to go with him to the Niam-Niam country, whence "he would attempt to reach through unknown regions the Atlantic." To allow Marno to return to Vienna in his state of mind would perhaps provoke against Gordon and also against the Khedive criticism, for which the author would certainly incur blame. Gordon had not looked at the matter in that light and was appeased. The real significance of Gordon's aversion to Hansell and Marno may be found in his letter to the author referring to the servant woman: "A bad lot mixed up with that fellow Hansell in some way or another."

LETTERS FROM GENERAL GORDON, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, REFERRED TO IN CHAPTER VI

"LADO, *8th March*, 1875.

"MY DEAR LONG,—Delayed by the getting aground continually of the *Khedive*, I was overtaken by Telawaheen at Bohr. Between this and Bohr, however, I found Gessi had sent up the *Sophia* with letters (a great waste, for she might have towed up boats). She also was aground. However, we got her off, and *Telawaheen*, *Sophia*, and *Khedive* were at Bohr together. I found Watson on board *Telawaheen*, also Fuad Effendi. (Watson goes to England.) Bohr very satisfactory indeed.

"I got your letter about Arabs sick, etc. (it goes on much the same, and forty of your reinforcement went down invalided two days ago. What a deal of trouble you took to bring up those useless men.)

"As for Marno, it was and is a matter of the most perfect indifference if he goes down or if he stays. I have sufficiently explained the matter to the Vienna Society as to his coming out. Let him go to Khartoum if he likes. I will give him no more porters, neither will I put myself out for him. So leave him alone to go his own way.

"Rabat Chambe as a post for wood I have broken up and sent useless Hassan Ibrahim into the interior to his zerebahs. I invalided sixteen of your soldiers there. *Telawaheen*, *Sophia*, and *Khedive* were also together there. I took Watson out of the *Telawaheen* and put him in *Sophia*, which descended in company with *Khedive*, and I sent on the *Telawaheen*. (The *Khedive* is slow, draws too much water, and is about the worst and most uncomfortable vessel I ever was in.)

"When I got to the Sobat I found Gessi had just gone from that station, and he had dropped there a Captain Burnaby of Life Guards, a traveller, Marcopili, and Russell. He (Gessi) had come up in *Mansourah*, had met *Telawaheen* and *Bordène*. He did not wait for me. He left the light boat which Khedive had designed for me. Burnaby came up on a pleasure trip. His leave did not allow him to stay longer, so he went back in *Sophia* with Watson. The two European Captains I sent for came up.

I put one in *Bordène* and one in *Sophia*, and left the Arab Captain of *Telawaheen*. The engineers under McGregor Hud, Esq., are at Khartoum putting together the steamer. Thomson wrote me one of his useless jocular letters, and it appears he did not consider I had abolished his agency (he does now, however). I sent my writer down to Khartoum to push on the ants.

"Raouf Bey, now Pasha, was at Berber! with 500 troops, white (Arabs)!!! he hoped to change 300!!! for black at Khartoum, which he will not be able to do, so I have attached Gessi and Hassan Eff. to Raouf Pasha, and given him entire control of Sobat, Bohr and Rol, in fact of all the north of province independent of me. (The post of Rol (Hassan Ibrahim) is Bohr.) What he, Raouf, will do about the white troops I do not know. I never asked for them! Your decoration and firman has come with letters also for you. Inquire at office. Russell went to Cairo about the £50 I gave him for his passage home, bothered Stanton for an appointment to such an extent that Stanton asked Khedive to send him back to me, which Khedive did and gave him an advance of £150, of which my friend Russell had £5 when he got to Sobat. He therefore has received £40 passage out to Cairo; £90 pay in England; £90 pay in Cairo; £90 pay in Khartoum; £25 subsistence to Cairo; £25 passage to England; £150 advance on pay; £535 in a year! Now what to do with this useless fellow whom I do not like at all! If I sent him to Sobat, I had Marno there and Marno was and is worth fifty Russells. If I sent him to Bohr or Rol or Moraka to reside, what would he do except bother the poor Mudirs? It would not be fair to send him to Chippendall to bore him (Linant is ordered back by Khedive). So I had either to leave him to bore Gessi and Raouf, or, two, to bore me, or, three, to send him to Fashoda to spy the slave trade. So I sent him to Fashoda. There he can do no harm and he cannot spend money as he would if sent to Khartoum, and he certainly by his mere presence will be a check upon Yusef Bey. I gave him £10 a month for his subsistence. Ibrahim Eff. incurred my wrath at Sobat and down he went to Khartoum for good, so your prophecy was true.

"I could not get up to Nasser on account of the state of river. I am much pleased with Marno. You will see C. and P.'s appointments are only exploratory expeditions and are not a bit for the slave trade evidence, *vide* Stone's letter to me.

"Well, after finishing off a mass of letters to Raouf Pasha, Gessi, etc., I sent off the *Sophia* and returned here after an abominable passage. I took in two nuggers (which made it worse) from Rabatchambe to near this place. When I got here I found Ali Eff. Loutfi had done good work, very good work, but the

Soudanese were very sulky. Ali Effendi did not want to stay in the vicinity of Raouf P., so I shall take him to Fatiko.

"Wat-el-Mek murdered a sheikh at Fabbo. He will be either hung or imprisoned for life. Germu, mudir of Duffle and the mudir of Fatiko lose their places for not reporting this to me.

"My own movements are to go to Regaf to-morrow, the 10th, with my stores, and then arrange for my voyage up-country. I expect to spend rainy season at Labori.

"I cannot say more of my movements, for it will depend on circumstances.

"Yours sincerely,

"C. G. GORDON."

"P.S.—Mind and send up Schweinfurth's book. Baker's book is out. I leave it for you to read; mind you let me have it back.

"It is quite impossible for *Khedive* to go down, the suffering is too great, so 'No 9' is to go with the post.

"You must think of what you will do and let me know.

"Josephine's husband is a useless brute and I had sent him and her off with £84. She had the courage to say that you had promised her for me ten Naps. a month!!! A bad lot mixed up with that fellow Hansell in some way or another. Your girl (M'tesa) is left with an officer. The boys are with the officer commanding transport.

"You took my rockets; if not used give them to Achmet (Halim) Effendi to send up. I have only eight left. Make Marno give up his forty, and send them to me. (*How you could take him I do not know.*)

"Mind you send me Schweinfurth's book and Baker's book which the Doctor will give you. The Doctor has your girl."

"19.4.75, REGAF.

"MY DEAR LONG,

"Mr. Marno is out here on the business of the Vienna Society; he is quite independent of me. I am bound to find him food and such comforts as he may require. He should have gone up with Chippendall to Duflé or M'tesa. He did not take advantage of the porters. He could have stayed at Makraka when he went with you. At this moment I am engaged in getting up the boats, etc. (to Lake Albert Nyanza). I have no porters to carry anything beyond my own things, and my journey up-country will

be both tedious and perfectly uninteresting to any explorer. I cannot take Marno with me. Whenever opportunity may offer Mr. Marno may go where he likes.

"Yours sincerely,

"C. G. GORDON."

Ali Effendi who has "done" Gordon for the second time, was an old Arab, the "Ali Captan" of the steamer *Bordène*, who has been mentioned heretofore.

"15.3.75, REGAF.

"MY DEAR LONG,

"Thanks for your letter, which I will answer in detail.

"1. Keep Baker's book as long as you like.

"2. If you like to have Baker's *Albert Nyanza* you can have it. I return one volume (the other is in Box No. 29, my number, or No. 32, Baker's number; the box is among my things in magazine).

"3. Never mind official report till you have time.

"4. The steamer may not go (down to Khartoum) for a long time yet, but the diabiah can take anyone at once, and you can thin out some of the little black boys I am sending down with the diabiah. I told the reis (pilot) I would not let Francis (servant) go down in diabiah. They can go in nugger.

"5. If Marno wants anything in reason from magazine let him have it.

"6. Give over sick Arabs to Ali Eff. Loutfi. He and the Doctor have positive orders to send all who cannot stand climate to Khartoum.

"7. All right about rockets.

"8. I have ordered Atrouch here. (*a*) Tell him he can keep Eliab (station), but he must help Hassan Ibrahim, as his *machera* or post is now Bohr. (*b*) Tell him Raouf Pasha will only attend to his wants, and will not interfere with him at all while I remain up here.

"9. Thanks for bananas and Schweinfurth's books.

"10. Telegraph to General Stone and say you have the tame buffalo, and ask him if Khedive wants it (in your name); leave tame buffalo at Lado to go down with nugger to Ali Effendi, Khartoum, and tell him to act according to the General's answer —if in the negative, to sell tame buffalo for *meri* (government); if in the affirmative to send down tame buffalo. For this you will

have to write to Ali Effendi Loutfi, to write to Ali Effendi, Khartoum, and to telegraph to General Stone.

"Ticki-Ticki. I should say do ditto with respect to the Ticki-Ticki (dwarf woman Akka pygmy race); writing same number of letters (letters are written by Arabs under numbers); add to Ali Effendi Khartoum's letter that the charges of food for tame buffalo and Ticki-Ticki are to be put to Government account. The Ticki-Ticki had better wait for steamer. If Stone answers "No" about Ticki-Ticki, she must not be sold, but I feel sure he (Stone) will say Khedive wants her.

"Come up here and you will enjoy it; bring up your things by nugger (Nile boat), or else number them so that you can send for what you want afterward. Mind and see to your ammunition and your provisions, for we are each separately supplied, and if you push up-country with me you must have your own store of ammunition and stores—sugar, tea, and cognac, wine. I append list.

"If you can find in store of Achmet Effendi Helmi, or in the general magazine, a box of caps like inclosed bring them up. They are, I think, in a tin tobacco box. Make the devils (officers) look for them.

"If you are coming up for expedition you should have twelve boxes biscuits, four boxes sugar, six boxes coffee, one box tea, twelve bottles good cognac, one case wine, pepper, salt, if you find it, twelve corn flour, twelve ground rice, etc. etc.; a round tin box of large empty cartouches for your rifle, some bullets, shot, powder (10 pounds); one English tent (complete), if there is one.

"Yours sincerely,

"C. G. GORDON."

"19.3.75.

"MY DEAR LONG,

"1. With respect to the Makraka party, if native porters come down see that they are fed, and make Selim Effendi give them those things which may be required for the station of Makraka.

"2. If any ivory comes down send it to Khartoum by first occasion.

"3. I have put an officer as head of transport service here. I want to form a corps of 100 porters always free for expeditions, and these porters will do the work of camp when out on expeditions, pay, etc., exactly same as soldiers, so if you can find any porters who will accept service give them to officer commanding

transport corps and send me a list of their names in their order for their pay, etc. The transport porters are to be camped apart. I have only three now.

"4. See that Selim Effendi gives proper presents to the cheikhs if any come with you.

"5. If the recruiting has not been a failure at Makraka, send them (the recruits) up to me. I will pay and clothe them at Ragaf. Send up the arms, enough for them with accoutrements, but do not distribute the arms. Send them *en bloc*.

"Yours sincerely,

"C. G. GORDON."

Linant de Bellefonds was the son of the celebrated French engineer of that name, who had rendered, under Mohammed Ali, distinguished service to Egypt. Ernest arrived at head-quarters shortly after my return from the Nile sources. His brother, Auguste, who had been attached to the expedition as Gordon's secretary, was among those whom Gordon had buried at Gondokoro. Ernest desired to go to the Lakes. Gordon refused, but due to Ernest's pleading with the author Gordon finally assented. He was thereupon ordered to take my route by the river and returning make a careful survey of the newly discovered Lake Ibrahim. Notwithstanding his father's summons to return to Cairo, he set out with much enthusiasm, with thirty of my black soldiers as an escort. Notwithstanding the author's suggestion that Linant should be accompanied by one of the Soudanieh's officers, this was ignored by Linant, with the result I feared. He knew nothing of the art of commanding, not being a soldier.

The sequel is known. Linant found it too hazardous to retrace author's route. He therefore abandoned the attempt and resumed his route homeward by land. Attacked by the Mahdi tribe, he was surrounded and slain, with all the brave fellows who had accompanied him.

"That female" to whom Gordon refers, was a woman of the Dinka tribe—Josephine by name—who had been engaged by the author as a servant and stewardess for the steamer when at Khartoum. Josephine's story was a romantic one. A little Dinka savage, she had been sent by the Austrian Catholic Mission to Europe, where she had received all the instruction, literary and domestic, which could be given her, and spoke French, Italian, and Arabic. She had just returned and elected to take service on the steamer rather than return to her savage tribe. Josephine revolted at the idea of living among her savage people, surrounded by filth and vermin, and naked, to be clothed again

with the muck and horrid filth with which the Dinkas protect themselves from the attacks of insects. Her condition was not an enviable one, and she complained to the author that she was far more happy now than if with her tribe. Josephine, like all of her tribe, had great ugly gashes across each cheek, the distinctive mark of her people, and was by no means good-looking—a fact that did not prevent her, however, from attracting the attention of one of my black servants, who, becoming a Christian, married Josephine. The author sent them up to Khartoum in the advance steamer, and Gordon engaged her and her husband as his servants.

Chippendall and Watson remained in the Soudan but a short time. Watson was returned ill to England, stopping at Khartoum long enough to draw the sum of £2,000, according to contract, but which was paid with many grimaces and contemptuous criticisms by Khalid Pasha, the Governor.

CHAPTER VII

THE night of March 17th, it being bright moonlight, accompanied by my faithful companions, Saïd and Abd-el, I went to Regaf in a nugger, being towed by a detachment of blacks, happy in the exercise as a relief from the monotony of camp-life at Lado.

We arrived at Regaf at 4 a.m. Gordon, even at that early hour, was seated at the door of his hut cleaning an elephant gun and *smoking*. On the table near by were a bottle of quinine, a bottle of cognac, and an open Bible. "How are you, old fellow?" he cried as he espied me. "Had a tough time? How are the man eaters? Now do take some cognac and don't forget the quinine."

Gordon was pleased that I had *done up* the *Yanbaris* and annexed the country. "What do you care to do now? Would you like to go to Cairo? Perhaps you had better remain here. We will divide the provinces. You may take from M'tesa (Uganda) to Fatiko. I will take the rest from Regaf to Khartoum. We will govern here. You shall be *Viceroy*." "And you," I asked, "what will you be?" Gordon smiled significantly but was silent.

When Gordon returned to Khartoum in 1884 and signed the famous proclamation as *Vali and Sultan* of the Soudan, the author recalled the conversation at Regaf ten years before, and thus understood the significance of his return.

I thanked Gordon for his kind and flattering proposition, but said, "I have no ambition to reign over savages." "Very well," he replied, "since we can't live together, you will see that I am not mean. Here is a letter for the Khedive, which you may give to him in person. There is also a letter to you. Read it." It read as follows :—

"REGAF, *February*, 1875.

"MY DEAR CHAILLÉ-LONG,

"Experience has shown that communication between Gondokoro and Cairo, 2700 miles, is very difficult. Steamers cannot make more than three trips per annum between Gondokoro and Khartoum. Wood is not plentiful and will soon be scarce in vicinity of the river.[1] Price of coal puts it out of the question. A route from Mombas Bay (Indian Ocean) to advanced Egyptian ports is 200 to 400 miles. Once opened, a firm hold would be established on the rich and promising land south of Gondokoro. North of Gondokoro as far as Khartoum the country consists of wretched marshes never likely from pernicious climate to be of any value. Inhabi-

[1] The railroad which has been completed since 1910 from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza, 584 miles, was General Gordon's inspiration.

tants of the central district much more intelligent and civilized and likely to prove valuable subjects to H.H. (His Highness), *who has already considered the question* (*sic*). It would entail small cost, viz. a steamer to Mombas Bay, with small well-assorted quantity of stores and 200 black soldiers taken from *bateaux* destined for those parts. Zanzibar being near could supply any petty wants, *and I should work toward the sea.*

"Profound secrecy till complete realization of project for political reasons should H.H. approve. *Wish the expedition to be considered as belonging to my mahmour* (government). I have written H.H., warmly recommending *you* as the proper officer to command the expedition.

"C. G. GORDON."

There passed rapidly through my mind the probability that Great Britain would oppose, with all its power, the extension of the Khedive's authority to the Indian Ocean. Was there an *entente* between the Khedive Ismail and Gordon? Was it possible that the British Government would wink at the enterprise if under Gordon's authority? It will be remarked that Gordon's *sine qua non* is that *the proposed expedition should be considered as belonging to his government.*

"When will you go?" asked Gordon, as he read the astonishment depicted on my face. "Now," I replied; "the mail-steamer sails to-morrow from Lado; give me your despatches and I am off."

In bidding me adieu, Gordon said: "When you are safely established on the Indian Ocean I will let you know when and where I can meet you. Take with you," he said, "your soldiers, Saïd and Abd-el, your Niam-Niams, the Princess M'tesa, the Denga, or Ticki-Ticki, the monkey, and buffalo. All these," said Gordon, "will serve to augment the Khedive's interest in the territory and people we have annexed to Egypt."

At Khartoum the Khedive was advised by telegram of my return, and permission was asked and accorded to take the route to Korosko. At Berber I was warmly welcomed by Sheikh Halifa, the Governor, who had already received orders from Khairy Pasha, Minister of the Interior, to prepare my transit of the desert.

The camels were speedily harnessed and my people mounted on the fleet *hedjine*, under the supreme command of Sheikh Hassan Halifa, the brother of the Governor of Berber, we plunged into the desert. Three hundred miles to Korosko—what an undertaking in my weak and debilitated condition! Could I accomplish the journey? The Korosko desert is a waterless waste of sand, without a single oasis to break the glare of light. There are no wells, only one from which springs a salty liquid which the camel *in extremis* only will drink. The water we are to use is carried in leather *gerbehs*, or *zamzamiehs*, suspended from the saddles.

My caravan, under the special care of Halifa,

consists of myself, camel-drivers, Saïd and Abd-el, Niam-Niam warriors, two servants, two Soudanese boys, with the Uganda Princess M'tesa, and Ticki-Ticki. The baggage consists of a collection of arms, ivory and other presents from the various African Sultans for the Khedive. The desert is no place for the epicure. The Bedouin and the camel eat the sun-parched dourah. My regimen, more luxurious, consists of raw onions and sun-baked black bread, called *boksamat.* A halt is made at noon, at sundown, and at midnight, when the caravan sleeps until dawn. The camels are packed face to face with the drivers and riders in the intervals.

The desert an ocean of sand, whose pale yellow hue is lost in the blue of the heavens; a vast mirror reflecting in fantastic mirages a host of phantom caravans; a silence as profound as that which envelops the sea, broken only at times by the sullen roar of the khamseen or simoon winds—such is the desert. True, there is the oasis which rises as if by magic, where tower graceful palm and acacia, and where limpid springs and rivulets are "margined by fruits of gold and whispering myrtles." But, alas! there is not an oasis on the direct route between Abou Hamed and Korosko.

It was May 1st at daybreak that Halifa gave the command, "*Yalla!*" ("Let us go"), and our caravan, like a ship under full sail at sea, is flying for the haven of Korosko. Soon the river

is lost to view as the unbroken horizon appears edged around by a thin rim of sand, the sun rises like an illuminated balloon from out the earth seemingly within good rifle range.

Sunrise in the desert—what a sublime spectacle! There is a flash of light which falls like a shadow athwart the sky. It is the first blush of the day-god. In a moment there is a deep glow, old Sol bursts upon the great world of sand, coming up as from a burning crater, pausing to rest his fiery head upon the rim of earth for an instant as if to condense its breath for its heated journey. The cool, invigorating air is quickly converted into a veritable furnace. In vain one seeks relief from the painful reverberation of light and heat, in vain does one draw around the head the *koufiah* which encircles it, but which affords only slight protection. The head reels with a sensation that the brain is being baked while the skin upon the face is already being burned and cracks like so much parchment.

The Arab driver, denizen of the desert, although he is afoot in this fiery furnace is almost at ease. He is naked to the waist. At dawn he has plastered his hairy head and breast with a coat of goat's grease. It stands up white on his head until the sun melts it, when it pours down over his face and body as a grateful shield from the sun's rays. Was this "the precious ointment upon the head that ran down upon the

beard, even Aaron's beard, down to the skirts of his garment" ?

Sunset in the desert—another grand sight to which all desires tend. Sunset is the hour of the day most sacred to the Moslem. It is then, even in the desert, the Muezzin call to prayer is heard: "Allah ye Allahi Mohamed el rassoul Allah!" The ablutions are performed with sand in default of water, and when this is concluded the Arab falls upon his knees, the face toward the east, muttering the while the one word which is ever on the lips of the faithful—Allah! There is a solemnity in the devotion in the desert which cannot be depicted by pen. The sun meanwhile is sinking into its searing molten bed and spreading its reddened rays like a mantle over the forms and faces of those simple dusky children of the desert. The coffee which has been prepared is swallowed, and in a few moments all is hushed in silence, for the entire caravan is wrapped in profound slumber, during the allotted hour in which to find strength for the night march. This journey across the desert is a race against time, for time means evaporation of the limited supply of water carried, and for this reason the caravan is kept in motion with the least possible respite.

When the hour has passed the caravan is again *en route*. The extreme heat of the day now gives place to a cool breeze that succeeds invariably. At midday we are gasping with the heat, at mid-

night we are shivering with the cold. With the cold there come numbness and a disposition to sleep that grows into a pain—a torture. There is real danger in succumbing, as my people discovered, for in turn they were dashed precipitately to the ground, escaping injury through sheer luck. Halifa rides with me during the night and engages me in conversation, and when I can no longer resist drowsiness, he extends his arm and lets me sleep.

But for this racking disposition to sleep, what a grand promenade this night ride in the desert! The moon is up, the heavens are thickly studded with stars, and the very sands glow under the mellow light with the sparkle of diamonds. Through this sunshine and starry sheen our caravan glides with rapid but noiseless steps like phantoms in air, guided only by the stars.

At midnight the caravan halts for coffee and for the blessed five hours' sleep, into which I fall full length upon the sand, wrapped in my military cloak. An instant and I am lost in the oblivion of dreamless sleep, so deep that not all the thunder of Olympus may awaken me.

At dawn I am conscious of Halifa's call, "Owam Ya Bey!" Finally, I am awake, the coffee and *boksamat* is taken and the caravan is off like an arrow shot into space.

Each day is a repetition varied by the tantalizing mirages with their deceptive lakes of water

against which the taciturn Bishareen turns his disdainful eyes. The prophet thus would test his powers of endurance and his abnegation. The truth is, the native man of the desert has something of the nature of the camel. He does not as a rule suffer from thirst. His life has been a life of sobriety, his lips have never tasted alcohol, his food is simple and unseasoned, while with a pebble in his mouth to increase the flow of saliva, the Bishareen bedouin may resist thirst for a long time. The mirage is capricious and fantastic in its character; at one moment our caravan can be seen inverted in the clouds; at another there is a great shining lake of water before us; and again, reflecting a double sun of which the poet has written :—

"Sur les flots vermeils
Comme deux rois amis on voyait deux soleils
Venir au devant de l'un l'autre."

Finally, after seven and a half days we cross the Bahr-el-Ramleh, or "River of Sand," pass the sand dunes, and the route to the river which the Arabs have named "Bab-el-Bahr" ("the Gate to the River"), and we are at Korosko.

Korosko, in 22° 35′ lat. and 30° 35′ long., was then a little town on the right bank of the Nile, boasting only of rude houses and a telegraph station. The Governor of Korosko came with much ceremony to inform me that a *diabiah*, or Nile boat, ordered from Cairo was waiting to convey me to Assouan, whence a

steamer would take me to Siout and thence by rail to Cairo.

Halifa, without whose friendly strong arm I had not perhaps made the journey, bade me an affectionate adieu. I watched his receding form as he left me to retrace his steps back to his desert capital, never dreaming of the dramatic part he was to play in the siege and fall of Berber in 1884.

The Nile boat, with its luxurious bed and bath, was comfort and repose from which I had long been separated.

I shall never forget the pleasure experienced in visiting for the first time the temples at Assouan and the Thebaide, and a memorable visit to the Ramesseum and the statues of Memnon, the stately guardians of the Biban-el-Molouk in the plains of the Medinet-el-Abou.

Memnon and I were old friends. What student, indeed, of the "Old Washington Academy" at Princess Anne will fail to recall the familiar address, "Ode to a Mummy," which served us as a *pièce de résistance* on our weekly declamation day? Was it true that the rays of the morning sun caused Memnon to sing at sunrise in salutation to his mother Aurora? I crossed the plain in the early dawn, followed by my soldiers and menagerie. I climbed the statue, and standing erect on the head of Memnon I turned towards the Ramesseum, and in my exuberance of re-

vived spirits repeated the invocation to a mummy :—

"And thou hast walked about? How strange a story!
In Thebes street three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overflow
Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

. . . . . .

"Perchance thou wert a mason, and forbid by oath to
tell the mysteries of thy trade.
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue that at sunrise played."

My soldiers, servants, and menagerie certainly had never heard me in such strange speech. They looked at me in alarm, and in fancy might have muttered if they did not :—

"What is this? Our Chief is he *maboul?*
With hardship, crowned by sudden joy, become a fool?"

The Khedive had ordered a steamer to await my arrival at Assouan, and we now resumed our journey down the Nile to Siout, whence by rail we arrived in Cairo at nightfall on May 22nd, 1875. Leaving my personnel and baggage at the station, placed at my disposal for the night by the stationmaster, I bestrode a donkey and sought the Grand New Hotel, where I had stored my fine linen and uniform before departure.

The uniforms I had taken with me to the Soudan, worn to tatters, had been replaced at Khartoum by an Arab costume, which, in turn, was ragged and stained by the strain of camel riding and the dust of the desert.

The beggarly costume, the bare sun-browned legs, and feet encased in Arab *babouches;* a well-worn fez, long hair, and bronzed skin, were not cards of admission to a fashionable hotel. The *bawab*, or Nubian porter, was certainly of this mind, for as I attempted to enter the door, he seized me rudely by the arm, crying: "*Riah fên ya ibn el Kelb?*" ("Where are you going, you son of a dog?") Shaking him off, I said: "*Bawab Ana Zabit betai gahadiah Missariah*" ("Porter, I am an Egyptian officer"). "Unhand me, or by the beard of the prophet I will smite you sorely!" Suiting the action to the word I covered him with my revolver. "I am Longy Bey es Soudani; dost know me now?" I cried. And the poor bawab, with bowed head and hand on his heart, said: "*Ariftak*" ("I know Your Excellency"), and holding open the door I passed in. My *rencontre* with the Nubian gave me an inspiration. I would simulate the beggar for whom the bawab had mistaken me.

In the rotunda of the hotel I found myself in the midst of a fashionably dressed group of travellers, and among these, several of my comrades. Approaching one of them, my old friend General Alexander Reynolds, familiarly known as "Old Gauley," I assumed the pleading whine of an Arab mendicant: "*Ya saat el Pasha, Amilti marouf adini backshish, Ya bona halik*" ("O, good Pasha, give me alms and may God bless you"). But Old Gauley, who had heard this

plaint too often, raised his stick to strike, uttering the familiar objurgation: "*Imshee ya in Allah bouk*" ("Get out and may the devil take you"). I stepped back to avert the blow, and throwing off my fez, cried out in the vernacular: "What a reception for your old Soudanieh friend!" The dear old man[1] looked at me wildly for a moment, and the astonished guests of the hotel saw him fold the dirty beggar in his arms and embrace him amid a flood of tears, and heard him cry: "My boy! My boy!"

A public reception in the nature of a triumph was accorded me on the following morning at the Palace of Kasr-el-Nil. The Khedive was surrounded by the Princes his sons, the Ministers composing his council, the superior officers of the army and navy, who were convoked to do me honour. Ismail Khedive presented each in turn, and addressing them and the invited guests, he recounted in brief the results achieved by the mission with which he had charged me:—

1. The limits of Egypt had been extended to the Khat-el-Istiwa—the Equator and Uganda had been annexed by the Treaty of Uganda, July 19th, 1874.

2. The discovery of a lake and the final solu-

[1] General Reynolds was an officer of the old Army and the Confederate Army. He had accepted the rank of Colonel in the Egyptian Army, and in the year 1872–3 at Alexandria the author and he became very intimate. Old Gauley's years and experience gave him much authority over the younger officers of the Mission. He called the author affectionately "son," and many thought, indeed, that he was his father.

tion of the problem of the Nile sources had accomplished the dream of his illustrious grandfather, Mohammed Ali.

3. The reconnaissance of the river Sobat.

4. The conquest and occupation of the Niam-Niam country.

5. The discovery of unknown tribes of the Soudan, and among these an adult woman of the pygmy peoples known as Denga or Ticki-Ticki.

In the Palace courtyard Saïd and Abd-el had assembled the human specimens, the ebony, leopard skins, incense, elephant tusks, and a vast collection of curious arms, lances, arrows, shields, and knives of the various tribes of the Soudan, presents from the Sultans of the Soudan to the Khedive. Saïd and Abd-el were brought in, and when the Khedive had complimented them on their valour and devotion, he conferred upon each the grade of *bash-shaweesh* (sergeant-major), and then bade me pin upon their breasts the cross of the 5th class of the Medjidieh.

This honour, conferred for the first time in Egypt upon a private soldier, created surprise among the assembled throng. As for Saïd and Abd-el, tears of joy coursed down their cheeks.

The Khedive expressed a desire to witness the war dances of the different types assembled without. The pygmy woman, Ticki-Ticki,[1] wonderfully agile, led all the rest by her extraordinary

[1] Ticki-Ticki was subsequently taken to Europe by Brugsch Pasha for scientific examination and measurement.

gambades and convolutions in air. The Khedive, surprised and delighted, sent her as an *antika*, or curious plaything, to delight and amuse his harem.

Thus was a page of African history repeated. An inscription in hieroglyphics on a tomb at Assouan tells of a king of ancient Egypt who sent an officer to discover the Nile sources, and who returned bringing presents from the Princes of the Soudan. This event happened in the VIth Dynasty of the Pharaohs, 3100 years before Christ and thus 5000 years ago. The inscription is as follows :—

" The King of Egypt, Mer-en-Ra of the VIth Dynasty, sent one of his officers named Hirchef on a voyage of discovery south to the country of Amam. Hirchef returned with a quantity of ebony, leopard skins, incense, and elephant tusks.

" Returning from one of these expeditions, the Dignitary Hirchef brought splendid presents to the Sovereign of Egypt from the Princes of the country of Amam. Among these a Denga, or pygmy, that danced divinely . . . as divinely as the Denga that the Dignitary Urtutu had brought from the country of Pount in the reign of Asa of the Vth Dynasty. It was the first time that a creature so extraordinary had been brought from the country of Amam.

" O, Dignitary Hirchef, thou who hast brought from the country of the Blessed, a Ḏenga, living

and in health, to dance . . . to console and render happy the soul of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt."

The emulator of the Pharaoh Mer-en-Ra was Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, and he to whom Destiny had confided the rôle of the Dignitary Hirchef, was the author, then an officer of the Egyptian Army.

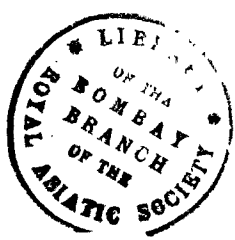
These expeditions to the Soudan, it may be added, denote the fixed purpose of the Sovereigns of Egypt, separated by fifty centuries, to extend the natural frontiers of Egypt and discover the Nile sources.

The 11th of June, 1875, the Société Khédiviale de Géographie du Caire was convoked in extraordinary séance by the eminent African explorer Dr. George Schweinfurth, President of the Society. His Highness Prince Hussein, Minister of War, Honorary President, presided, assisted by Dr. Abbate Pasha, General Stone, Vice-Presidents, by Mariette Pasha, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, and by the valiant explorer the Marquis de Compeigne, Secretary-General, and a numerous assemblage of the élite of Cairo and Alexandria society.

Dr. Schweinfurth, in introducing the author to the audience, said :—

" We have the pleasure to have amongst us at this moment, a man coming from that mysterious region which since 2000 years holds in watchful curiosity the entire world. Colonel

Chaillé-Long Bey, whose proofs of courage, constancy, and temerity are unique in the history of discovery. The voyage of Colonel Chaillé-Long has a marked place in the front rank of the history of the grand and glorious voyages to Central Africa."



CHAPTER VIII

THE Khedive Ismail, anxious as to my health, accorded me a sick leave and hastened my departure for Europe.

In Paris I was ill in bed at the Hôtel des Capucines when I received the visit of M. Charles Maunoir, the distinguished geographer and secretary-general of the Société de Géographie de Paris, who refused to accept the plea of illness to his urgent invitation to appear before the society to present a résumé[1] of my expeditions in Africa.

Accordingly, on the evening of July 21st, 1875, I appeared before the society, convoked in *séance extraordinaire*, presided over by Admiral La Roncière de Noury. During the course of the séance, when alluding to the curious specimens of the human race brought from Central Africa, I was interrupted by the eminent ethnographer M. Quatrefages, who asked me point-blank if I had seen in my travels the famous men with tails. I promptly answered that I had not. "True," I added, "it was not until I had returned to the Nile that I had examined my

[1] Comptes Rendus de la Société de Géographie de Paris, 1875.

collection closely. It was but just to the modern author of the story to say that the reported men with tails had made the long journey from the Niam-Niam to the Nile afoot, and sitting often by the way the tails may have been lost by attrition ! "

African legends are tenacious. The famous men with tails, indeed, have existed in fancy since the days of Ibn Batutah, who has added not a little to African romance. The eminent M. Jomard, of the Institut de France, writing d'Arnaud Bey in 1849, then preparing a second expedition in quest of the Nile sources, said :—

" It has been a question since three months of a pretended race of men with tails that a M. Decouret has seen at Mecca and which inhabit the Fertit. The tribe is said to be numerous and is called *Khylan.*"

There is a portion of fact underlying many African fictions. The virgin once sacrificed to Isis is now represented by a wooden image thrown in the Nile in the annual Arab fête of Foum-el-Khalig at Cairo ; the battles of the pygmies with cranes as sung by Homer were not fancies, but facts based upon the raids made by the pygmies to secure eggs from the cranes' nests ; the story of the stranger who never returned from the land of the lotus may be explained by my own personal experience with the lotus-eaters ; and finally the story of the men with tails, may it not have had its inception

in the custom which exists among the female Bari, who wear, suspended from the naked body, *a cow's tail*, the characteristic insignia of the Bari tribe ?

Why cavil, indeed, at what Herodotus and Homer have written, when a modern traveller, my *successor* in Central Africa, Henry M. Stanley, ignoring Herodotus, Homer, and Pliny, as well as Du Chaillu, Schweinfurth, Casati, and others, claimed to have discovered the pygmies, and more, endowed them with a fantastic *aristocracy of fifty centuries !*

Whilst I was addressing the Geographical Society of Paris in July, 1875, the British expedition commanded by Henry Stanley was reported as having arrived in Uganda, April 15th, where, upon my suggestion, General Gordon had sent in January, 1875, Ernest Linant de Bellefonds to reside as Egyptian Minister Resident at the court of M'tesa, the King of Uganda. The treaty, executed by myself, dated July 19th, 1874, had been communicated to the Powers, and Egyptian military stations already occupied the Nile from Gondokoro to the Lake Victoria Nyanza. Linant took with him to Uganda, in fulfilment of my promises to King M'tesa, a golden coach, a coach which had once served Mohammed Ali, the first Viceroy, as a coach of state, the gift of Ismail Khedive. A number of *fikis* or Moslem priests were also sent up by General Gordon, who was not inclined

to interfere with Islamism already established at the court of the savage king. With the priests there were sent also several carpenters with instructions to build for the King a European house, the plans of which were furnished them.

Stanley, it should be added, was much chagrined at finding that he had been anticipated by the Egyptian expedition. He endeavoured to conceal his discomfiture, for it is certain that, although carrying two flags, the British and the American, his object was to plant the former in Uganda. Foiled in this, Stanley undertook the conversion of the savage king to Christianity. Interrogated on this subject by an important religious association, I seriously doubted the sincerity of the declarations which were given great publicity. Linant, in fact, in his reports to Gordon, declared that *subsequently* to the pretended conversion, M'tesa seized a gun given him by Stanley, and said to the latter: "See me shoot." And, lo! the converted King took aim at one of his numerous wives, blew off her head, and exclaimed with every manifestation of pride: "M'tesa very good shot." The subsequent massacre of Bishop Hannington and his mission may be cited as a further illustration of this fictitious conversion of M'tesa, King of Uganda.

A few days later I left Paris by advice of my physician for the baths of Plombières in the Vosges. I made the journey in company with

M. Belle, architect, with whom I formed a most agreeable and sympathetic acquaintance.

At the Grand Hôtel my place at table was between M. Belle on one side, and the great artist M. Gustave Doré on the other. M. Doré introduced me to his mother, a picturesque lady, who, dressed in the Alsatian costume, attracted much attention.

An incident of my cure at Plombières is somewhat outside of ordinary events and merits, perhaps, place in these notes. I suffered, among other bodily ills, with insomnia, from forcing the human machine in Africa. Unable to sleep, I quitted my room in the hotel very early one morning, and with the aid of a stout cane hobbled through the village of Plombières to the café where I had found my way through M. Belle, who was an annual visitor. Entering the café, I approached the table on which were strewn the daily Parisian journals. I scanned them impatiently, and finding nothing interesting, I threw them down, and was preparing to hobble out when an elderly man in blouse and sabots turned to me and said in a voice that denoted his respectability: "Excuse me, sir, here is something which will surely interest you," and suiting the action to the word he handed me the *Figaro*, pointing to the article to which he referred. It was a long report of my speech at the Société de Géographie de Paris! I glanced at it for a moment, and returning it courteously,

I remarked: "It is precisely on that account I am here."

My interlocutor looked at me as if to say, "What does that mean?" when he cried: "Do you mean to say that you are the subject of the sketch?" I bowed: "*À votre service, monsieur.*" I had taken my interlocutor for what his costume indicated. I was polite, but there was in my manner, I recall, something of the hauteur of the officer, which I could not well conceal.

My interlocutor begged me to add something to the account which he had read. I sat and satisfied his curiosity, and the stranger seemed most appreciative and grateful. Remarking my fatigue, he said: "I owe you in return a short story of myself. I do not know from what country you are, for you have injected in your conversation many Arab words, which indicates that you are perhaps Arab, Algerian, or Egyptian." The stranger declared that in his part of the country he was a strong partisan of the principle that the prince and the peasant in their relations represented the best form of government, literally, monarchy. And then he treated me to a learned disquisition upon the different forms of government, citing Guizot to prove that the best results of democracy were to be found perhaps in feudalism and not in democracy itself.

I was charmed, and began to doubt seriously that my companion was a simple workman,

when the door opened and there stood my friend M. Belle, who, not finding me in my room, had sought me at the café. I had an idea, that is, I thought I had a luminous idea. I was a democrat, and in the midst of the demonstration of my *vox populi, vox Dei* theory, I remembered that the door had opened and that Belle had entered; Belle was still within the door apparently amazed at something or at someone.

"*Monsieur Belle,*" I cried, "*soyez le bien venu, arrivez!*" But Monsieur Belle stood fast, and my companion taking me by the hand thanked me most graciously and expressed the hope of meeting me again. As he passed through the door, which my friend held wide open, Belle bowed low, and I distinctly heard the word "Sire"!

I was transfixed. "*Malheureux!*" cried Belle, "the man whom you have been talking to as a peasant is Henri V, King of France."[1]

Whilst at Plombières, anxiously hoping against hope to acquire sufficient strength to enable me to visit my old home in Maryland, I received the following letter from General

[1] It is maintained by some *habitués* of Plombières that there was a man who for years posed there as the Count de Chambord, and who resembled him as *deux gouttes d'eau;* a man who, aside from his resemblance to the Count, was possessed of the malady —"Manie des grandeurs." Was it possible that M. Belle could have been deceived in the instance above related? It was not possible. M. Belle was too familiar with the prominent political characters of that day to make such a mistake, because, as he remarked, "The Count de Chambord, you know, is lame."

Stone, Chief-of-the-Staff, marked "Confidential" and dated Cairo, July 18th, 1875 :—

"MY DEAR LONG,

"I have your letter stating that you go to the Vosges to get the benefit of the rest and waters, and hasten to write to you to get rapidly cured, and in your interest for the future *to be here* in good time *before the 15th September.* Bring with you such things as you wished you had with you when you were on your way to and from *Uganda.* That is not the plan, but you will want much the same. You startle me about the Remington musket. Was it not the cartridge which failed and not the arm itself? [1]

"Yours truly,

"STONE."

The reader may have some idea of the effect upon me of the Chief-of-the-Staff's letter, when, only a few weeks before, my physician in Paris had sent me to Plombières as a sort of *forlorn hope,* frankly avowing that my condition was really desperate. I replied, nevertheless, on July 29th as follows :—

"DEAR GENERAL,

"I regret that your letter of the 18th leaves me in perplexity. I beg you to allow me to remain absent until *congé* expires, October 15th, and extend to November 1st.

[1] The author in his letter to Stone had expressed his want of confidence in the Remington rifle, which his experience in the Soudan had shown a weakness in blowing out the breech bolt.

"I must visit my father even if only for ten days. I can't leave Havre before August 20th and could not return before September 30th. It must be some very important service that may not wait upon a few weeks. I beg to impress this upon you that I may make this visit. Seven years of absence and a promised visit is no light thing upon which to turn one's back. It may lead to bitter self-reproaches, and, besides, there is the Central African climate!—the bucket may go to the well once too often. You will believe that I did not recoil from any service, but my *unestablished health* urges me to plead for delay. If delay is impossible telegraph me, and if peremptory will commence preparations from here. Let me know in confidence the direction of the new enterprise, which is certainly not that proposed by Gordon.

"Truly,

"CHAILLÉ-LONG."

On August 14th I received in reply a peremptory despatch to return, from Ismail Khedive and from Stone: "Order is for September 15th." On August 29th the following confidential letter was received, dated Cairo, August 19th, 1875:—

"MY DEAR LONG,

"On the 14th inst. I telegraphed you: '*Order is for September 15th,*' and by mail I wrote you how much I regretted that you could not have the opportunity of visiting America even for a few days to give your honoured father

the satisfaction of seeing you before another long absence.

"On the 15th you telegraphed me asking for time up to October 16th. I took for granted that you telegraphed before receiving my telegram of 14th, which was distinct. I would have answered you, nevertheless, but you have probably seen in the newspapers the disturbance of our relations with Abyssinia, and I could not telegraph you without attracting attention, and it was useless, moreover, as I had stated the latest possible day. Now I must urge you to come immediately on the receipt of this letter, for you are wanted earlier even than the 15th September. Drop everything and come as soon as you receive this, lest another be selected for an important service which you will be named for if here.

"Yours very truly,

"STONE."

Notwithstanding the doctor's protest that I was unfit for service, I quitted Plombières and returned to Paris, to the astonishment of my doctor there, who had condemned me.

I made rapid preparations for the service that awaited me.

Whilst so occupied I received the visit at the Hôtel de Bade of Dr. Thomas Evans, the wealthy American dentist. He had read the frequent notices in the Paris press of my discoveries in Africa, and came to invite me to a dinner he would give in my honour. The doctor told me

that he remembered me as an infant at my sister's home, Mrs. Henrietta Dennis, Millwood (Wagram, Virginia), that he had resided during two years on the plantation, aided and encouraged by my brother-in-law, Mr. Dennis, who employed him to care for the teeth of his many slaves, etc. The dinner at the doctor's home was very enjoyable, and when the "wine was red" the doctor arose and delivered a speech, in which he told of how my family had been his benefactor, and laid so much stress thereon that General Kiddo, an American officer, who sat next me, whispered: "Look out, Colonel, the doctor is going to beg you to accept his cheque for a million dollars at least."

The day before my departure I called upon His Majesty the Sultan of Zanzibar, Saïd Burgasch, then visiting Paris. As I ascended the stairs of the Hôtel du Louvre, I met, descending, Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic, who, with his military and civil staff, had returned the visit of the Sultan.

M. Schaeffer of the Académie de France, representing the French Government, received me and presented me to the Sultan.

Arrived in Alexandria on September 8th, 1875, I announced my return at once by telegram, and on the morning of September 9th an officer from the Palace was waiting for me at the railway station in Cairo. "His Highness," said the officer, "directs me to say that he expects you

at the Palace and that I am to accompany you," pointing to the coupé in waiting.

When I entered the Ghézireh Palace, Ismail was discussing the details of the expedition with my friend Cherif Pasha, formerly Minister of War, and General S——. Ismail advanced, greeting me warmly, congratulated me upon my apparent convalescence, and remarking my elegant dress and laughing at my silk hat, he said: "You will now don more familiar and becoming dress" (alluding to military uniform).

The Khedive led me to a seat near him. "The General," he said, "proposes that you may feed your troops on dates?" The interrogative tone obliged me to reply: "I hesitate, Your Highness, to assume such responsibility. If my mission is in Africa, as I assume, I must be supplied with stores. I have tested to the utmost living upon *bananas and rain*, and dates may be quite as unsatisfactory." The Khedive and Cherif laughed heartily.

It transpired that my orders had been changed. The news from Abyssinia was bad. Munzinger had met with disaster. I had been named by the Khedive to command an urgent relief detachment. The following day, having quickly made all preparations, I repaired to the station, accompanied by my aide, Lieutenant Hassan Wassif (returned from duty with Gordon). It was six o'clock, when, about to enter the special train in waiting, a messenger from the Palace

delivered me a verbal order from the Khedive to return at once. The Khedive informed me that Colonel Ahrendrup[1] would be sent to Abyssinia, and I would resume command of the expedition to the east coast, as proposed by General Gordon.

The night of September 16th I left Cairo in a special, accompanied by Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, to assume command of the troops which had been assembled at Suez for several weeks, and which were immediately placed on the transports *Tantah* and *Dessouk*. In obedience to instructions I awaited my sealed orders, which finally arrived by special messenger at midnight of the 18th. A note from the Khedive said: "You will steam southward five hundred miles before breaking the seal of your secret orders." Having established my quarters on the *Dessouk*, we quitted Suez in the early dawn of the 19th. Three days later, Ali Captain reported that we had accomplished the desired distance, and reported, as he required to know his

[1] Colonel Ahrendrup was an accomplished Danish officer serving with the Egyptian Staff. Recently married, his wife had appealed to Nubar Pasha, President of the Council of Ministers. And Nubar, all-powerful, had effected the change. The interference was fatal for poor Ahrendrup. General Loring in his book *A Confederate Soldier in Egypt*, who subsequently was sent to Abyssinia, mentions the disaster to this unfortunate *avant-garde* thus:—

"Crushed by the weight of thousands, Ahrendrup and his men fell, and were rolled in a bloody mass down the steep incline in a death grapple with their merciless foes. In a little while Rsuhdi and Arakel Beys were killed; the firing ceased and the silence of death reigned in the valley and on the mountain side."

direction. Breaking the seal I read the order reproduced in the note below.[1]

Admiral McKillop was designated to command the naval forces of the expedition. I was given the command of the land forces, which would ultimately march westward to rejoin General Gordon at the great lakes. McKillop was an old friend, and I had seen much of him when on duty in Alexandria, where he commanded the Egyptian naval forces. McKillop was a Scotchman, and formerly a captain in the British Navy. He had violated the blockade in the war with the States,

[1] "PALACE OF GHEZIREH,

"*September 17th*, 1875.

"COLONEL,

"In conformity with the verbal orders given you, you are to leave Suez, where you will find three companies, munitions, etc., which you will take to Berbera upon the steamers *Tantah* and *Dessouk*. You will deliver to McKillop Pasha the instructions of which you are the bearer. McKillop will embark two other companies at Berbera and sail for Juba immediately. It is not necessary to repeat that I desire that the secret shall be kept as to the destination of the expedition until you arrive at Juba. I have written to McKillop in this sense, and I charge you to reiterate this order to him verbally. I count, Colonel, upon your zeal, your activity and your intelligence.

"Be assured, Colonel, of my friendly sentiments.

"ISMAIL."

The author was informed subsequently that the Khedive proposed to promote him to the rank of General of Brigade, but the American Chief-of-Staff objected that he was "too young." General Grant says in his *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 205, that he asked that General Sheridan should be assigned to the command of the Army of the Shenandoah, but that Stanton (Halleck was understood) objected that Sheridan was "too young."

Gordon had proposed Mombasa; why Juba was made the objective was never satisfactorily explained to the author.

and this fact having been brought to the notice of the British Foreign Office, McKillop was detached from duty and received an appointment in Egypt.

Berbera, opposite Aden, is situated in the arc of a deep bay bordered by a sandy plain which stretches its locked arms into the sea, forming a breakwater and a good harbour. The expedition arrived there in the night of September 25th. McKillop was engaged in the construction of a lighthouse. Reinforced by the companies designated by the Khedive and a company of artillery, we were joined by the vessels of war *Latif* and *Mohammed Ali*, and sailed from Ber bera for our destination on September 30th.

Ras Hafoun is the nose of the peninsula of which Cape Guardafui may be termed the fore-head. Ras Hafoun juts abruptly into the sea, forming a bay and breakwater against the mon-soon winds. The dark umbrageous sides of the mountain headland as it looms up from out the unbroken silence of the sea is rendered the more lugubrious at night, and assumes such fantastic shapes that my Arab soldiers named it *El wish betai Afrite* ("The face of the Devil").

The expedition ran into the bay of Ras Hafoun to procure water, of which there is abundance. The Somali natives recognize the authority of Sultan Mahmoud, the Imam of Muscat, and were not in any way dependent upon the government of the Sultan of Zanzibar.

McKillop Pasha, it should be understood, exercised entire authority over the naval forces and the sea coast, which the Khedive proposed should constitute his separate command. The land forces, on the other hand, were entirely under my orders, and were destined to await a signal from General Gordon, when I was to march into the interior and join him. I make this explanation in order to fix the responsibility of all acts of administration on the coast, where the authority of McKillop was supreme.

McKillop concluded to take possession of the Somali land, and requested me to land a detachment of infantry for that purpose, and I accompanied the detachment and assisted the officer in his negotiations. A bright red flannel gown, with large gilt buttons, attracted the attention of the Sheikh in authority. The gown and twenty Maria Theresa dollars convinced the Sheikh, who thereupon surrendered in writing all his right and title to the country in and about Ras Hafoun, including Brava.

At Brava we discovered some indication of the authority of Saïd Burgasch, the Sultan of Zanzibar, and I remarked to McKillop that our interference there might stir up a question of a violation of neutrality, but McKillop being the commander of the naval forces and the coast, I could not insist. The Sultan's garrison fled on our approach, and McKillop caused Brava to be occupied by a detachment under the command of a lieutenant.

On October 16th we arrived off the mouth of the Juba River, where McKillop thought we might establish a fort. The attempt proved illusory and was attended by a disaster. An angry surf was raging on the bar when McKillop ordered a naval officer in command of six men to attempt a landing, and, impatient, a boat was lowered in which both of us entered. We were scarcely under way in the wake of the first launch when, to our horror, we saw it picked up and toppled over, broken in pieces on the bar, both officer and men disappearing from view. Oars were quickly reversed in bare time to escape a similar fate. A Somali fisherman who witnessed the accident informed the Admiral that when the wind was blowing from the sea it was not possible to make the river, but that a good harbour existed fifteen miles south, and there the fisherman accompanied us as pilot.

Kismayu, which seems to have been unknown until occupied by the Egyptian expedition, is situated south of the Equator, in the bend of a land-locked basin half a mile wide, the entry to which is rendered difficult by the narrow passage guarded on each side by huge masses of rock. After careful soundings the four heavily-laden vessels entered the port. In the distance, plainly discernible to the naked eye, there was a stone fort, and on the parapet there were guns and beside them soldiers who, with torches in hand, waved them defiantly. Lieutenant Hassan

was sent ashore with a flag of truce, and shortly afterward he returned with four dignitaries, who, on reaching the deck, insolently ordered us to depart. McKillop disclaimed any intention to disturb the garrison, but merely asked that we might debark to procure water for our soldiers, horses, and mules. The Kismayu dignitaries refused, whereupon all boats were lowered and the work of disembarkment commenced, holding the dignitaries meanwhile as hostages.

With the first company of infantry was landed a dignitary who might convey to the Sultan our expressions of peaceful intentions. Four companies were thus landed, the remaining dignitaries returning in my boat with myself and Lieutenant Hassan. "Now," I said, as I bade them return to their chief, "tell Hamet we don't want his town, fort, or soldiers, but we must have water and will hold the wells. Should a shot be fired from the fort I will make it hot for Hamet." The sand afforded an excellent element of defence and we were soon solidly entrenched. Before dawn of day I detached a company and led it to the rear of the town, and at a preconcerted signal rushed with fixed bayonets into the unguarded rear of the fortress, which was thus happily taken without loss of life.

The fortress contained five 12-pounders, a quantity of arms, and four hundred soldiers, who promptly surrendered. The town, however, was held by several hundred Somali irregulars

in the service of the Sultan of Zanzibar. When a movement was being executed to drive these from the town, two tame giant ostriches came running towards the soldiers, and placing themselves in front of the columns led them to the attack. The ostriches, which shared with us the honour of the capture of Kismayu, had been domesticated, and together with a rare specimen of the *equus zebra* were presented later to Ismail Khedive.

Kismayu was a slave-trading port of importance, a fact manifested by the five hundred or more slaves captured within the limits of the station. The guns of the fort, it appeared, had been taken from an old Dutch war vessel wrecked at Kismayu many years before, incidents of themselves which serve to illustrate the character of the place and the inhabitants.

McKillop, I believe more in the spirit of fun than anything else, wished to give éclat to the taking of Kismayu. He had no full-dress uniform for the occasion, and inasmuch as his sailors and marines would only appear in the proposed ceremony, I lent him my full-dress uniform. The Egyptian sailors and marines were formed in a square around the flagstaff, from which floated the red flag of Zanzibar, and Hamet, the Governor, most dejected, took place on the left of McKillop. Hamet was dressed in a very picturesque costume—a cloak of white silk trimmed with gold fell to his feet, a Turkish costume of light blue

cloth braided in gold Arabesques, red morocco boots, and a turban completed his outfit. The Zanzibar flag was saluted and hauled down, and the Egyptian colours run up with loud cheers, in Turkish, from the ships' detachments: "*Effendemiz chok yacha!*" ("May our Master the Khedive live for ever!").

While I was awaiting the order which I would receive from General Gordon, I marched my command a distance of twelve miles into the interior, and established a camp on a high bluff on the Juba River.

A month later, and before Ismail had received the protestation from Lord Derby, which I felt sure he would receive, the transport *Mahallah*[1] arrived, bringing me a considerable reinforcement of troops, and among these a company of cavalry of the Regiment of the Palace Guard, a troop of picked men and horses of pure Arab blood. This unexpected addition was not only useful, but ornamental, and helped me to beguile the monotony of camp-life, monotony especially irksome when it is understood that I was the only Christian and European officer of the command composed entirely of Arab and Soudanieh. The Khedive sent me also a fine steam launch,

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, of the Staff, accompanied Captain Frederico, Pasha commanding the *Mahallah*, and remained as a visitor at the camp on the Juba. Whilst at Kismayu, Ward, aided by a number of my staff-officers, made a hydrographic survey of the harbour of Kismayu.

which he had caused to be taken from his Nile yacht.

My command now numbered thirteen hundred men, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, exclusive of a camel corps of seventy-five animals purchased at Kismayu, which were to be under the direction of drivers recruited from friendly tribes with whom I had established cordial relations.

The monsoon winds would soon come on, and McKillop awaited anxiously the arrival of promised coal. He finally decided to send the *Tantah* to Zanzibar to procure a supply. "What," I asked "if Burgasch should seize the ship in retaliation?" "Well, he will doubtless do so," replied McKillop. "Ismail will hear of it by cable, and it will serve him as an object-lesson. It is thus, and thus only, we can remind the Khedive of the situation which he was told would surely happen."

The *Tantah* was despatched to Zanzibar, and great was our surprise when she returned on November 14th. Saïd Burgasch had proved himself a model Sultan. He had caused the bunkers of the *Tantah* to be filled to overflow with coal, and besides oranges, lemons, pine-apples, mangoes, and green cocoa-nuts, simply choked every vacant space to almost half-way the smoke stacks. The Sultan sent the following letter :—

"To the Commander of the Egyptians at Kismayu.

"My Brother,

"I send you the coal you desire, also fruit. The latter may serve to keep you in good health, the former to take you away from my country. Go, and peace be with you.

"Burgasch-bin-Saïd."

On November 24th, with twenty-five men and a field-piece, and accompanied by Lieutenants Hassan Wassif and Mahmoud, I left the camp in command of my second, Major Farhard, with the purpose of making a reconnaissance of the river Juba, which might be utilized in the contemplated movement into the interior. The Juba, the reader will recall, had been explored to a point near Berbera by the Austrian traveller Von den Decken in 1865. Von den Decken and his personnel were murdered by the savages, and the mystery of that affair, as well as the source of the river, had remained a closed book.

At a point where the Juba describes an abrupt bend, our steam launch was suddenly stopped by an obstacle which proved to be nothing more or less than a great mass of catfish. The cause of this singular phenomenon was an overflow from the left bank, which precipitated into the river great numbers of little fish which were being greedily devoured by voracious catfish. It was necessary to thrash our way with oars

through the struggling mass to continue our journey.

Arrived at Bardera without other incident than being tortured by mosquitoes, I marked my arrival by a letter left with the pacific savage chief addressed to any European traveller, informing him of the object of my mission. This done, and having distributed presents, I hastened to return, having found that the trend of the river was too far to the north to serve the purpose of the proposed expedition. A careful *tracé* of the river was prepared by Lieutenants Hassan, Mahmoud, and Abd-el-Rasak.

Major Farhard Mogibe had not been idle during my absence. Ambitious of promotion, he imagined himself the hero of a great battle. When I arrived, I found that the redoubtable Farhard had left camp that morning and was even then attacking with fury a settlement of savages, whom, after great difficulty, I had persuaded to come and abide with us, assuring them protection. My timely return to camp prevented the threatened massacre, and Farhard's dream of glory was expiated by arrest and subsequent disgrace.

CHAPTER IX

AMONG the incidents of my life in camp on the Juba there is one to which I refer with an inexpressible sense of horror. I confess to a repulsion for snakes impossible to overcome. True, when hard pressed for food and surfeited with a daily diet of bananas, I have partaken of boa-constrictor steak fried in the rancid grease used variously to grease the sun-burned bodies of the savage women. . . .

I entered my tent one night, and casting aside my uniform, as was my habit, I donned pyjamas, and, book in hand, threw myself on my couch under the lantern suspended by a cord. I had scarcely touched the blanket when I felt beneath me the violent writhing of a stout body endeavouring to free itself. Like a flash I leapt to my feet and, quicker than thought, snatched the blanket off. *Horresco referens!* There, in coil, its great head flattened out, its tongue extended, its eyes flashing fire, now rising, now descending, was a horrible serpent. Suddenly it struck the lantern and smashed the glass. The shock recalled my senses. I fled, called the officer of the guard, and having searched under the floor of the tent found a nest of the dread *Cobra di capello!*

Another incident of my life on the Juba is quite out of the ordinary and merits more than casual remark. It had always been a boyhood fancy to become governor of an island, fancy sprung from a too literal conception of Cervantes' immortal picture of Sancho Panza as governor of an island, an ideal Barataria, yet the fancy had been realized on the Juba, had I desired. One night in December I was seated in the *salamlik*, or reception-house, surrounded, as was the daily custom, by the forty or fifty officers of my command, discussing the events of the day. The sentries challenged :—

" *Kim yashar !* " (" Who comes there ? ")

The sentry's challenge rang sharp upon the midnight air, and hushed the hum of conversation.

" *Effendemis chok yashar !* " (" Long live the Effendina ! ") was the prompt response, followed by the sentry's cry for the " officer of the guard-post *numero wahad.*" There was a flash of lanterns and soon an officer appeared.

" A prince with an escort, *Ye Saahtak !* He desires permission to speak with the commander."

" Let him enter," I replied. In a few seconds the officer returned and ushered in the midnight visitor. A young man of twenty years, not more, stood in the doorway, clothed in a rich Moorish costume bedizened with gold lace, while from his shoulders hung an ample white silken cloak, his head being covered with a turbaned fez.

"Excellency," said the visitor in faultless French, "I am Ali, Prince of the Grand Comoro, brother of the Sultan Abdallah who reigns at present in the Comoro Islands. The Grand Vizir likes me not and we have quarrelled. My brother is unworthy of the crown, and fearing the all-powerful Vizir, I decided to escape with the State treasure and jewels, and with a few partisans reached the main coast. At Zanzibar I learned of your presence on the Juba River, and I have come to seek your aid and protection. I offer you the treasure and jewels and the crown of the Grand Comoro!"[1] Prince Ali clapped his hands, whereupon his servants appeared bearing a case, which, placed at my feet, disclosed a quantity of gold and a mass of precious stones. "Shades of Aladdin!" I murmured, overcome with surprise; "can I be dreaming?" And Prince Ali, who remarked my astonishment and that of the officers, added: "Excellency,

[1] The Comoro is a group of islands situated north-west of Madagascar in the Mozambique Channel. The islands are severally named: Mayotte, Anjouan, and Mohelia, and are now under the protection of France by virtue of the treaty of the 18th of May, 1886. These islands were then under the rule of several Sultans, and among these Abdullah, against whom Prince Ali had rebelled. Coffee and sugar are planted, but vanilla grows wild in abundance. Anjouan is called also N'Souani in Souhahili language. The land is of marvellous fertility, and most picturesque. Cascades, craters, abrupt mountains, with luxuriant vegetation, and in the valleys, rivers, with fruits and flowers, offer an admirable spectacle to the traveller. The inhabitants are Arabs from Zanzibar and Muscat. Slaves from Africa were introduced, from which has resulted a *métis*—a depreciation in fact of the Arab and the Negro.

I have but one condition, and that is, when established Sultan, you will make me your Grand Vizir."

My aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Hassan, spoke only Arabic and English, and he, as well as the other officers, was naturally nonplussed and embarrassed to know precisely what had passed. They saw in Ali, perhaps, some spirit come from the times of the caliphs, and they recalled the *Thousand and One Nights* with which the Arabs are familiar. I felt likewise inclined, for had the good Haroun-al-Raschid appeared at that moment, I would not have been more troubled. Turning to my singular visitor, I replied: "Prince, I am glad to offer you the hospitality of my camp. I am charged with a very serious and important mission in Central Africa by my chief, General Gordon, under the orders of His Highness Ismail Khedive of Egypt. Until that mission is accomplished neither crown nor treasure can be accepted. But," I added, "the mail steamer is about to leave for Suez, and I can send you to Cairo with a letter of presentation to His Highness, to whom you may submit your proposition. Should he decide affirmatively, you may return by the same steamer. If I am to be your Sultan, count upon me, dear Prince, you shall be my Grand Vizir—it is understood."

Prince Ali recounted to me his itinerary; he and his followers had reached Zanzibar, whence, with horses procured from the Sultan, they had

made forced marches along the coast, and had finally reached a point south of Kismayu, whence, with a guide, they had found my camp without accident. Lieutenant Hassan caused quarters to be prepared for our guests in the barracks, which were being constructed of dom date trees and were nearly completed. When *acha*, or supper, was announced, the Prince and his friends bade me good night, and were escorted by my aide and his comrades to the collation that awaited them.

Left to my own reflections and while preparing for my couch, I recalled the varied incidents which had been crowded into a life even more eventful than all the fancies of childhood, in which I had built not a few castles in air. A year before, in October, 1874, I had returned from the sources of the Nile when General Gordon, at Regaf, would make me Viceroy of Uganda; and now Prince Ali would have me accept the crown of the Comoro: two sceptres within a short year!

Prince Ali and his friends unconsciously put fire to the imagination of my soldiers as well as officers. The Comoro were painted as "beautiful isles of the sea"—a paradise, filled with houris whose beauty defied description and who would make excellent wives for the Mussulman heroes. Besides, there were mines of gold, silver, sapphires, and diamonds! Had they not seen the gifts proffered the Commander?

Among my officers, it should be mentioned, in order to understand their quick susceptibility, there were not a few who had been sent to my command as a punishment. These officers would profit by the incident which was the gift of Kismet. Fate had led them to an earthly paradise instead of to Gehenna. They would go to the Comoro.

The following morning my garrison, officers and men, it was manifest, would have joyously followed me to the "islands of the blest." I decided to hasten Prince Ali's departure, and when the Prince breakfasted with me by invitation, I informed him that the next day we would leave at the same hour for Kismayu, where he would take our mail steamer *Tantah*, which was preparing to sail for Suez.

The troops, in gala uniform (1200 or more in line), were paraded and passed in review in honour of the visitor on the plain below; their burnished arms in the rays of the rising sun presenting a spectacle which greatly excited Prince Ali's enthusiasm. My cavalry escort was a rare sight even for an old soldier. The company was one of the best of the Palace Guard, and sent to me by the Khedive as a special mark of his high esteem and favour. The animals were all Hedjas stallions and selected with a view to hard service; they were not only beautiful, but good. After the review I took the Prince for a ride with my cavalry as escort, and after an exciting chase

of the gazelle encountered, we returned to camp refreshed and invigorated by the ride.

The following morning, as appointed, we rode at an early hour to Kismayu, twelve miles distant. When I had presented Prince Ali to Admiral McKillop and explained the purpose of the proposed visit to the Khedive, the old officer said with characteristic bluntness : " I'm blowed if I think you are right in letting go the crown, treasure, and jewels ; you will never see them again." And McKillop, I should add, proved to be a prophet, for I heard no more of Ali until I returned to Cairo.

Kismayu was not only a place of evil repute, but the inhabitants (Zanzibari) were wreckers and slave-traders. Our expedition, therefore, in taking possession of Kismayu, had merited well of the civilized world; the more so that it had captured and liberated more than four hundred slaves.

In December the monsoon winds increased, rendering our occupation of the sandy eminence almost insupportable. I had hoped to have news of Gordon, and to have been ere this time *en route* to rejoin him.

Before the completion of our barracks and whilst I was still occupying a tent, I had the following disagreeable experience.

My tent had been pitched quite close to a thick brush enclosure, with just space for the sentry to pace his beat. It must have been midnight,

when I was rudely awakened by the fall of a heavy body against the tent with such force as to break the tent ropes. The wild cry of a savage beast, mingled with a strangled human cry for help, caused me to leap from my couch, knife in hand, just in time to behold in the bright moonlight a leopard in the act of leaping the fence and disappearing.

On the ground, or rather in the folds of the collapsed tent, lay the sentinel, half dead with fright. When sufficiently recovered to speak, I discovered that the leopard had jumped the fence and landed upon the head of the sentry, *who, seated, his gun between his knees, was fast asleep at his post!* Egyptian sentinels are not alert, and the habit disclosed in this case by the leopard served me well, and I reformed the guard service by causing sentinels thereafter to be relieved every hour.

On December 25th, 1875, the *Tantah* returned, when I received from the Khedive a laconic order, which read: "Withdraw your command and return at once to Egypt." McKillop came over the same day. He also had received similar orders. What could it mean? We would learn that on our return.

Preparations were at once commenced to execute the orders from Cairo. First it was necessary to dispose of my camel corps, numbering seventy-five animals, which had been carefully selected and organized as a transportation corps.

The animals were slaughtered by tens, and issued as fresh meat to the land as well as naval forces.

A Norwegian steamer arrived with the necessary coal, and the vessels of war and transports ran south to Port Durnford to coal. On their return the troops and material were embarked. Of my command of thirteen hundred cavalry, artillery, and infantry, three men only had been lost. My cavalry guard of one hundred and three men, and as many horses, was intact, and the company was returned to the commanding officer of the Palace Guard at Cairo with the remark the neither man nor horse nor button was missing. This may be specially remarked when the country was reported to be impossible for horses because of the presence of the deadly tsetse-fly.

On January 11th, 1876, I fell seriously ill with symptoms of yellow fever. My doctor would not permit my removal by land, and McKillop, therefore, came in the *Tantah* off the mouth of the river, and at imminent risk took me on board in the steam launch in an unconscious state. McKillop nursed me during a two weeks' siege of the fever, and I was not yet convalescent when he was taken down and narrowly escaped with his life. In turn I acted as nurse, aided by the wife and daughter of the captain of the Norwegian steamer which had brought us coal.

On January 20th we left Kismayu for Suez. My quarters were established on the steamer

Dessouk, those of McKillop on the *Mohammed Ali*. One day, McKillop, convalescent, came over for a chat whilst slowly steaming homeward. He had come also, he said, to warn the aged Turkish captain of the *Dessouk* of the existence of a submerged rock, known as the Doedelus. McKillop had left me to go to the bridge and confer with the captain. An instant afterwards the ship struck the rock, throwing men, material, mules and horses in a confused mass. Fortunately the wind was "dead ahead" and the ship under little pressure. McKillop was a good sailor; the jib and mainsail were bellied out immediately, and with a quick order to turn astern, the *Dessouk* gracefully slid back into the sea.

On February 5th, 1876, we arrived back at Suez, without accident. On the 6th we were in Cairo. We were soon made acquainted with incidents which had happened, and of which we were, of course, ignorant. Drs. Kirk and Badger, both members of the British Consular service at Zanzibar, had induced the Sultan Saïd Burgasch to send them to Aden in the latter's yacht, whence they addressed the following to the British Foreign Office:—

"Egyptian pirates have seized my army and country and massacred my people. Come to my aid.—SAÏD BURGASCH."

Lord Derby thereupon cabled the Khedive,

protesting against the violation of territory of Zanzibar.[1]

Gordon, it will be recalled, when we were *en route* from Suez to Suakin, in 1874, had warned me that Lord Derby would be after me with a sharp stick. Both Ismail and Gordon were now made to feel the weight of Lord Derby's stick. This incident, indeed, marks a point where Gordon ceased to approve the policy of Great Britain, and followed with zeal the fortunes of Ismail Pasha, to whom he had become greatly attached. There was nothing singular in this. Was he not in Ismail's service ?

The British press attacked with violence and vituperation the Khedive Ismail and Colonel Chaillé-Long. The latter was termed an " American *pirate* and *bush-whacker*," who had learned his business with Semmes and other rebel chieftains. There was not, of course, a scintilla of truth in the accusations.[2]

[1] General Gordon in his book *General Gordon in Central Africa* refers to the expedition as follows :—

" His Highness has sent McKillop and Chaillé-Long to the Juba and has told them to wait for me. They will have a long time to wait."

[2] Keith Johnston, the geographer, in his book *Africa*, says :—

" The Egyptians advanced along the coast of the Red Sea south of Massowah in 1874. The town of Berbera on the Somali coast of the Gulf of Aden, was occupied by the troops of the Khedive, and the whole coast of the Danakil country between that and Massowah with most of its ports was taken possession of by Egypt. The harbour of Zeilah was made over to Egypt by the Porte in July, 1875, and later in the same year the Khedive's troops marched thence inland and took possession of Harrar. Not content with this, the Egyptian troops grasped the ports of Brava, Juba, and Kismayu, on the east coast, in January, 1876."

McKillop Pasha was ill, and unable to be present at the private audience to which we were invited at Abdin Palace. Ismail received me with great cordiality, and complimented me upon the conduct of the expedition. I invited the Khedive's attention to the misrepresentations in the press, and requested permission to denounce them. The Khedive placed his hand on my shoulder, and said: "*Bear with them in silence. It will be another proof of your devotion to me. Egypt will not fail to reward you.*"

During the winter (March, 1876) His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, accompanied by Sir Bartle Frere and others, returning from India, visited His Highness Ismail Khedive, and I was detached for service with the Prince of Wales and Sir Bartle during the stay of the Prince in Cairo. The association and friendship formed with Sir Bartle afforded me the opportunity to explain to the latter, in Ismail's favour, that the East African Expedition was in no wise the inspiration of the Khedive, but that the responsibility therefor belonged entirely to General Gordon.

I was naturally curious to discover what had become of my friend and protégé Prince Saïd Ali. To my query, an Arab officer replied, to my horror, that the Prince had been robbed of his treasure, murdered, and thrown into the Nile!

It was a difficult moment in Egypt, and the financial bankruptcy of the Government rendered

everyone nervous and credulous. I believed the story, having no reason to discredit the officer's word. I commended Prince Ali to Providence and mourned him for years as lost. It was an error, as we shall see.

Shortly after my return to Cairo from the expedition to the east coast of Africa[1] there appeared in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* of April 26th, 1876, an anonymous letter, attacking the American Mission in Egypt in the most unjust and scurrilous manner. A letter soon after from the same unknown source attacked me personally, and I replied with severity to my unknown detractor in the columns of *La Réforme*,

[1] The results of Gordon's Egyptian Expedition to the East Coast, 1875–6, were given recognition through the friendly intervention of Sir Bartle Frere.

The first author to recognize these results was Lieutenant-Colonel Gleichen in his book entitled *The Anglo-Egyptian Soudan*, who wrote: "The Khedive's authority along the coast (of the Indian Ocean) as far as about ten degrees north latitude was tacitly acknowledged."

Lord Cromer also in *Modern Egypt*, Vol. II, pp. 49, 50, writes:

"Ismail Pasha was not content with extending Egyptian authority to the source of the Nile. Pachadom with its baneful accompaniment of misrule and oppression stretched its tentacles to the Somali coast and inland to the fertile province of Harrar. When the parent trunk rotted, the first of the branches to fall off was Berbera. It fell at the feet of the Queen of England. . . .

"In 1877 a convention was negotiated between Ismail Pasha and the British Government the main object of which was to recognise the jurisdiction of the Khedive under the sovereignty of the Sultan as far eastward as Ras-Hafoun. . . ."

Lord Cromer does not inform his readers by what authority the British Government intervened, even remotely, in questions concerning the East Coast. It was not until 1885 Bulhar was taken, Berbera in turn in 1889; Kismayu in 1891, etc. In 1877 Great Britain possessed no port nor exercised any authority on the East Coast.

in Cairo. The principal accusation against me was that I had maltreated German travellers in Africa. I had met but two Germans, Marno and Kellermann, and both of these were my beneficiaries. Both Marno and Kellermann had proved themselves unworthy and ungrateful. General Gordon, who was indignant at Marno's attempt to impose upon the good faith of the Société de Géographie de Vienna, denounced him to that society, receiving a prompt letter of apology from Dr. Hochstetter, the president, who addressed me a like letter, to my entire satisfaction. A footnote in *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People*, page 238, refers to Dr. Hochstetter's letter which sufficiently disposes of Herr Marno. As for Kellermann, who was General Gordon's valet, sufficient has been said of his unfortunate services with the expedition to Uganda.

CHAPTER X

SOME time in June, 1876, I was accorded a six months' leave to visit Europe and America. After a brief stay in France I visited London to read the proofs of the MS. I had submitted for publication. All mention of political or governmental questions had been avoided, and my book was confined to the treatment of geographical and scientific subjects, in conformity with the address delivered (by order of the Khedive) before the Société Khédiviale de Géographie du Caire, June 11th, 1875, under the presidency of His Highness Prince Hussein, Minister of War.

Whilst in London at the Royal Hotel, I received through Mr. Edward Marston, of Sampson Low, Marston and Co., publishers, a cordial invitation to visit Sir Bartle and Lady Frere. Mr. Marston and I went down to Wimbledon, where we were received with great cordiality by Sir Bartle and Lady Frere and the many ladies and gentlemen of the court who had assembled to greet a traveller fresh from African jungles. The standard of the African explorer then had been placed very high by such men as Bayard Taylor, Burton, Speke, Baker, Livingstone, Schweinfurth, and others of like type,

and this fact will explain the interest of those gathered at Wimbledon. Mr. Marston and I remained several days with our charming hosts. The evenings were passed in recounting the incidents of my expeditions in Africa; the mornings, before our fellow-guests were astir, I read the proofs of my book, thus combining necessary work with pleasure.

When we returned to London I gave to Mr. Marston the corrected proofs, and ten days later I found at Havre the advance sheets of my book and took them with me to America on the steamer *Canada* of the Transatlantique. My first visit was to my father, family, and friends in my native town, Princess Anne, Maryland, from whom I had been separated since seven years. The subjoined invitation[1] was extended

[1] The invitation was conveyed through the columns of the village newspapers: *The Somerset Herald* and *True Marylander* of August 29th, 1876, and ran thus: "Colonel Chaillé-Long, who is a native of this town on a visit to his father, an old resident, is welcomed back by his boyhood friends who have addressed him as follows:—

"'DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, your fellow-townsmen, take this mode of expressing our extreme gratification in welcoming you back to your native town, returned from your perilous career in the army of Egypt and in Africa, and we solicit the favour of a public recital of what you have seen, suffered, and accomplished during the eventful period of your absence abroad at some convenient time in the Court House. Very respectfully yours: John W. Crisfield, J. W. Dashiell, A. C. Heaton, R. Brattan, W. H. Brown, Cadmus Dashiell, Sph. G. Polk, Henry Page, W. S. McMaster, H. Brinkley, E. Duer, H. Robertson, L. L. Waters, Z. J. Dougherty, W. H. Smith, *et al.*'

"On September 4th Colonel Chaillé-Long addressed the largest audience ever assembled within the walls of the Court House. He was introduced by the Hon. J. W. Crisfield, who,

me by a number of residents, all of whom had followed with affectionate interest the *péripéties* of my adventures in Africa.

In Baltimore I subsequently accepted the invitation of the French Benevolent Society to lecture at the Academy of Music for the benefit of a number of Alsatian refugees, and also for the victims of yellow fever then epidemic at Savannah, Georgia. The Society addressed me a letter of thanks, which is subjoined.[1]

in the most eloquent language, referred to the child and boy they had known who had gone from their midst, called by some inscrutable destiny to discover the mysterious Nile sources. . . ."

[1] SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE DE BIENFAISANCE À BALTIMORE.

"BALTIMORE, le 3 *Octobre*, 1876.

"MONSIEUR,

"Je suis chargé par le conseil d'administration de la société de bienfaisance de cette ville de vous exprimer sa reconnaissance pour l'œuvre généreuse que vous avez si noblement entreprise et si heureusement menée à bonne fin dans le but de lui venir en aide ainsi q'à nos malheureux compatriotes de Savannah.

"S'il est beau de voir des savants mettre leurs sciences et leur energie au service de l'humanité dans des dangereux voyages de découvertes, il est aussi très beau de voir ces mêmes savants de retour au milieu de la civilisation mettre leur science et leur renommé au service de la charité.

"Soyez persuadé, Monsieur, que votre nom restera parmi nous celui d'un ami et que nous vous suivrons partout avec le plus vif et le plus profond intérêt, soit que vous ayez vos talents militaires au service de votre pays d'adoption auquel grace a votre talent nous voici tous interéssés, soit que vous mettiez encore votre science et votre energie au service de l'humanité et de la civilisation.

"Veuillez donc, Monsieur, accepter les profonds sentiments d'estime et de gratitude du comité et l'assurance de la parfaite consideration,

"De votre très devoué serviteur,

"A. H. DELORT, Secretaire."

"Colonel Chaillé-Long, Baltimore, Maryland."

I met General Harry Gilmour in Baltimore, and in our conversation I told him of our *rencontre* during the raid on July 10th, 1864, and of the inglorious flight of my Falstaffian recruits, at which he laughed heartily.

Harry Gilmour recalled the firing and the skedaddle of my men. On his part he said that at the same time he had espied my command his attention was attracted by his men, who had surrounded a wagon and were appropriating its contents. It proved to be a well-known ice-cream manufacturer, Painter by name, who was preparing to carry a daily load of cream to Baltimore. The temperature was excessively high, his cavalrymen were thirsty, and before he could prevent it they had filled their feed-buckets with ice-cream, and proceeded to devour it. The result was soon apparent. The enfeebled stomachs of the soldiers rebelled, and in a few moments the road was strewn with them in agony of pain and *hors de combat.* "Thus, General," I added, "I was saved a trip to Richmond by the timely intervention of a wagon-load of ice-cream!" And Gilmour laughed.

My former comrades of the army tendered me at "Guy's" (then the famous restaurant of Baltimore) a breakfast ever memorable because of the generous menu and the note of praise.

General French, commanding at Fort McHenry, invited a number of officers to meet me at dinner at the Fort. The General's *valet-*

de-pied, who served the dinner, was a simple-minded negro, but devoted servant. He had listened agape to some of the incidents of my travels recounted, and was particularly impressed by the dramatic and bloody sacrifice in my honour at the court of the savage King M'tesa. At this point "Sam" was in the act of removing the roast, when the General, assuming fright at my recital, arose. Sam dropped the roast and fled in trepidation amid the screams of the guests.

At the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia ("the *Old White*"), I was quartered in the cottage occupied by Senator Randolph, of New Jersey. It was there I met General Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, Robert Toombs of Georgia. General Toombs ("Old Bob Toombs," as he was familiarly termed), introduced me to an audience *d'élite* anxious to learn of my travels in Africa. The proceeds of the lecture, which were abundant, were applied for the benefit of the families of the victims of the yellow fever at Savannah.

I should mention just here that I was empowered by the Khedive to propose to a few general officers of distinction employment in his army. I approached both Generals Johnston and Beauregard on the subject, but both replied negatively, alleging that their private interests and advanced years prevented acceptance.

A few weeks later I was in St. Louis, the guest of relatives. During my visit I was invited to deliver a lecture upon my expeditions in Africa, and was presented to the public by Captain Silas Bent of the U.S. Navy, retired. From St. Louis I proceeded by river on the famous steamboat the *Grand Republic, en route* to New Orleans. At Memphis I was met by my sympathetic and attached friend Major Albert Akers, with a surprise party, among whom was the distinguished Confederate cavalry commander, General Forrest. The *Grand Republic* would be detained taking on cotton during two days, and *nolens volens* I was forced to accompany the party to Nashville, where I was accorded a reception by his friends and by the public and press, of which I retain always a vivid souvenir. Major Albert Akers and his wife, Mrs. Akers, were friends whom I had known in Paris the year before, where Major Akers had been sent as a delegate from Tennessee to the Cotton Congress.

At New Orleans I was the guest of my kinsman Dr. Stanford E. Chaillé, through whom I met General Beauregard and Mr. Eads, engineer, who had won distinction in converting New Orleans by jetties into a seaport. To inspect these works, indeed, was the principal object of my visit to New Orleans, Ismail having authorized me to visit the works executed by the American engineer, with the ulterior

object of applying the system to the mouths of the Nile.

Accompanied by General Beauregard and Captain Eads I visited the mouths of the Mississippi in the latter's yacht, and on my return to Egypt submitted a report to the Khedive. But for the financial difficulties which followed, I do not doubt but that Captain Eads would have been invited to construct jetties at Damietta and Rosetta.

During my stay of several days in New Orleans, I had the privilege of being presented to Mr. Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Southern Confederacy. I had been told that Mr. Davis was cold, austere, and unsympathetic. I found him genial, cordial, and sympathetic. He had read of my adventures and discoveries in Africa, and evinced marked interest therein. Mr. Davis would have me go to Beauvoir to visit him and Mrs. Davis, but I was obliged to decline the gracious invitation because the limit of my leave was expiring and I must return to my old home in Maryland before sailing for Egypt. I revisited my native village, bade adieu to my father, family, and friends, and sailed November 1st from New York. I arrived back in Egypt in December, 1876, without accident or incident of voyage. I had not been detached from Gordon's Government, and therefore promptly reported to the Ministry of the Interior, and, in accordance with etiquette, in-

scribed my name upon the register of the Palace of Abdin, where I expected to be summoned.

I learned, however, that during my absence that ever-redoubtable monster, jealousy, had been busy, and the publication of my book, *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People*, was made the subject of the Khedive's displeasure. I learned, indeed, that the handsomely bound volume prepared by the publishers had been presented to the Khedive with the remark that, aside from the fact that its publication "was a flagrant violation of military rule," its author "had criticized the Khedive's policy and exposed State secrets." Needless to add, there was not a scintilla of truth in either of these statements, well known to my friends General Loring and Dr. L——, to whom I had read the prologue before leaving. The General advised my immediate action in view of the manifest attempt to misrepresent me, but I urged in reply that the book was in English, and I preferred to await the arrival of the French edition then in the press, when the Khedive could see for himself the value of the mendacious misrepresentation.

A month or more elapsed before the advance sheets of the French edition arrived, during which time I surprised my friends and disconcerted my enemies by my apparent disregard of my disfavour at the Palace. When the edition arrived I asked to be received in private audience by Prince Hussein, Minister of War, which was

promptly accorded. "Your Highness," I said, "I have been made to appear to the Khedive as having published a volume without the authority of the Minister of War, and with having exposed secrets of State, and criticized the Khedive's policy. I declare most solemnly that there is not an atom of truth in the allegations, which are as absurd as untruthful, and I submit in corroboration the introduction of the volume which is about to appear in French. There is not a word about private or political matter, and far from being critical, it is a sincere and loyal tribute of praise of the Khedive, for whom as an 'enlightened sovereign engaged in the regeneration of Central Africa' I have asked the homage of the civilized world. Besides, the volume contains no reference to or mention of other subjects than those which I had the full authority of the Khedive to publish in the *Séance extraordinaire* of La Société Khédiviale de Géographie du Caire, convoked June 11th, 1875, and presided over by Your Highness." I thereupon submitted to Prince Hussein the introduction of the French edition of *L'Afrique Centrale*, and watched him eagerly whilst he read with manifest surprise and pleasure the introduction. When he had concluded, he said, "It will be an agreeable revelation to my father," and bidding me await his return he called his coupé and drove to Abdin. The Prince returned within an hour. His manner was most cordial.

"My father," he said, "will receive you in private audience to-morrow morning at eight at Abdin. I bid you good night and congratulate you upon this timely rebuke and refutation of a manifest calumny."

The following morning I was received at Abdin at the appointed hour, and conducted at once to the Khedive. He took me by the arm caressingly, and said, "You have been calumniated. I ask you, I order you, to do nothing to punish it. I have your promise?" "Certainly, Monseigneur, if it is an order." He took my hand and said, "I give a dinner to-night in honour of the Grand Duke Alexis, my guest. You are invited, and you will be the only Colonel present."

Ascending the grand stairway that night between the guards, and dressed in *grande tenue*, I was warmly welcomed, first by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Zulficar Pasha, and by his second, Tonino Bey. Ismail was surrounded by the Grand Duke Alexis, General Faidieff, a distinguished soldier and diplomat of the Russian Army, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, Mariette Pasha, Dr. Abbate Pasha, and among others, my old friend and comrade McKillop Pasha. The Khedive presented me to the Grand Duke. "My cousin," he said in French, "an American officer of my army, who, on his simple pay as an officer, has added vast territory to Egypt; and more, he turned into the Egyptian stores at

Khartoum ivory valued at six hundred thousand francs or more, collected during a single expedition."

Prince Hussein, to whom I owed this prompt intercession in my favour, seized me by the arm, and making the tour of the *salon*, presented me to several distinguished guests. A return to favour, it may be added, is almost always manifested openly as a sort of salve to the wound inflicted. The officer who had conspired my ruin was there, and congratulated me effusively upon my convalescence and return to duty. . . .

It was the late autumn of 1876. Ismail's fortunes, which seemed to have had for device *sic itur ad astra*, were suddenly obscured by shadows. The inauguration of the Suez Canal with its costly fêtes and extravagance had set *the pace that kills*. Recourse to loans at usurious rates, the disastrous war with Abyssinia, all combined to precipitate the financial ruin of the unhappy Khedive. One hope remained, Ismail Sadyk, the Mofettesh, or Minister of Finance. Sadyk was possessed of vast wealth. Sprung from the soil, a simple fellah, he knew better than another the secret of extorting money from his kind. The avaricious, sordid soul of Sadyk divined that Ismail would appeal to him for aid in the day of emergency which would surely come. Nubar Pasha had set Sadyk the example by placing himself under the protection of the German Government; Sadyk secretly sought

and obtained the protection of Italy. Too late Ismail learned that he had been abandoned by his Minister of Finance.

Lord Vivian, H.B. Majesty's Consul-General in Cairo, reporting the incident that followed to his Government, wrote in substance as follows:

The Khedive resolved to finish by one of those dramatic incidents which are only to be met in history and Oriental life. He invited the Mofettesh to ride with him to the Palace of Kasr-el-Nil, where he placed him in the hands of the Governor of Cairo, Mustapha Bey Fehmy, who took the Mofettesh on board the Khedive's yacht, and administered to him a cup of official coffee. The poison failing to act promptly, Mustapha seized a cord and finally strangled his victim. In the struggle the Mofettesh seized Mustapha by the thumb with his teeth, inflicting a scar which Mustapha was said to wear as a souvenir of the tragedy.

The notice which appeared in the *Moniteur Officiel*, November 15th, 1876, was somewhat different, and was as follows:—

"The Ex-Minister of Finance, Ismail Sadyk Pasha, has sought to organize a plot against His Highness the Khedive by exciting the religious sentiments of the native population against the scheme proposed by Messrs. Goschen and Joubert. He has also accused the Khedive of selling Egypt. . . ."

Some time thereafter there was a seizure, and

confiscation in fact, of all the visible and tangible property of the Mofettesh in Egypt: palaces, lands, and a remarkable collection of the most beautiful women-slaves purchased in the markets of Constantinople and Circassia.

De Leon, in his book *The Khedive's Egypt*, mentions a nephew of the Mofettesh as sitting complacently at the sale of his uncle's confiscated property, apparently happy to be permitted this privilege. This same nephew, the day of the tragedy, pale with fright, fled from his home, and coming to my house begged hospitality and refuge, which were accorded. He suddenly disappeared, however, and returned, reassured, to the Palace and to his employment.

The events which followed constitute a period of painful retrogression. The Khedive Ismail was made to feel all the harrowing miseries of the common bankrupt. His palaces, stables, carriages, in fact all his property, were levied upon and seized by creditors, and thus was inaugurated an interregnum of financial distress in the home of prince as well as peasant. There was penury in the palaces; princes and princesses were obliged to sell their jewels in order to buy food, and some idea of the state of the Egyptian Treasury may be gathered from the fact that the valuable animals in the gardens of the Ghézireh Palace were positively starved to death because their keepers were unable to procure

funds to purchase food. Thus the two remarkable ostriches, and the equus zebra, which I had brought from the East Coast, died of starvation; Ticki-Ticki, the little Denga, or pygmy woman, was an inmate of the Palace, where she had been a great favourite of the houris of the harem. When the princesses were pinched for food they no longer cared for Ticki-Ticki's antics, but opened the doors and gates of the Palace and told her to shift for herself. . . .

When Ismail became convinced that the Powers would make him the scapegoat of the financial situation for which their agents were in a measure responsible, he sent for General Gordon, then at Khartoum. Gordon, who possessed Ismail's entire confidence, would save him from the threatened danger. But it should be said that there were many things beyond the ken of the soldier at that time, and also beyond the perception of some diplomats. Gordon was a soldier, but not a diplomat.

Sir William Butler, in his *Life of General Gordon*, p. 139, referring to Ismail's financial troubles, writes :—

" Their names (de Lesseps and Gordon, who had been proposed as Commissioners) were at once a guarantee that their work would have been above suspicion; but in truth, honest men were not wanted, either by the bond-holders of Egypt or by the rival Powers who were hankering after the flesh-pots. Ismail had summoned to

his aid the man who might have saved his throne and his country, and that man must be got rid of as soon as possible. He was got rid of. Opposed on all sides, snubbed by the English Government officials, rudely answered by English Ministers, turned into ridicule by the hirelings of the press in Cairo, Gordon went back again to bury himself for another couple of years in the Soudan."

Another note showing the feeling against General Gordon is found in a recent work of great historical value, entitled *Egypt's Ruin*, p. 59 :—

"Rivers Wilson," says the author, M. Rothstein, "was appointed in the place of Gordon. The appointment was a very happy one for England, as he, together with Major Baring, practically ruled the show. There was another important member of the commission in the person of M. Blignières, but he was already at the beginning of that course which subsequently aroused against him the indignation of the French Colony, which charged him with betraying the interests of France in favour of the English, and ultimately led to his recall and disgrace. There remained only de Lesseps, but he, too, in some unaccountable way was made to resign his seat. Sir Rivers Wilson was then elected President of the Commission, and the ship thus properly manned weighed its anchor under the applause of the Alexandria and London Stock Exchange."

I saw Gordon during this visit to Cairo in the winter of 1877. He told me he did not want to remain in the Soudan. "Why would I not return as Governor-General?" "Because," I answered, "my physician had informed me that in order to get rid of the poisonous jungle fevers contracted in Central Africa, I must go to Europe and remain out of Egypt. I could not get rid of them in Egypt.

"Besides," I added, "I am not sure that Ismail Pasha is the *bon prince.*" I had thought and I told Gordon of the indignity I had suffered in the matter of the book. It is true it was my jealous compatriots who were the culprits, but none the less I felt indignant that Ismail should have shown such *petitesse.* I told Gordon also of Ismail's idea of what constituted reparation, the invitation to dine at the Palace, and the flattering unction in the presentation to the Grand Duke Alexis: "An American officer of my army who turned into the Egyptian stores at Khartoum ivory valued at six hundred thousand francs."

"Do you mean to say that you turned that ivory over to the Government?" exclaimed Gordon. "Well, what a fool you were. Ismail is in very bad shape now, but he will surely return it." And Gordon repeated sententiously, "What a fool!" I contented myself with saying: "I fear it is a bad case of *margaritas ante porcos* (pearls before swine)—the ivory was a small item

if Ismail would only execute the one-hundredth part of the promises made me when he sent me off with you to make the Treaty of Uganda." "That is not all," I said, and then I told him the story of the starving ostriches and the zebra; and I added: "We, too, may share the fate of the zebra and ostriches; we have not been paid a piastre for many months."

The American Military Mission, in common with the army, were unpaid for several months. The native officers fared better, for they could live on dates; their clothing of cotton being inexpensive they could at least dress in *gallabiah*, or gown. The foreign officer *per contra* could not change his mode of living, and but for the credit system in Cairo he must have starved. The Egyptian cabman, *arbagee*, in days of plenty was a soulless brute; during the days of dearth he was a benefactor and gave unlimited credit. "*M'aandakshe feloos nahardi ya Saahtak?*" ("You have no money for me to-day, Your Excellency?") "*Maandiche*" ("I have none"). The arbagee would salute respectfully and sympathetically and respond: "*Malaish, ya Saahtak imkin bukra inshallah*" ("Never mind, you will have it to-morrow, may it please God"). And he would go his way, smiling.

With the excessive heat of summer the fevers contracted in African jungles assumed such a serious form that my friends and physicians, Drs. Mackie, Abbate, and Dacarogna, were con-

sulted, and they decided I should quit Egypt for some time.

I was received in audience to take leave at Ras-el-Tin at Alexandria by the Khedive, who, touched by my emaciated appearance, urged me to go at once, promising to see that my accounts "should be settled with a view to a generous reward for the great services rendered Egypt."[1]

Ismail Pasha insisted that my going was in no sense to be considered as quitting the service. He would not consent to that, my services to his dynasty and to Egypt connected me irrevocably to the country which would always regard me as an *ibn el belad.*[2] Egypt was in the throes of financial troubles which were only passing clouds. I must return. Ismail suggested that in lieu of resignation he would grant me an unlimited leave on full pay, but my experience of the past few months and the declaration of the Chief-of-the-Staff that the Pension Act then in force would be suspended for lack of funds decided me to insist upon the resignation, in order to secure a settlement of arrears of pay necessary to meet my urgent liabilities. Ismail's last words were: "Go to Europe, get well and return. I will fulfil all the promises made to you as a poor return for your great services."

[1] A legal friend less confiding than the author insisted upon registering an official protest at the United States Consulate against the non-payment of a military pension.

[2] Son of the country.

Having made hurried preparations I left Egypt in September, 1877, per steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, viâ the Syrian coast, for Smyrna and Constantinople, following that route by advice of my physicians, in order to gain strength for my journey to America. At Smyrna I had recuperated so much that I concluded to abandon the idea of going to Constantinople, and, transferring to the Austrian steamer, went to Syra, Rhodes, Corfu, and Trieste. On arrival at the hotel in Trieste I was delighted to receive the following line from my devoted friends Sir Richard and Lady Burton: "Cher Ami,—We hear of your arrival. You must stop over. Isabel and I are coming to dine with you at seven. We will make a night of it.—Burton."

Burton was British Consul in Trieste, and I desired very much to have a chat with him. Burton had been a frequent visitor to Egypt, and it was there was formed the acquaintance which had ripened with years into an intimate and sympathetic friendship. I may say a similar friendship existed with Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, with whom, as with Sir Richard and Lady Burton, I was in the habit of exchanging views concerning Egyptian and African questions and, when necessary, about Gordon.

After a delightful and ever-memorable conversation at dinner, and when coffee and cigarettes had been served, Lady Burton sent

Burton to the office of the hotel on some pretext. The moment he had gone, she said: "My coming with 'Jimmy' (his name was Dick) has a double purpose. He has a letter from Gordon, urging him to join him in the Soudan—take your place, in fact. For the love of God prevent it, as I feel you can. 'Jimmy' could never get on with Gordon, and the climate would serve him perhaps as bad as or worse than it has served you." I promised to do my best to dissuade him. When Burton had resumed his seat he showed me Gordon's letter. "What would you advise?" he asked. "I really want to go." "In the first place you and Gordon would quarrel in twenty-four hours," I replied; "you must *not* go. You are many years his senior. Africa brings out all the weak points in a man's character. Next, the climate kills the man with the strongest physique. You would die in Central Africa, die of the climate and of nostalgia. There is another objection: Gordon is very difficult to get on with, even with those who are his best friends. He confessed to me that this was so, and said: 'I cannot live peaceably with anyone whom I cannot kick.'"

Apropos to Gessi, who was Gordon's valet during many years. Gessi paid dearly for the privilege of being his intimate by submitting to being kicked whenever his master's ill-humour required it. "Listen," I said to Burton, "I can tell you of an incident which fell under my

own observation. Gordon was in Cairo only a few months ago, accompanied by Gessi. He became very angry one day, and kicked and slapped Gessi. Now the latter has grown these late years, and what had been considered a familiar, almost friendly, privilege was taken as an insupportable indignity. Gessi was furious. Chance would have it he ran into me. He recounted me the outrage with tears in his eyes. 'Is it the first time, Gessi?' I asked. 'No,' he replied, 'but it is the last!' Whereupon he drew from his pocket a package, and tapping it significantly, he added: '*I will publish them!*' 'Nonsense, Gessi. You can't stuff me with such bluff. You know Gordon as well as I do. If there was ever a man incapable of an unworthy act that man is Charles George Gordon; don't waste my time with such talk. You are either drunk or crazy. The letters there exist only in your imagination. (Gessi did not insist.) Now, Gessi,' I rejoined, 'you have been with Gordon since the Crimea, he is the best friend you have on earth. You understand him: your relations with him are perfect: you must not abandon him. Gordon will make you a Pasha yet.'"

Gessi did as he was bidden, and true enough Gessi died a Pasha.

Burton was familiar with many of Gordon's ways, but had for him an exalted admiration. "Do not go to the Soudan, Burton, first, on

your own account, second, on Gordon's, for I repeat, you will fight within twenty-four hours." Burton replied, after a moment's reflection: "You are right. I have decided. I will not go." Lady Burton shook my hand with nervous delight, and her eyes filled with tears, as she embraced "Jimmy."

I tarried a day in Trieste with my charming friends. It happened that it was my first visit, and they took me for a drive, and among other attractive sights, showed me in the environs, Sans-Souci, the beautiful home of the demented Carlotta, the widow of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian.

From Trieste I went to Vienna, accompanied by Mr. G——, a Greek merchant of Alexandria, whom I had met in Syra. We stopped at the first-class hostelry the "Gulden Lamm," with the proprietor of which my fellow-traveller was well acquainted. Mr. G—— was a frolicsome, fun-loving Greek, and succeeded in passing me off as Prince Hussein, travelling incog. under my name. I fortunately discovered the trick in time to control it and punish it, exacting that he should make the *amende honorable* to the proprietor and to myself in several bottles of some rare old wine.

In Paris I was ill in bed in my room at the Grand Hotel, suffering from an acute attack of jungle fever. There was a rap at the door, and in response to my summons to enter there

stood Nubar Pasha, the former Minister of Egyptian Foreign Affairs.

I had not seen Nubar since the East Coast Expedition, when his Ministry had fallen and he had come to Paris to reside. "Well, *my dear*" (Nubar's familiar expression in English), "so, is this all Egypt has done for you?" I nodded affirmatively. Nubar's eyes contracted in a frog-like manner, and then he said caressingly: "Go home, *my dear*, get well, and when you hear of my return to Egypt, which will be before many months, drop me a line. I will see that Ismail's promise to you is kept." I thanked him very much, thinking him sincere. Several months later, indeed, Nubar was again in power, and as he had suggested I wrote to remind him of his promise. Nubar never replied, having learned, no doubt, that he could never count upon me in his scheme to betray Ismail and Egypt.

CHAPTER XI

AFTER my return to America I was induced to accept a post as chief clerk in the police-courts of New York City, where I could study law in connection with my duties, and then form a law association with a judge in the courts at the expiration of four years of my new, and, I confess, most distasteful service.

When sufficiently recovered in health, I entered the Columbia Law School, in October, 1878, and in conjunction with my duties at court, I commenced the study of the law. It was a difficult undertaking; the great quantities of quinine absorbed in combating fever seriously affected the memory, necessary to attain the object. Nevertheless these difficulties were finally controlled and my studies continued.

During my residence in New York I became intimately acquainted with David Dudley Field, senr., through his brothers, Dr. Henry Field and Associate-Justice Stephen J. Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States, old friends. I was a frequent visitor at the house of David Dudley, senr., both in town and country. Through the Field family I formed the acquaintance of

Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, Mr. Dorsheimer, Aaron J Vanderpoel, Frederick R. Coudert, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Judges Green, Shea, and others. Friday evenings there was an assemblage of distinguished men at the home of Mr. Hammersley on Fifth Avenue.

Gathered at the Hammersley reunions might be found Generals George B. McClellan, Winfield Scott, Hancock, di Cesnola, Rear-Admiral J. W. A. Nicholson, Mr. George W. Jones, Abram S. Hewett, Judge Daly, and others.

At the Manhattan Club, where I was elected a member, I made the acquaintance of Hon. J. T. Agnew, Benjamin Wood, Judge Shea, Vanderpoel, Wm. Henry Hurlbut, James and Louis Livingston, Colonel Burton N. Harrison. I refer with particular pleasure to my sympathetic friends Mr. Walter B. Lawrence and Mrs. Lawrence, of Flushing, Long Island, and family, where I have passed many very pleasant hours in their charming society. Likewise at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Drexel, where I visited frequently.

Before leaving Egypt I had seen much of General Faidieff, the distinguished Russian soldier and diplomat. He gave me a letter of introduction to his niece, Madame Blavatsky, in New York. One day I was out for a promenade and started to present my letter, not knowing then the character or profession of the lady in question. I halted before the number indicated,

and read on the portal : "Temple of Theosophy." I was about to pass on convinced that it could not be the niece of the General, when I was accosted by someone entering. "Whom do you seek?" was asked in foreign accent. And when I answered "Madame Blavatsky," my interlocutor replied: "She is here; I will conduct you." I climbed the long stairs, and on the third floor found myself face to face with a multitude of men and women in white robes. I was presented to one of these—a very stout lady, with a strong masculine face almost leonine in expression. I offered my letter and was welcomed with effusion. I was next introduced to Colonel Olcott, a New Yorker, who, I was told, had become her most ardent apostle. Madame Blavatsky invited me to join the Theosophist order, and I am not sure but that I was made an honorary member! She gave me her book, recently published, *Isis Unveiled*. . . .

Shortly after my return I received an invitation from the Board of Foreign Missions in New York, which expressed its desire to consult me with regard to their proposed missions in Central Africa. I responded to their flattering invitation, but told them frankly that the statements made by Henry M. Stanley were misleading. The conversion of King M'tesa was entirely imaginative, that M'tesa was still the heartless savage that he was prior to the sensational conversion. .

Briefly, I warned the Board of Missions that the picture of Uganda as a field for missionary work, as painted by my successor Stanley, was, to say the least, an over-optimist performance, and that any attempt to follow his counsel would, under then existing conditions, be attended with useless sacrifice of life. The Board of Foreign Missions was coldly polite. My counsel was clearly not to its liking. It thanked me, I thought almost ungraciously, and bowed me out.[1]

In 1879 grave events were transpiring in Egypt. On February 19th the Rivers Wilson-Nubar Ministry received an unexpected check. Nubar and his English colleague proposed to dismiss 15,000 soldiers, unpaid for thirty months, and send them *unpaid* to their homes, almost starving. The public was told that it was a measure of economy in view of the financial crisis. On the other hand, the Ministry was busily engaged in importing from England and India great numbers of employés who were given positions in the Egyptian Administration at scandalous salaries—employés notoriously incompetent. Under such a provocation, little wonder that the rebellion of Arabi developed from a spark into a veritable flame. One day Nubar and Rivers Wilson passed in a carriage.

[1] African Missions, *The Daily Graphic*, N.Y., December 31st, 1886. The massacre of Bishop Hannington was a corroboration, alas! of my views expressed to the Board of Foreign Missions.

Arabi and his colleagues known as the "three Colonels" stopped the vehicle, dragged the Ministers therefrom, kicked and cuffed them roundly, pulled the beard of Wilson, and, horrors! spat full in the face of Nubar! Thus was inaugurated the military revolution.

In the interval the financial situation in Egypt went from bad to worse. The disappearance of the Mofettesh from the scene was killing the goose that had until now laid the golden egg. The debt of Egypt attained such a figure that the State suspended payment. England, France, Italy, and Germany intervened on the demand of those who had loaned money. (The usurious rate of interest demanded should have inspired the Powers with some consideration for the unhappy Khedive.) In the interests of those usurious money-lenders and the holders of Egyptian bonds the Powers demanded and secured the deposition of the Khedive. On June 26th, 1879, Ismail abdicated, and the same day the guns of the citadel proclaimed the accession to the throne of Ismail's eldest son, Prince Mohammed Thewfik Pasha.

The concordat negotiated between France and England, with the concurrence of the principal Powers, resulted in the decree of July, 1880, known as the Law of Liquidation, by which the Powers consented to certain reductions upon their capital and the invalidity of all claims not *chose in action* prior to January 1st, 1880.

A general control was established over all receipts and expenditures. Two Comptrollers-General for France and England were appointed, and their administration was known as the *Condominium.*

In the same year (1879) as the abdication of Ismail, General Gordon, who had become deeply attached to the fortunes of Ismail, was recalled from the Soudan. Dr. Schnitzler (Emin Bey), to complete Gordon's humiliation, was appointed his successor.

On Gordon's arrival in Cairo, in December, 1879, King John of Abyssinia, who since his defeat of the Egyptians at Khaya Khor, in 1876, had indulged in threats against Egypt, was again ill-humoured. General Gordon was requested to undertake a mission of pacification and proceeded to the Abyssinian capital. It was returning therefrom to Massowah that Gordon received my letter, complaining of the treatment accorded me by certain members of the Royal Geographical Society, and wrote the letters reproduced in the front of this book.

The result of General Gordon's mission to King Johannes may be briefly recalled in the letter from the Abyssinian King to Mohammed Thewfik Khedive :—

"I have received the letters you sent me by that man. I will not make a secret peace with you. If you want peace, ask the Sultans of Europe."

General Gordon laughed heartily at the diplomatic tact and yet sincerity of this extraordinary man, who had treated him with scant courtesy as Egyptian Ambassador, and who, for a fact, had kept him prisoner.

Gordon writes of King Johannes: "He is of the strictest sect of the Pharisees. He talks like the Old Testament. Drunk overnight, he is up at dawn reading the Psalms. If he were in England, he would never miss a prayer-meeting and would have a Bible as big as a portmanteau."

In the interval between 1879 and 1884 General Gordon accepted various service. First, and strangest of them all, he accepts to be private secretary to Lord Ripon, Viceroy of India, a post for which he confessed he was unfitted and which he hastened to resign on arrival. From India he went to China on a self-imposed mission "to advise China not to be so idiotic as to fight Russia." Returning to England, he travelled through Ireland to study the Irish question. He was offered and accepted the post of commandant-general, under the Cape Government, in Basutoland; but the place was not congenial and he resigned it. In 1882 Gordon was in Palestine when he received a letter from H.M. Leopold II, King of Belgium and the Congo Free State, a letter which led directly to the last act of his life.

When the financial crisis came, the American

Caire le 29 février 1876

CABINET
DU
KHEDIVE

Mon cher Colonel,

Son Altesse me charge de vous remercier de l'attention gracieuse que vous avez eue de lui offrir le zèbre que vous avez ramené de la division Jubaland où Elle a donné l'ordre qu'il soit placé dans sa ménagerie de Gezireh.

Croyez, Mon cher Colonel, à mes sentiments bien dévoués.

Blanc

LETTER FROM ISMAIL PASHA KHÉDIVE ACCEPTING THE GIFT OF A ZEBRA

officers were dismissed and returned to America (all save General Stone).[1]

[1] Of this American Military Mission, one which numbered in all forty-five officers, all are dead save four. Six repose beneath the sands of Egypt and Africa: General Reynolds and Major Hunt in Alexandria, Purdy Pasha and Major Parys in old Cairo, and Majors Campbell and Lawson in the Catholic cemetery at Khartoum. No tablet or stone marks their forgotten graves.

If it should be asked why General Sherman, General-in-Chief of the United States Army, took on himself the responsibility of sending the American Military Mission to Egypt in 1869, I point to the fact that General Sherman was a man of generous impulses. When he was appealed to by former classmates at West Point Military Academy to recommend them, he recommended Confederates and Federals alike to a service which re-established them in their military profession. Besides, it will be recalled that by reason of the inauguration of the Suez Canal, Ismail Pasha, Khedive, had been very greatly extolled as a liberal and progressive ruler. Why should not General Sherman aid this man in the work of the reform and independence of Egypt?

The attitude of the "unutterable Turk" of that day towards Christians in Syria was generally discussed in all diplomatic circles in Europe and America. Prince Gortschakoff was Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in 1860 addressed a note to the signatories of the Paris Treaty, expressing a desire for a common understanding with the Porte for the better protection of the Christian Maronites of Syria. He said: "We are convinced that the time for illusion is past, and that any hesitation, any adjournment, will have grave consequences. In uniting all our efforts to place the Ottoman Government in a course which may meet these eventualities, we believe we are giving proof of our solicitude, while at the same time we fulfil a duty of humanity."

There was hesitation, and the massacre of the Maronites, which Prince Gortschakoff would have prevented, occurred, resulting in an English and French occupation.

Prince Gortschakoff interfered in 1862 to prevent the recognition by France and England of the Southern Confederacy. The note of M. Drouyn de Lhuys invites Russia to an *entente* with France and England, to propose to the United States a six months' armistice and the opening of the Southern ports. Prince Gortschakoff sent the footnote below to M. d'Oubril, Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Paris:—

"In reply to the overture of M. Drouyn de Lhuys I reminded the French Ambassador of the solicitude which our august master has never ceased to feel in the American conflict from its very

My old and esteemed comrade General W. W. Loring, of the Egyptian Army, was among the

outset; a solicitude caused by the amicable relations existing between the two countries of which the Imperial Cabinet has given proof. I have assured him that nothing could better respond to our wishes than to see the termination of a struggle which we deplore, and that to this effect our Minister at Washington has instructions to seize every favourable opportunity to recommend moderate aid and conciliation so as to appease conflicting passions and lead to a wise settlement of the interests at stake. I added, that in our opinion what ought to be specially avoided was the appearance of any pressure whatsoever of a nature to wound public feeling in the United States and to excite susceptibilities very easily aroused at the bare idea of foreign intervention. Now, according to the information we have hitherto received, we are asked to believe that a combined step between France, England, and Russia, no matter how conciliatory, and how cautiously made, if it were taken with an official character, would run the risk of having the very opposite of the object of pacification which is the aim of the three courts."

The attitude of Russia both with reference to the protection of Christians in Syria and opposition to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, opposition which was supported by a Russian fleet in New York Harbour, are incontestable proofs that General Sherman's sympathies had been actively excited by Russia's attitude.

It will not be found strange, then, that General Sherman should have been interested in 1869 in the officers of the U.S. Army and others who entered the service of the progressive Khedive with the purpose of breaking the Turkish yoke and probably replacing the Sultan by a progressive liberal ruler.

I had many opportunities to question General Sherman upon the points when attached to his staff during his visit to the Khedive Ismail in Cairo in 1872, and later in 1879–81 in New York City, but the question of the General's motives had not then arisen and it was assumed to be simply a friendly service to Confederate and Federals, old friends or classmates. His motives were more than these.

In order to discover, if possible, some writing of General Sherman on the subject (although it was scarcely probable) I wrote the Adjutant-General officer in 1903, but received nothing new: "General Sherman," it was replied, "approved without comment the request for leave (for one year). Some of the officers applied for leaves of absence stating their intention to enter the Egyptian service, if their leaves were granted, but the leaves were granted

officers who returned to America from Egypt in 1879, and set about writing a book.[1]

General Loring and I were dining by invitation one night with General George B. McClellan at his residence in Washington Square. During the dinner General McClellan turned to me and said :—

"I was in Cairo in November, 1874, and in private audience with the Khedive when General Gordon's despatches were received, announcing the complete success of your mission. The Khedive was greatly elated, read me the de-

in the usual way upon the approval of the intermediate commanders and General Sherman."

This manifestly unwilling confession establishes indisputably that the American Military Mission to Egypt was a regularly constituted Military Mission. It was official because nine or ten officers of the regular army of the United States were accorded leaves for one year for the avowed purpose of service in the Egyptian Army upon the recommendation of the General-in-Chief.

In any army in the world, in which nepotism had not crept to such a degree as to threaten seriously its *morale*, there would be prompt recognition of the service of this American Military Mission to Egypt, which in Egypt and Africa has reflected honour and distinction upon the American soldier and the American name.

In 1910 the author addressed a letter to M. P. Tecumseh Sherman, counsellor-at-law, son of General Sherman, requesting communication of any notes relating to the Mission in Egypt. Mr. Sherman courteously replied enclosing me copies of two letters from General Sherman to his mother, dated March 24th and 31st, 1872, from Egypt, but containing nothing pertinent to my purpose. But Mr. Sherman, referring to his father's letter-books which were stored and inaccessible, added : "I think that these letters would show that my father made subsequent recommendations to the Egyptian service at the request of the Khedive through General Stone. The letter of General Gordon to which you refer I do not recall, but it may have been regarded as semi-official and given into the records of the War Department."

[1] *A Confederate Soldier in Egypt.* Loring.

spatches, and shaking my hand vigorously, congratulated and thanked me heartily for your distinguished achievement, and said that you had accomplished more on your simple pay as an officer than those who had cost him millions.[1] He promised me he would take good care of your future. Did the Khedive keep his promise?" "Alas! General," I replied, "Ismail was dethroned in 1879, but he managed to get away with *three million pounds sterling*. Ismail not only neglected to keep his promise, but even withheld, because of the financial crisis, the military pension to which I was entitled." I then told the General of the warning of Hakkekyan Bey, a warning given me in the presence of General Loring, and which I have recounted in the commencement of this book.

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains *en route* to England, sent me their cards one day, and I had a pleasant chat with them at the Gilsey House in New York. We had many things to say, for I had not seen Sir Samuel since his return from the Soudan in 1873.

During my studies at Columbia I received a communication from Madame Mirzan, of Alexandria, Egypt, praying me most pathetically to save the life of her husband, who had been tried by the U.S. Consular Court for murder, convicted June 12th, 1880, and sentenced by that court to be hanged in October of that year.

[1] *Egypt and Abyssinia.* Mac E. Dye, p. 80.

From my seat in the class, I begged Professor Dwight for permission to read the letter and submit a point which might prove interesting to the class, and at the same time elicit his opinion.

Stephen Mirzan and his wife were personally known to me. He was by birth a Smyrniote, but an American citizen, having served in the U.S. Volunteer army during the Civil War. Some time before, Mirzan had shot and killed in Alexandria Dahan, a Levantine. He was arrested, tried by a consular court, of which Mr. Horace Maynard, U.S. Minister to Constantinople, was president, and the members, the U.S. Consul-General to Egypt, and the deputy U.S. Consul-General. The court, it should be added, was convened by authority of "Section 4083, Revised Statutes Judicial Functions in Semi-Civilized Lands." No premeditation was shown, and the shot was fired as the result of an angry dispute. Mirzan was convicted by this court of murder in the first degree, and was actually in the prison at Albany under sentence of death.

Articles 5 and 6 of the U.S. Constitution, I submitted, hold that all persons accused of crime shall be tried by a jury of twelve. There was no jury in Mirzan's case, and thus there was manifest violation of the spirit and letter of the Constitution. The point was, was not the Constitution superior to the statute, and if so, was there not sufficient reason to invoke the inviolability of the Constitution?

President Dwight declared that there was reason to appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. The Supreme Court not being in session, appeal was made by my friend, Clarence Cary, to the President, with the result that Mirzan's sentence was commuted to imprisonment, and finally he was pardoned and liberated.

In the winter of 1880 my beloved father, stricken with paralysis, died at the advanced age of eighty-four years, esteemed and revered by the people of Princess Anne, where he had spent his peaceful life.

I graduated in the class of '80 of the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to practice in the Supreme and District Courts of New York and in the Supreme Court of the United States.

On the invitation of my friend the Hon. Aaron J. Vanderpoel, president of the New York Law University, I delivered an address before the University on the subject of the "International Tribunals of Egypt."

Subsequently, in October, 1881, when the term of four years, for which I had been appointed as chief clerk of the police-courts of New York, had expired, I resigned, and prepared to return to Egypt to undertake the practice of the law in the International Tribunals in Alexandria and Cairo.

CHAPTER XII

I ARRIVED in Alexandria on the afternoon of December 31st (1881) in time to take the night train for Cairo. The following morning, January 1st (1882), I appeared at the Abdin Palace, where, at an early hour, six o'clock, the Khedive, according to custom, received the Diplomatic Corps, the army and navy, civil functionaries, and private citizens. My presence, unannounced, created a flutter of surprise among Europeans as well as Arabs. When my visit was reported to the Khedive Thewfik, he accorded me the unusual honour of being received before the Diplomatic Corps, an incident which gave special significance to my arrival, and the suspicion that I had been charged with some special mission seemed confirmed by the favour conferred. The reader will understand that at this juncture the situation of the Khedive Thewfik was both painful and humiliating. Arabi Pasha, with the military in revolt, was manifestly the undisputed master of the situation. Neither the French nor English commissioners, although clothed with ample authority, would interfere to protect the Khedive from the

audacious encroachments of the rebel element upon the Khedivial authority. France, in fact, had already disavowed her agent, the Baron de Ring, who held the key to the situation and possessed the entire confidence of Arabi.

The French Commissioner of Finances[1] represented the interests of the French bondholders only, and his co-operation with his British colleague is thus explained. The traditions and commerical interests of France for a century were, in fact, considered of less value than the interests of the group of French holders of Egyptian bonds. . . .

The rebel Ministry was composed as follows: Arabi, Minister of War; Mahmoud Sami, President of the Council; Abd-el-Al, Ali Fehmy, Mahmoud Fehmy, and Mustapha Pasha Fehmy. Just how the latter, who had made himself prominent as a devoted partisan of the execrated Ismail, should be *persona gratissima* in this rebel Ministry, is one of those enigmas which may not be solved.

Thewfik, with whom I had been intimate as Prince, greeted me most cordially as Khedive. He took my hand and placed me beside him on the divan; he was delighted to welcome me back and hoped I had come to remain. Would I care to return to the Soudan? And then the Khedive,

[1] *Origines de l'Occupation Anglaise de l'Egypte.* M. Aristide Gavillot, Conférence Société Normande de Géographie, Rouen, 14th November, 1893.

manifestly unstrung, told me of the humiliations to which he had been subjected by the rebel Ministry, and complained that he had been abandoned by Europe. "Come and see me often," said the Khedive; "I have much to say to you." He arose, and accompanying me to the door returned my greetings of the New Year, and I left him.

The Consular and Diplomatic Corps stood without the door as I passed out, and greeted me with cordiality, for I was known to almost all of them personally. Returning to my hotel, I found a number of Arab officers of the Staff, and those who had served in my command on the east coast, assembled to welcome my return to Egypt. General Stone, whom I had left at the Palace, was announced.

When I had left Egypt in 1877 Stone and I were very unfriendly. He embraced me now with effusion, and alluding to his former attitude, which, in fact, had deprived me of my pension, he promised to repair the acknowledged injustice. "The Khedive," said Stone, "is virtually a prisoner to the Arab Ministry. The situation is critical. The Khedive wishes to know if you will raise and command, for an emergency, a troop of five hundred or more old soldiers, Europeans here and in Alexandria, for his special guard." I promised him I would attempt it.

On January 25th Mahmoud Sami proposed to me, through a general officer, that in order to

divert the attention of the British from Egypt, it would be well to provoke an insurrection among the Moslem population of India. Would I undertake the mission ? I could be made a brigadier-general, and my rehabilitation would give me claim for back pay without regard to the Law of Liquidation. I replied : " General, you may tell Mahmoud Sami, in the words of Racine : ' *Que je n'ai merité ni cet excès d'honneur ni cette indignité.*' " I advised Mahmoud's messenger to have nothing to do with suggestions of such a nature.

The reply was made that there were a number of British officers from India in Egypt, apparently on sick leave, but who were engaged in secret-service work. This fact was well known to the President of the Council of Ministers, and the proposition made to me was in the nature of a *contre-coup.*

At a meeting of the Société Khédiviale de Géographie du Caire the author was elected, *viva voce*, honorary member of the société.

The Khedive and the Chief-of-the-Staff of the Army as well appeared exceedingly anxious to have me re-enter the Egyptian Army, but at this time the Khedive's wishes were little heeded by the rebel Ministry. Nevertheless, General S. wrote the following note to the U.S. Consul-General :—

"CAIRO, MINISTRY OF WAR,
"*March 25th*, 1882.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Although it is past noon yet the Minister (Arabi) has not yet arrived at the War Office, and I fear he will not come. Therefore, in your call on him this afternoon, you had best speak of the place which could be opened for L. in the Soudan, viz. to be made inspector-general of the troops, and at the same time inspector-general of the service for the suppression of the slave-trade in the Soudan. Thus an economy would be made of one Pasha, and the two services would work well in one capable hand.

"Should I see him before you do, I shall make this proposition.

"Yours sincerely,

"CHAS. P. STONE."

I had been duly inscribed on the *tableau d'avocats*, or roll of lawyers, in the International Tribunals, and formed a partnership with M. Paul Giraud, a lawyer of talent and a friend of many years. Business being dull, I concluded to undertake a shooting expedition in the Thebaid. A client, a Syrian merchant, M. Habeeb Naggiar, placed at my disposal a diabiah (Nile boat), which M. Alexander, the agent of Cook's steamers, promised should be towed at will by his steamers carrying the mails from Cairo to Luxor. M. Naggiar would accompany me and act as the conductor.

A few days before departure I made the acquaintance at the *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Royal in Cairo of two gentlemen, who were discussing the subject of Indians in America. One of the disputants was French, the other I took to be an English lord, such was his distinguished mien. The Frenchman proved to be M. François Lamothe, an editor of the important Parisian journal *Le Temps;* the English lord was Mr. Frederick Cope Whitehouse,[1] a civil engineer, the son of Bishop Whitehouse, an American. Incidentally I spoke of my projected visit to the Thebaid and invited them to go with me. M. Lamothe accepted promptly. M. Lamothe had been charged by M. Freycinet, President of the Council of Ministers in France, to discover a *National Party* in Egypt.

Life in a diabiah on the Nile is the ideal realization of repose. At Luxor we parted company with the steamer, which had towed us rapidly, and we transferred our effects to the Hôtel du Luxor. The winter guests had already gone, and although the hotel had been closed, Naggiar secured the key and placed us in possession.

[1] Mr. Cope Whitehouse, with remarkable ability and energy, had explored a vast depression in the Fayoum which he claimed had served as a reservoir during centuries prior to the Greek occupation of Egypt. The *Ain Raiyan* was marked on all maps as a station on the road to the "Little Oasis." Mr. Cope Whitehouse claimed that to the cultivated area of the Delta and the Mediterranean there could be added 2,000,000 acres. The value of the project he estimated roughly at $500,000,000.

I had a letter from the U.S. Consulate at Cairo, recommending me to the care and courtesies of the U.S. Consul at Luxor, Ali Mourad. The Consul was proud of the distinction and proceeded to show us all attention.

During the early morning we hunted quail in the wheat and *bersim* (clover) fields on the east bank of the Nile. In the afternoon, after the heat had passed and the siesta was finished, we sought distraction in the labyrinths of the Necropolis in the Biban-el-Molouk, situated west of the plains of the Medinet-el-Abou, where stand the statues of Memnon. At night we sat in the bright moonlight on the piazza and listened to Arab tales told us by Ali Mourad, or, under his guidance, we wandered among the ruins of Karnak and along the avenue of the Sphinxes, and gazed in wonder and awe at the grandeur and glory of a past written in stone.

When the moon had run its course and we could no longer continue our rambles, Ali Mourad organized a *robab*, or dance, of the celebrated Ghawazee or Almèe dancing-girls, who, driven from Cairo, have made for many years their head-quarters between Keneh and Luxor.

My friend Lamothe, though charmed by our sojourn at Luxor, was obliged to leave, and returned by a passing mail steamer ten days after our arrival.

A month had passed, and, notwithstanding the heat, which was growing intolerable, I still

lingered, loth to quit the quiet and seclusion of this ideal country. One day there was bad news from Cairo, and evidence of discontent and ill-humour, indeed, against the foreigners on the part of the villagers of Luxor.

Ali Mourad came to me and said: "*Ya Bey, Ana hyief allashanak*" ("Your Excellency, I am afraid on your account"). "I think it is time for you to return to Cairo. Arabi is enrolling the people as soldiers, there is bad feeling towards Christians." "*Sahiah?*" ("True?") I asked. "Sahiah!" replied Ali sadly. The next morning we took the passing mail steamer, bade Ali adieu, and returned to Cairo.

At Siout we left the steamer to take the train, which was crowded to overflow with the levy of recruits for Arabi. At nine o'clock of May 31st we arrived in Cairo. The station was deserted by the usual boisterous *arbagee* and howling *homarah* which was ominous. Followed by Ali, my servant, we set out in the darkness to walk to the Hotel Royal. Naggiar, I have neglected to state, had remained in Upper Egypt to arrange some business in which he was interested, and would follow later on. The streets were deserted, and, arrived at the hotel, we found the door barricaded and the hotel apparently tenantless. The inmates, however, were only using extra precautions against surprise, and finally, persuaded that we were trustworthy, the *bawab* admitted us. I was told that a reign

of terror existed in the city, and that a number of Europeans had been murdered in their homes. The European and Christian population, paralysed with fear, were preparing for flight.

The following morning I paid my respects to the Khedive at Abdin. After inquiries as to my visit to the Thebaid, Thewfik informed me that the situation was worse, and that he was virtually a prisoner in his Palace. He reminded me of the proposed organization of the guard which I was to command, and he suggested that the moment had come to undertake it. I promised him that I would do so that very day. The recruitment was necessarily secret and slow, but there was a ready response on the part of my friends, and there was a probability of attaining the object sought.

In the interval, the Diplomatic and Consular Corps were seriously impressed with the gravity of the situation, and all save Sir Edward Malet, the British representative, treated it seriously. Sir Edward entertained frequently at Shepherd's Hotel, where he resided. Among his invited guests were General Goldschmidt, of the British Army, Mr. and Mme. Lee-Childe, Daninos Pasha, Count and Countess Della Sala, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Sir William and Lady Gregory.

Such was the condition of affairs on June 10th, 1882. On the 11th, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came the news from Alexandria of the massacre of Christians. Four hundred Euro-

peans, Syrians, Armenians, and Greeks were attacked on a preconcerted signal by an armed mob, on the Place Mohammed-Ali, and mercilessly butchered, the police and soldiery aiding and abetting the attack. The report created a panic and flight of Europeans from Cairo to Alexandria and Port Said and thence to Europe.

The Consuls in Cairo issued a proclamation counselling their protégés not to tarry in Cairo, but seek the sea coast for safety. This proclamation, needless to add, provoked a general exodus, and stopped all efforts to recruit the promised battalion for the Khedive.

The U.S. Consuls and Consular Agents, following the action of their chief, abandoned their posts and fled to Europe. The American citizens and protégés of Alexandria and Cairo, thus deserted, demanded protection, and the State Department was advised by them by cable that I had been requested to accept the provisional charge of the Consulate in Egypt. I proceeded to Alexandria on the 14th to assume charge, and first called upon the American Associate-Justice of the Court of Appeals of the International Tribunals in Alexandria, the Hon. Victor C. Barringer, to learn the condition of affairs in the abandoned colony.

"You will find the U.S. Consular Agent," said the Judge, "on board of a steamer in the outer harbour, which he has chartered to take himself and family to Europe. I pleaded with

ALEXANDRIA

him in vain to remain. 'Your desertion,' I said, 'is shameless and scandalous, and the arm of my Government is sufficiently long to reach you wherever you may go.'"

With the view of re-entering the Egyptian Army with the rank of brigadier-general, which Thewfik Khedive would have me accept, I sought the fugitive Consul and endeavoured to persuade him to remain. The man, however, was deaf to all arguments. "My life and the lives of my family are more to me than honour. The Consulate, besides," he added, "has cost me money. I owe the country nothing, and I am off." He went, and stood not upon the order of his going. In the presence of such a situation I could hesitate no longer, the sacrifice of my personal interests was inevitable.

I assumed direction of the U.S. Consulate on the following morning, June 15th, and in my capacity as Acting U.S. Consul called upon Rear-Admiral J. W. A. Nicholson, commanding the U.S. naval forces in the Mediterranean; the Admiral being in port with the vessels of war *Lancaster*, *Galena*, *Nipsic*, and *Quinnebaug*. The fleets of other nations were likewise in the port of Alexandria to protect their subjects and protégés now threatened with danger.

The Consular and Diplomatic representatives of the Powers had contributed in a great measure to the reign of terror which followed the massacre of June 11th. They issued a proclamation to

their protégés, signed collectively, bidding them "to disarm, avoid all strife, and remain at home." A singular anodyne, indeed, in which they manifested but little faith themselves, for several of the signers, and among these the U.S. Consular Agent, hastened to seek the protection of their vessels of war in port or to fly to Europe. The result of the proclamation was to accelerate the flight of the terror-stricken populace. If, on the contrary, the Consuls had advised their protégés to arm for common defence, the revolt might have been stayed or nipped in the bud.

General Gordon, criticizing the conduct of his own country in that affair later on, said :—

"One day you will groan when you hear of Tel-el-Kebir, and, I think, of all the pusillanimous businesses which happened in 1882, the flight of the Europeans from Alexandria before the wretched fellaheen troops was the worst. Why, had they barricaded their streets, they would have held Alexandria against 50,000 of these poor things" (fellah soldiers).

In the interval between June 15th and July 11th, the day of the bombardment, the U.S. Consulate was a refuge, not only for Americans, but great numbers of Syrians and Armenian Christians and Levantine Jews, *riahs*, or subjects of Turkey, wholly unprotected.

On July 3rd Admiral Nicholson informed me that on the morrow he would dress ship and fire the customary salute in commemoration of the

declaration of American Independence. After the information had been communicated to my colleagues and the Khedivial Government, Thewfik Khedive sent me his Master of Ceremonies that I should suggest to the Admiral that "the firing might provoke a conflict, and that the Arabs might run away." "Well," I said to Tonino, "don't you think that at this moment it would be a good thing if the natives did run away?"

The following day, whilst engaged in the private room of the Consulate, receiving the deposition of Judge Barringer relating to his household goods, valuables, etc., which he proposed to leave in his house during his absence in Europe, the door opened and Judge X entered. X had been Consul-General, but finding the office of judge in the International Courts more remunerative, he caused himself, with the help of the chief clerk of the State Department, to be appointed in the Courts of First Instance. X was an aspirant for Judge Barringer's place, and in order to attain that object he was zealously engaged in writing letters to the State Department denouncing his hierarchical chief, all of which, it appears, was well known to Judge Barringer.

X took a seat, and quite unabashed at his cool reception, insisted upon opening up a discussion of the Egyptian situation, to which Judge Barringer demurred in vain. Finally, the latter, unable longer to contain his feelings, rose, and

said: "X, you have traduced me at the Department of State," and before I could interfere he struck X over the head with his stout umbrella, and in the scuffle which ensued X fell, or was knocked down, and kicked. He recovered, however, and fled from the room, locking the door to prevent pursuit. The Judge apologized, and, reaching the door, paused an instant and said: "Colonel, don't tell Maria!" The voice and gesture which accompanied the supplication were inexpressibly grotesque, and when the old gentleman had gone I gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

On the night of July 9th the British Consul came in person to deliver to me an official communication in which his Government expressed the desire that all citizens and protégés of the United States should be embarked within the twenty-four hours succeeding.

From the American admiral I received, on the morning of the 10th, the following:—

"U.S. Flagship *Lancaster*,
"*July 10th*, 1882.

"SIR,

"Hostilities may possibly break out between Her Britannic Majesty's forces now in the harbour and the Egyptian authorities within the twenty-four hours from 4 a.m. of this day. You will please notify all persons who are desirous of and entitled to the protection of the American flag to repair on board of the ships under my command. "J. W. A. NICHOLSON."

Judge X was one of the first to quit the city and seek refuge on the American ships. "What have you in your grip?" asked the Admiral, as he espied the Judge on going aboard. "Scarabees," replied the latter. "How much the value?" "Fifty thousand pounds," replied the Judge. "Hold!" cried the Admiral, "I must apply the tax." "In that case," rejoined X, "they are not worth anything at all—*they are bogus!*"

The American missionaries, their families and servants, perhaps fifty persons, were all who were strictly entitled to the protection of the American flag, but the Admiral had already accorded hospitality to perhaps 800 or more refugees, Christians and Jews, who had sought refuge at the American Consulate and who had been received by the Admiral on my request. Neither the Admiral, I should remark, nor Fleet-Captain Gherardi believed that Alexandria would be bombarded, but I finally convinced the Admiral of the necessity of accepting the refugees, because, Christians or Jews, they were unprotected and were exposed to massacre by the fanatics, who would ultimately have complete control of the city.

On July 10th, at noon, Alexandria was apparently abandoned by all its foreign inhabitants. The Consular and Diplomatic representatives, with their personnel and archives, had repaired on board their respective vessels of war the

evening before. The U.S. Consulate alone remained open. MM. Dadour, Filus, and Latad were Levantine residents of Alexandria, who had rendered valuable clerical services to the Consul, but, worn out by fatigue and mental strain, they begged to be relieved and went on shipboard. MM. Paul Chaix and François Lamotte were old friends, and veteran soldiers of the French Army. They gladly volunteered their services and remained until the last moment, and accompanied me finally as guests of the Admiral. Ali, the janissary, was faithful and devoted, but the increasing turbulent element which surged into the doomed city had a most depressing influence upon him.

The janissary is a most important factor in the affairs of the Consular service in the Orient, and represents the police authority and possesses privileges established by the treaties. The uniform is of any coloured cloth, profusely ornamented by gold braid in arabesques, and the fez, or turban, is gold-embroidered. A gold belt, scimitar, and a formidable pair of pistols, attest his functions and authority.

Ali informed me that the Austrian Consulate had left behind in the Arab quarter a number of Hungarian girls, members of a musical association. I ordered him to proceed thither and bring them to the Consulate, whence they were sent, under guard, on board the U.S. vessels. They had been overlooked in the hurried departure

of the Austrian Consulate, and they would have been inevitably massacred but for Ali's timely report.

An hour later a train, laden with Europeans of every nationality—men, women, and children—arrived from Cairo with a safe conduct from Arabi Pasha. They were taken to the Consulate, whence I sent them to our ships. It was fortunate that the U.S. Consulate had remained on shore, else the refugees[1] had inevitably fallen victims to the frenzied fanatics that now filled the streets, intent upon pillage and murder.

Admiral Nicholson, rendered anxious by the report of this last batch of refugees, sent an officer with a strong guard to request the Consul "to close his Consulate without further delay and go aboard," Accordingly, accompanied by Chaix, Lamotte, and Ali, I went on board the *Lancaster*, whence, by special request of Captain Whitehead and Lieutenant-Commander Barber, I proceeded to the *Quinnebaug* as their guest, as had been previously arranged.

[1] Major Paul Orillat, a French citizen, then an officer of the Egyptian service, with his wife and children was on this train of refugees and they with others were taken to the American ships. Orillat wrote the author :—

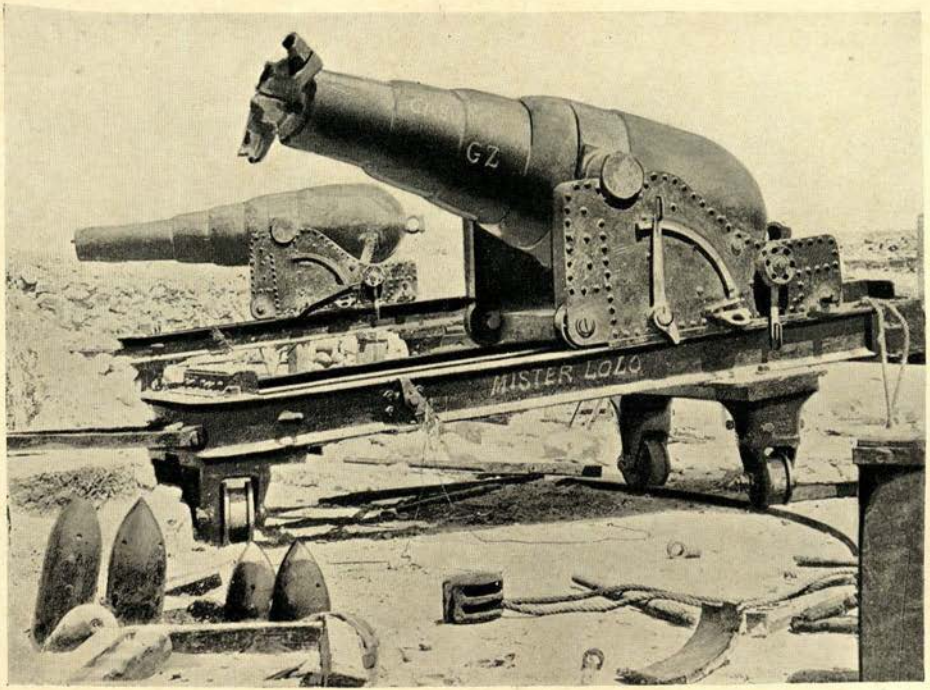
"I recall the exceptional service which you rendered my family as well as a great number of French who, like me, waited until the last moment to leave a country where each abandoned his interests, position, and fortune to the mercy of a horde of fanatics. I should say, without exaggeration, that all those who profited by your hospitality that you offered them on the American man-of-war placed at your disposal, *owe their lives to you*, for 24 hours later the unfortunates who remained on shore were assassinated and their bodies thrown into the sea. . . ."

The American vessels were already slowly moving out of port to take position outside and beyond the line of fire, whilst the British fleet was preparing for action.

It was sundown when the French fleet, Admiral Conrad commanding, acting under orders from his Government, passed, saluted, and steamed away to Port Said. The French refugees, guests of the American ships, were stupefied and grieved at this absurd abandonment by France of the traditions of a hundred years, to say nothing of her commercial interests.

At seven o'clock on the morning of July 11th (1882), the heavy boom of a shot from the British ship *Alexandra* came in response to Admiral Seymour's signal from the *Invincible :* "Attack the enemy's batteries." Answer came in the form of a round shot that passed over the bow of the *Inflexible.* From this moment an avalanche of shrieking, bursting shell vied with the roar and wobble of heavy projectiles from the fleet, which rent the air with deafening noise. Belching flame and smoke, the ships were soon so enveloped as to be discerned only by the lurid flash as it darted from the ironsides of the monsters. Sir Beauchamp Seymour, in his report of the action, says :—

"A steady fire was maintained on all sides until 10.30 a.m., when the *Sultan, Superb,* and *Alexandra,* which were under way, anchored off the Lighthouse Fort, and by their well-directed fire,



RIFLED GUNS IN OOM-EL-KABEBE

assisted by that of the *Inflexible*, which weighed and joined them at 12.30 p.m., succeeded in silencing most of the guns in the forts on Ras-el-Tin; still, some heavy guns in Fort Ada kept up a desultory fire. About 1.30 p.m. a shell from the *Superb*, whose practice was very good, blew up the magazine and caused the retreat of the remaining garrison."

From the deck of the *Quinnebaug* we witnessed close by and just beyond the line of fire of the Arab batteries the fight of the *Condor*, commanded by the gallant Lord Charles Beresford, whose steady fire raked the enemy from the parapets and provoked Admiral Seymour's signal: "Well done, *Condor!*" This incident, and the landing of Lieutenant-Commander Barton Bradford of the *Invincible*, who destroyed with gun-cotton two ten-inch rifle guns in the Mex battery, were the chief events of that day.

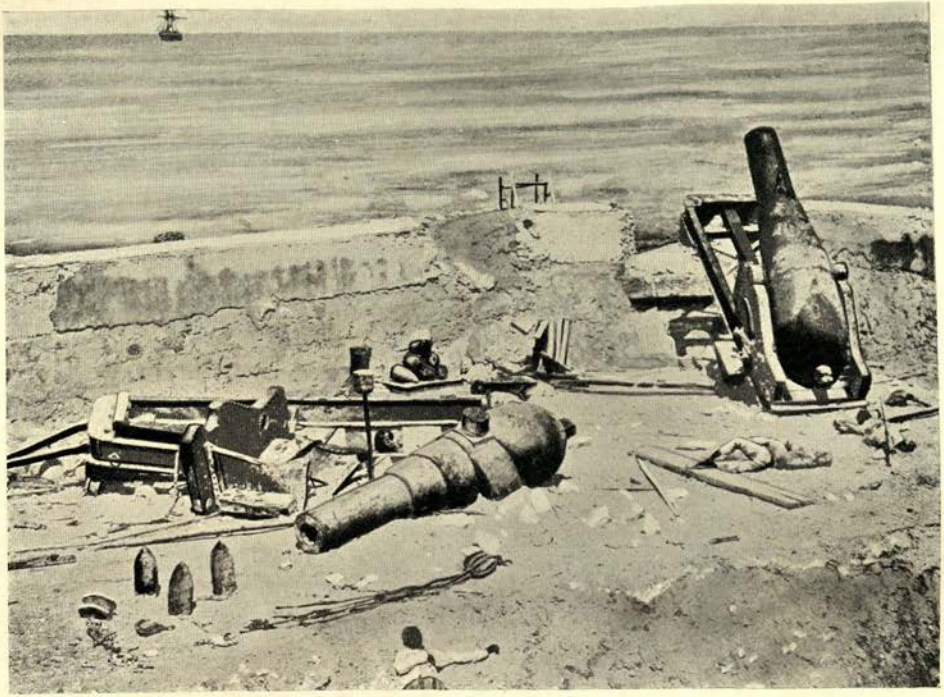
CHAPTER XIII

THE casualties to the British fleet were six killed and twenty-seven wounded. On the morning of the 12th the flags of the British squadron were placed at half-mast, and a despatch boat went to sea to bury the dead.

A white flag on Ras-el-Tin and other forts announced the surrender and the conclusion of the unequal contest. *But to the surprise of the commanders of the foreign fleets, anxious to debark their refugees, the British admiral manifested no intention of landing troops to occupy the city.*[1]

On the night of the 12th dense columns of smoke disclosed the fact that the city was afire at several points. At midnight the spectacle was appalling. The reflection from the blaze reddened the very vault of heaven, whilst, from the blackness below, the flames now and then shot upwards with the roar of a cannon, accompanied by the crash of tumbling minaret and mosque. The reflection of light was projected across the harbour and danced against the enemy's ships' sides, forming a thousand

[1] Sir Samuel Baker frankly declared that Sir Beauchamp's orders from Downing Street were peremptory *not to land*, which was significant.



INTERIOR VIEW OF NORTHERN BASTION OF THE LIGHTHOUSE FORT

fantastic figures. The refugees, half crazed at the spectacle, were gathered on the decks of the vessels, and, helpless, beheld the destruction of their property, or saw, in imagination, a similar fate befall their homes in Cairo.

The intention of the British to leave the city to its fate was clearly manifest to all. I determined to go ashore, learn the condition of affairs in the city, extinguish the fires, and re-establish my Consulate. Captain Whitehead, the commander of the *Quinnebaug*, to whom I communicated my project, refused promptly my request for a boat because of the danger. It was not yet dawn of the 13th when I espied a small boat passing near the ship and requested the sentry to hail him. The sentry hailed him "Qui vive?"[1] at the same time covering the boatman with his rifle, which brought him promptly alongside. It was the work of an instant to press the man in service, and a gold piece proved a talisman to quiet his fears. With Ali and myself went M. G., correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, the guest of Captain Whitehead. It was not yet daydawn when we shoved off in silence, and without the knowledge of the commander, in deference to his scruples.

As we passed the British ship *Helicon*, flying Sir Beauchamp's flag, the officer of the deck

[1] The sentry's challenge caused me to turn to him and say, "Vous êtes de *Montmartre?*" "Oui, mon Colonel, à votre service."

hailed: "Who goes there?" "Stand up, Ali," I said, and show him your uniform and flag. "The American Consul," I replied, and pointing cityward, said: "The city has surrendered; I am returning to re-establish my Consulate and extinguish the fires. Why won't you come along, Mr. Officer?" The astonished officer disappeared to report to Sir Beauchamp, and reappearing almost immediately, said: "Mr. Consul, I want to warn you that the rebels have laid torpedoes in the inner harbour." "Thank you, Mr. Officer," I replied. "Don't you believe it. I know they tried to put them down, but, having no key to the system, the torpedoes were never laid!"

Our boatman, under my direction, laid his course for the steps of Ras-el-Tin Palace, whence I proposed to go to Fort Pharos. The man, I should add, was a Greek with a slight knowledge of French and Italian—a looter, whose boat was even then half filled with articles stolen from the stores on the wharves, and even from the Palace, a fact made apparent from the cases of wine which bore the address of "Ras-el-Tin." I was not disposed for the moment to discuss the point with the brigand, but purchased several bottles of Chambertin for the modest sum of one franc per bottle, for which the Khedive had doubtless paid forty francs. Our Greek boatman was evidently not an Athenian. . . . Arrived at the Palace, I left M. G. with Ali, with the recom-

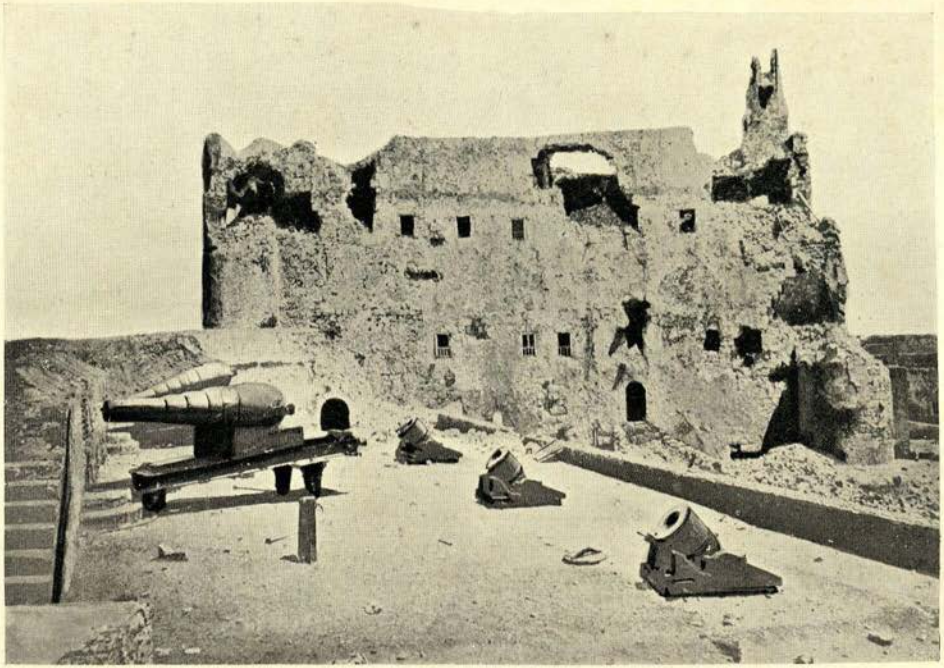
mendation to await my return, and passing quickly up the steps and through the gateway, I covered the five hundred yards between Palace and fort at the double quick, the road being strewn with ghastly bodies, and the débris of flight under heavy fire. In the fort the stench from the dead was stifling, the sight ghastly and beyond description, and I held my breath whilst I rapidly estimated the number at four hundred. The lighthouse had been badly battered. The Armstrong forty-pounders had been smashed and knocked about, some of them dismounted, others thrown backwards; their muzzles in air, they seemed like dogs on their haunches baying the moon. One there was, its carriage completely crushed, which had toppled over and caught beneath its ponderous weight the bodies of ten or more soldiers. I gasped for breath as I turned to go, and fled from the pest-house and quickly back to the Palace, expecting at each step a shot from the forts or the fleet.

From the Palace we hastened to the Marina and Customs, before which was a veritable flotilla of fishermen's boats, moored where left by their owners, who had fled. The scene here was awful and defies description. In the sea were a great number of ghastly bodies of men, women, and children—swollen and inflated with gas, black with corruption. They had been murdered and flung into the sea. These unfortunates were mostly Levantine Jews, who, refusing to abandon

their homes and treasures, had hidden in the cellars of their houses, and, driven therefrom by the fires, had been slain by the marauders as they emerged.

As we reached the wharf the heat from the burning city was insupportable. The roar of the flames and the crash of falling buildings rendered the scene intensely dramatic. I crossed the deserted quay, and under cover of a corner stopped to discover, if possible, some sign of life. The wind would occasionally sweep away the thick curtain of smoke, and finally I saw a number of wretches engaged in their work of pillage and destruction. One of these, his arms filled with booty, came running towards the place where I stood, with the evident design of getting away with the plunder. As he attempted to pass my hiding-place, I extended my foot, he stumbled. In an instant I was on the fellow's back, my revolver pressed to his head. "Where are Arabi Pasha and the army?" I asked in Arabic. He told me, after protestations and appeals for mercy, that Arabi had abandoned Alexandria, and the army was posted along the Mahmoudieh Canal and towards Kafr-el-Dawar. Satisfied that the man had told the truth, I gave him a rude punch with my pistol and bade him begone, an invitation he obeyed with alacrity.

Having achieved the object of my visit I returned to our boat, and, with my companions, turned in the direction of the *Chiltern*, the



FORT PHAROS. 8-IN. GUN BATTERY
CONDITION OF WEST FACE OF KEEP AFTER BOMBARDMENT

telegraph ship, to afford M. G. an opportunity to send despatches to London. On the way, we perceived a boat returning from the Palace. We passed quite near and noticed a quantity of articles—silk curtains, etc.—which had been taken from the Palace; our Greek boatman was not alone in the business. The run to the *Chiltern* was made successfully, though with difficulty because of the high sea. Returning, we laid the boat on a straight course for the *Lancaster*, from which Admiral Nicholson was signalling to come on board, the British admiral having already informed him of my visit to the city.

I reported to Admiral Nicholson that Alexandria, abandoned by the rebel army, was in the hands of a mob, and was being pillaged and destroyed, but the city might be saved and the fires extinguished. "I ask, Admiral, that you will place a sufficient force at my disposal for this purpose and to re-establish my Consulate." The Admiral acquiesced, and ordered immediately a detachment of one hundred and fifty sailors and marines to prepare to land; at the same time, he directed that the vessels under his command proceed at once into the inner port to facilitate the debarkment.

Whilst these preparations were in process of execution, I returned to the *Quinnebaug* for repairs in the shape of food and a change of linen. As we went on board we found the

crew lined up, and they greeted us with rousing cheers, whilst the officers expressed their cordial congratulations.

After a bath and lunch with Lieutenant-Commander Barber and the wardroom mess, we again left the ship to join the detachment from the *Lancaster*. This time Captain Whitehead set us ashore in his gig, which enabled us to dispense with the services of our Greek.

The landing of the American detachment finally forced the hand of the British admiral, who, during the afternoon signalled Admiral Nicholson that he proposed to send a detachment on shore that day. Late in the afternoon, for a fact, a party of bluejackets landed with a Gatling gun and occupied the Marina, *but did not attempt to enter the city.*

I was returning from the Place des Consuls, where, accompanied by G. and Ali, we had found our way through the burning débris, when we met on the quay the British party approaching the Marina. Suddenly I recognized Mustapha Bey, the prefect of police (the successor of Saïd Khandil). "Who is he?" said G. "The Prefect of Police," I replied. "The devil he is!" said G., and before I could divine his intention, he leapt forward, exclaiming: "Soldiers, you have before you the infamous Prefect of Police of the 11th of June." In an instant twenty rifles were raised. "Halt!" I cried; "this is not Khandil, but his successor, with a message from the

Khedive." As the rifles were lowered, Mustapha sank back on the stone bench of the Marina overcome with emotion. . . .

Mustapha, indeed, had come from the Khedive to announce to Admiral Seymour that he was leaving the "Palace of Mustapha," at Ramleh, to occupy the Palace of Ras-el-Tin, under the protection of the foreign fleet. The Prefect said that the debarkment of the American Consul in the early morning had been taken to mean a general debarkment of the British. The panic that ensued among the marauders in the city had communicated to Arabi's troops, and especially to the cavalry, which had already surrounded the Palace of Mustapha for the purpose of taking Thewfik, his harem, and court prisoners to Cairo. In the confusion consequent upon the news of a British debarkment, the cavalry was induced, on the suggestion of Dervish Pasha, the Sultan's agent, to accept a large sum of money as *baksheesh* and the jewels of the harem, which were gladly contributed. Briefly, the cavalry transferred their allegiance from Arabi to Thewfik Khedive, and was then escorting the Khedive to Ras-el-Tin. . . . Even as Mustapha spoke, the Khedivial party was seen passing rapidly, escorted by cavalry, on the way to Ras-el-Tin.

In order to reach the Palace by a short cut, I took a small boat moored to the wharf near by. In my haste I made a false movement and capsized the boat, which threw me headlong into

the sea. Ali, whom I had fortunately left on the wharf, with orders to await my return, promptly fished me out, and, the boat righted, I went on my way, but in what a plight! I had donned, a few hours before, a white linen suit *de pied en cap*, and now, what with the smoke, soot, and sea water, I was certainly not in court dress! Indeed, my appearance at the Palace may have suggested the since famous khaki uniform! As I ascended the stairway, I was met by Tonino Bey, who, overcome with excitement, exclaimed: "Come in at once, the Khedive wishes to see you." "But, my dear Tonino," I replied, "only look at my dress!" "Nonsense," said he, "the Khedive will not remark your condition nor dress," and he led me in unannounced.

Thewfik Pasha was labouring under very great excitement. I did not know then that it was not entirely due to the intense excitement to which he had been subjected at Ramleh, but that his sister was even then desperately ill from fright, from which she died that night. The Khedive burst into tears, threw his arms around me, and said: "My dear Colonel, I can never repay you for what you have done for me and my family to-day"; adding: "I hope you will soon return to my military service." I seized the occasion to inform the Khedive of the prompt action of the American admiral, that the British had confined their action to occupation of the Marina, but had not entered the city. One hundred and

sixty American sailors and marines, with two mitrailleuses, were occupying the American Consulate, and would make prodigious efforts to control and extinguish the fires. I suggested that the Khedive might appeal to the commanders-in-chief of all the foreign vessels of war in port to do likewise. . . .

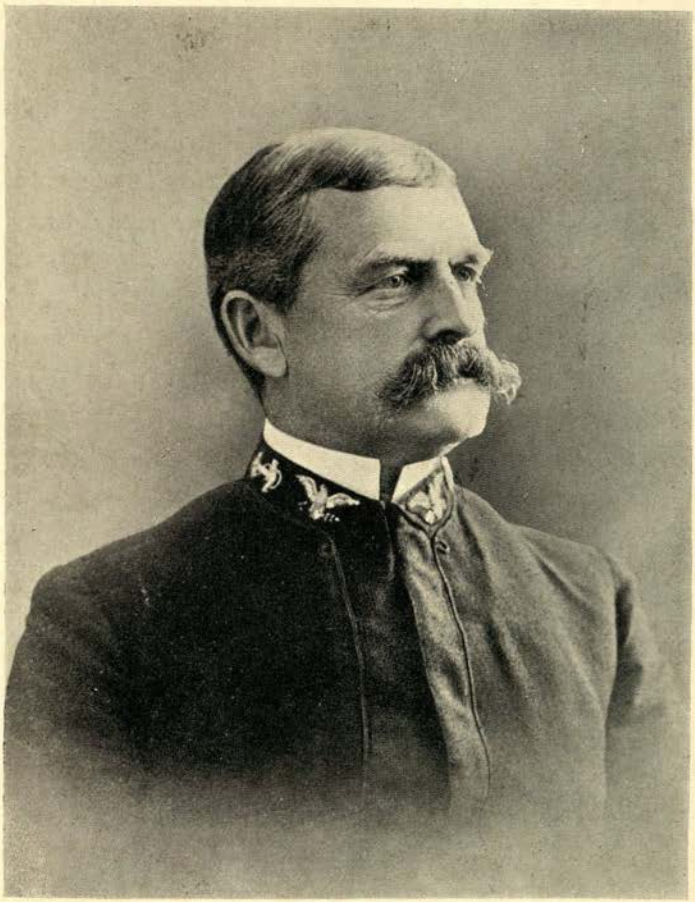
I quitted the Khedive to join Ali at the Marina, and proceeded thence to rejoin the U.S. detachment,[1] commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Caspar F. Goodrich, U.S. Navy. Arrived at the familiar Place des Consuls, I witnessed the complete destruction of the Palace Zizinia and the French Consulate, the roofs of which collapsed as we came upon the place. The place was a mass of ruins recognizable only by the statue of Mohammed-Ali, the Palace of Justice, St. Mark's Church of England, and St. Mark's building, in which was situated the U.S. Consulate. The detachment, in groping its way across the Plaza —beset by dogs and cats maddened by thirst and starvation—found two females, a Greek and an Italian, living, but frightfully mutilated. They were taken into the Consulate and given into the care of Dr. Ardouin Bey, a French citizen and resident of Alexandria, whose surgical

[1] The U.S. detachment was composed of the following officers: Lieutenant-Commander C. F. Goodrich, U.S.N., Commanding; Lieutenant-Commander C. F. Hutchins; Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Barber; and Lieutenants A. V. Wadham, Burnette, Graham; Doctors Gardiner and Anderson; Captain Cochrane; Lieutenant Denny, Waller, U.S.M.C., and others.

aid promptly applied saved the lives of the victims.

Dr. Ardouin was an old friend. He had been many years a practising physician in Alexandria, and, besides, had rendered important service in the Egyptian Quarantine and Sanitary Department of Alexandria and Suez. Dr. Ardouin was chief of the European Hospital, and, alone of all the European officials in the service, remained at his post, and refused to abandon Alexandria. He was, for a fact, the only European official who remained in the city during the scenes of fire and massacre, and his courage and devotion merited the highest praise.

The Consulate reoccupied and the U.S. flag hoisted, Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, aided by the officers aforementioned, constituted a fire brigade, which now turned its energies to the extinction of the fire which seemed to have enveloped the entire city. The St. Mark's Church and building were afire when we arrived, and were saved only by the persistent and continued efforts of the command. The night of the 13th, and throughout the 14th, the entire detachment worked with desperate energy to stay the progress of the fire, which had already attacked the most beautiful part of the city, the Rue de la Bourse and the Rue Cherif Pasha. It was not until July 15th, *thirty-six hours after the Americans,* that the British troops, with 400 sailors under the command of Lieutenant-Commander



LIEUT.-COMMANDER CASPAR F. GOODRICH, U.S.N.
JULY 11, 1882

Barton N. Bradford, R.N., entered the city and occupied the Palace of Justice. Lord Charles Beresford arrived during the day and assumed the functions of Prefect of Police; Lieutenant-Commander Barton being his deputy.

The following day the Greek, Russian, and German commanders debarked their detachments, and refugees, numbering many thousands of all nationalities. In consequence, there were many cases of disorder and looting, and the U.S. Consul was requested by the Prefect of Police to furnish to all persons who desired shelter (that is, the privilege of entering houses as a temporary residence) with a *laisser passer* and permit. This service required much labour, was onerous and fatiguing, and when continued for several days, I was obliged to address to the Consular representatives who had remained on their vessels of war a polite note inviting their attention to the fact that I was performing their functions, and suggesting the urgency of their coming on shore to assume direction of their Consulates, which, though burned, might be located in any building which they might choose.

On the night of the 16th Lord Charles Beresford came to the Consulate and informed me "that he had learned that Arabi, with 30,000 men, would attack Alexandria that night, and that he deemed it urgent to cause all Europeans to re-embark, adding that the British and the

Americans, with the latter's two machine guns, might bring up the rear."

The announcement was unexpected and incomprehensible. I replied, that aside from the fact that I thought there were armed men enough in the city to successfully resist any force Arabi might employ against it, we had come into a city which had been abandoned by the rebels; the white flag had been hoisted, and, although we were non-combatants, we were not so if the Consulate were attacked. Briefly, I told Lord Charles that re-embarking was simply impossible; that the American admiral had no more rations to feed refugees. We had come ashore to stay, and that the flag, being up, it must stay up. The building contained the Khedivial Club, which had been broken into by the Arabs. The commanding officer had placed a sentinel at the door. I thus had the pleasure of offering Lord Charles champagne and cigars whilst discussing the dramatic situation.

The Greeks, Russians, and Germans, it appears, had already been informed by Lord Charles that they should get out, and even as we spoke they passed in the night, *ratted out*, on their way to the Marina, where *they embarked.*

Notwithstanding the fact that the American commanders of the detachment agreed with me that the assumed attack was not likely, yet every disposition was made in anticipation of a desperate defence against the 30,000! The

doors and windows were thickly stuffed with mattresses and pillows, with which the streets were filled. Although the night was passed on the alert, and the Americans anxious for the attack, Arabi came not. The following day the Greeks, Russians, and Germans returned to the city.

The rebels were constantly engaged in firing the city at night, and endeavoured to destroy the water-supply, which, cut off prior to the burning of the city, had been promptly repaired by Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich.

I pause here to refer to an involuntary actor in the drama of Alexandria—Nikor the Philosopher. Nikor was a well-known character in Alexandria, where he had lived, a stoic mendicant, for many years. He had come to Alexandria from Armenia, where he had been educated by Armenian priests, who, it was said, had appropriated the money inherited from his parents, who had left him to their care. Nikor, bereft of reason, and coming to Alexandria, had lived in the streets on the contributions of the charitable. He was accustomed to ask a simple piastre, *courant* (about 2½ cents), and would never accept more or less. Clothed in an old grey overcoat, trousers cut off at the knees, bare feet and head, Nikor won the sobriquet of *The Philosopher*. It was said, by those who knew his story (for he was never known to speak to a person in Alexandria), that he was learned, had studied the classics, and affected the principles of the

Stoics of Zeno. He carried, habitually, a stone weighing about ten pounds, which served him as a pillow at night. He disappeared before the bombardment, but immediately on our arrival, Ali discovered him hid under the statue of Mohammed-Ali, almost starved. Nikor was brought to the Consulate and fed by the guard. He no longer carried the philosopher's stone! What metamorphosis had caused the philosopher to abandon his heavy talisman, I leave to the speculative mind of the metaphysician.

The French Consulate, in the absence of M. Monge, the Consul, was in charge of M. Kleckzkowski, Vice-Consul. The latter's health had been seriously affected, and when I wrote the Consul to come ashore and assume charge of his protégés, I was glad to welcome my sympathetic friend M. Paul Taillet, chancelier, who came to relieve me of the charge of his countrymen. M. Monge shortly afterward returned from France and assumed direction of his post. He hastened to visit me at the Consulate, accompanied by M. Kleckzkowski, to express his appreciation and thanks for the services I had rendered his countrymen, and of which he had been informed by M. Paul Taillet.[1] M. Kleckzkowski joined in

[1] M. Paul Taillet on relieving me of the charge of his Consulate wrote :—

"You have likewise saved many houses belonging to the French who, in the absence of their Consular authority (the French Consulate being burned) have had recourse to your good offices. You have protected and re-protected them (after the

these expressions of thanks, but failed to mention them in his reports to his Government.

On July 20th the news of the horrible massacre of Christians at Tantah reached Alexandria. Dr. Fredda, an Italian physician, for many years the sanitary inspector of the Egyptian Government for that district, witnessed the horrors committed and escaped to tell the tale. On July 13th trains, filled with the pillagers and booty from Alexandria, arrived at Tantah. These bloodthirsty wretches fell upon the Christian residents with the fury of demons maddened by their orgy of blood in Alexandria. Men, women, and children were seized, bound with ropes and dragged through the streets, and after horrible torture and mutilation were killed, and the flesh of the victims exposed for sale at mock auction by market women, more ferocious than the men, crying: "*Ishteri lahm betai Nasrani!*" ("Buy the flesh of a Christian!") Whilst this holocaust of blood was being enacted, Minchoui Bey, a Moslem, assembled a number of his Bedouin friends, dashed into the city, and, forming a square, snatched the victims from the

bombardment) and have served as an intermediary between them and the English army of occupation, for the English decided to land and occupy the city 36 hours after you.

"This, Colonel, has been your rôle, and the confusion that these events occasioned in the service of the Consulate of France at Alexandria and at Cairo can be the only reason of the neglect with which these facts have been treated. All praise is due to you for the deeds which I have only briefly traced, they are of public notoriety in Egypt and inseparable from the name of Chaillé-Long. . . .—Paul Taillet, Consul."

grasp of the assassins, and escorted them to Ismailia, whence they made their way to Port Said and Alexandria.

General S., as Chief-of-Staff of the Egyptian Army, accompanied the Khedive to Alexandria, but, having a confidence in Arabi which no one else had, left his wife and children in Cairo under the protection of Arabi. The massacre at Tantah showed the General how illusory was the power of Arabi to control or protect, and he was naturally filled with agonizing fears for the safety of his family in Cairo.

General S. came to the Consulate and requested me to take him on board the *Lancaster* to consult the American admiral on the possibility of bringing his family through the lines to Alexandria. Admiral Nicholson was cold, cynical and unsympathetic, and, indeed, criticized the General severely for having trusted Arabi, of whom the Admiral had small opinion. The interview was unpleasant and sterile. I went, however, to my friend Captain Whitehead, and enlisted his sympathy for S., with the result that the *Quinnebaug* was sent to Port Said, and Mrs. S. and family were passed through the lines to that point and brought to Alexandria. Arrived in Alexandria, I established them in the residence which had been abandoned by one of the U.S. fugitive Consular Agents, the Baron M——.

While waiting for their arrival, and when the General was excited and harassed by the rumour

of disorder in Cairo, he was provoked into expressing himself at his hotel in very strong language in regard to Sir Beauchamp Seymour. "If harm shall come to my family," said General S., "I will kill Sir Beauchamp Seymour." The remark, made in the excitement of the moment, was reported to Sir Beauchamp by an Englishman present, who boasted that "the British commander would arrest S. and send him out of Egypt." The General heard of the threat, and, coming to the Consulate, asked me what I would advise him to do. "Do nothing," I replied, "except keep close to the Consulate and the guard of American sailors and marines. Sir Beauchamp might send you out of Egypt as an Egyptian officer, but he has overlooked the fact that you are also an American citizen." General S. threw his arms around me and wept with emotion.

On August 18th, in the afternoon, accompanied by M. Latad, I was driving along the Gabari road towards the Mahmoudieh Canal to witness the almost daily skirmishing between the British and Arab outposts. I had passed a British blockhouse and had turned sharply to the left, when I was suddenly confronted by a group of Arabs, who, though dressed in *gallabiahs*, did not deceive me—they were soldiers.

The leader sprang forward as I whipped to pass and caught my horse by the head. I felt for my pistol—I had neglected to put it in my

belt! I endeavoured to ride down my assailants, but finding it of no avail, I threw the reins to my sais, who was yelling lustily for help, and grasping the heavily loaded carriage-whip so as to make a bludgeon, I jumped, and running quickly struck the man holding the bridle a terrific blow which felled him at my feet. In an instant I was surrounded, but managed to brace my back against a wall, and, thus at bay, I fought my assailants with fury. Suddenly there was a shout and the circle was broken by flight. The figure of an officer appeared to my eyes half filled with blood and dust. "Shall I give them a volley?" he asked. "No," I replied, panting for breath and wiping my face; "they seem to have the worst of it," pointing to the man who was lying in the road unconscious. The victim was picked up and taken to the post, where, revived, he confessed he had been sent to capture the American Consul!

The following day, as a witness, I appeared, by request, before an Arab court-martial. The British officer made out grave charges against the prisoner. On the other hand, I held that the prisoner was in uniform—the gallabiah, was it not undress? I begged for the prisoner the clemency of the court in my capacity as a former Egyptian officer. The court, I should add, was mainly composed of Arab officers who had recently deserted Arabi, and were anxious to show their new-found loyalty by condemning the

prisoner to death. My prayer was finally granted, but upon the condition that the prisoner should be bastinadoed! I would have demurred even to this, but the prisoner cried out: "*Malaish, Ya Saahtak, Kata harik Kitere, oweh*" ("Don't bother about such a little thing, Your Excellency, I am so much obliged"). As he was led away he grasped my hand, and carried it to his forehead: "*Mabrouk, Ya Bey, Mabrouk!*" ("God bless you!")

One night there came to the Consulate an Arab, who sent me word by the officer of the guard that one of my former officers desired to confer with me privately. When I went forward, I found, to my astonishment, Captain Abd-el Rasak, who had served with me as aide-de-camp in the expedition to the east coast. I was very glad indeed to see him again. "What was the nature of his visit and in what way could I serve him?" Abd-el Rasak told me, briefly, that he had escaped from Tel-el-Kebir, where he had been serving as aide to Arabi Pasha. He was convinced that the revolt was a grave error and would end badly; he had therefore made haste to escape. He was afraid of being arrested and imprisoned; would I secure his pardon in advance and then take him to the Khedive?

With the knowledge that he would receive little consideration from the court-martial then in session, I visited Thewfik the next morning, and, having related the case, obtained the

Khedive's pardon. I took the Captain[1] to the Palace with me, where he renewed his allegiance to the Khedive and was restored to duty the same day.

Order having been completely restored, I wrote the fugitive U.S. Consuls in Europe that they might return in perfect safety. I desired to resume the direction of my personal interests, which had suffered considerably.

In resigning my provisional functions in my letter to the Department of State, dated August 17th, I said :—

"I have done all that might be done to aid an affrighted and fleeing population. A flight, I may add, chiefly due to the ill-inspired invitation of the Consular Corps to its protégés to disarm. In the face of such a concession to a brutal populace the European had but one resource—flight.

"Lord Charles Beresford, the chief of police, and Commander Bradford, his second, have both personally expressed to me their sense of the general aid given them by the officers and men of the U.S. navy and marines, and that but for such aid the Palais de Justice, the Crédit Lyonnais, the Bourse, and, in fact, the better part of Alexandria, would have been inevitably destroyed.

"Order reigns once more in Alexandria. The

[1] Captain Abd-el Rasak was subsequently attached to the staff of General Valentine Baker of the Egyptian Gendarmerie, and was killed in one of the battles against Osman Digna, near Suakin.

city is under perfect control, and safety is secured to its residents. I feel that I have accomplished the work which I have been called upon to do. I accepted the office as there was urgent need for a Consular representative of the United States. This urgent need having ceased, I respectfully resign the office, being unable longer to bear the expenses it has entailed.

"Rear-Admiral Nicholson has kindly given me permission to refer to a communication made by him to the Navy Department, dated the 20th ulto. I beg to invite your attention thereto."

The State Department, acknowledging the communication, September 8th, accepted my resignation, and expressed its "high appreciation of the valuable and humane services rendered in the interests of humanity"; adding "its approval and thanks."

On September 1st I accepted the joint invitation of Captain Whitehead, commander of the *Quinnebaug*, and Lieutenant-Commander Barber, executive officer, to accompany them as a guest as far as Villafranca.

The American vessels stopped at Messina *en route*. It was there I had the pleasure of rejoining at breakfast in a delightful restaurant Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, who, since our intimate association in Alexandria, had been detached and had served with gallantry on the staff of Lord Wolseley at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

At Villafranca, after visiting Monaco and Nice, I separated from my sympathetic friends and journeyed to Paris.

In Paris I was introduced by Mdme. Adam, the distinguished directrice de la *Nouvelle Revue*, to de Freycinet, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom Madame Adam desired me to give a frank and clear exposé of the situation in Egypt, with the purpose, it should be remarked, of disabusing the mind of the former Minister of some ideas with reference to Arabi and the comedy enacted in Egypt. I visited de Freycinet, in the Rue de la Faisanderie, by appointment, and, during an hour or more, related my experience in the tragic events which had occurred in Egypt.

CHAPTER XIV

IN the autumn of 1882 I formed an association in Paris with a former member of the Bar in Alexandria, M. Nicoullaud. Our office was situated in the Rue Tronchet 5, not far from the Rue des Mathurins and near the Palace described by Daudet in a book entitled *Les Rois en Exil.* Ismail in exile had leased the Palace and frequently passed our door.

One day in December, 1882, I was awaiting at the Café de la Paix the coming of my friend M. Lamothe, *sous-redacteur* of *Le Temps.* We were going, by appointment, together to the Restaurant Marguery, where, with a number of journalists, we had been invited to *déjeuner* by Savorgnan de Brazza, returned from the Congo. De Brazza had played an important rôle on the Congo, where, charged with a special mission by the French Government, in December, 1879, he had ascended the Ogoué and thence to the Congo, had created the stations of Franceville and Brazzaville, concluding, with King Makoko, the first of the treaties with the negro kings which led to the founding of the Congo Français and the Congo Free State. Descending the Congo, de

Brazza met Henry M. Stanley, who, furious with jealousy at the success of his rival, treated him with contemptuous disdain and described him as "looking like a beggar," whilst the French flag he was carrying was referred to as a "dirty rag." The incident, widely published in the press in France and, indeed, everywhere, created a deplorable impression of Stanley.

Whilst seated before the café, M. Ryan, a distinguished Irish-American, director of the *New York Herald*, in passing, approached and asked me: "Are you coming to the Stanley Club dinner to-night at the Continental? I am to preside." "No," I replied. "I remember Stanley's ill-humour and hostility because I preceded him in Uganda, and I despise his meanness to de Brazza, to say nothing of the French flag which he has insulted." M. Ryan replied: "I do not mind telling you that I would gladly escape the *corvée* myself. Stanley will make an ass of himself. I have read the speech he proposes to read to-night. He reiterates the insults to the French flag and to de Brazza. He has been advised to refrain, but he will not." And I rejoined: "A fine specimen of a savage to eulogize, that; I wonder your Club does not club him." "Alas!" rejoined Ryan; "I can do nothing."

When Lamothe joined me, I recounted, word for word, my conversation with Ryan whilst on our way to Marguery's. When seated at the

table, Lamothe told the story to de Brazza and the ten or more journalists representing the Paris press. During the breakfast it was proposed that de Brazza, accompanied by several journalists (understanding English), should go to the Continental that night, and when Stanley was in the midst of his invectives the signal was to be given. As it was proposed, it was done. At the precise moment, de Brazza rushed in, lifted little Stanley in his powerful arms and hugged him and kissed him! Stanley, I was told by a friend who was present, seemed almost paralysed, while the guests cheered de Brazza, who bowed and quickly rejoined his friends without. The Paris press the next morning laughed and treated Stanley to a fine *raillerie*, which should have cured him of an abominable characteristic.

Some time in March, 1883, the journals in Paris announced, with fracas, the arrival of "Son Excellence Raymond Bey" from Egypt. Raymond Bey, who had engaged superb apartments at the Hôtel Splendide, Avenue de l'Opéra. Son Excellence would fête his arrival by a *dîner* of fifty covers to the press of Paris.

Raymond Bey! Was this the individual who, one day after the bombardment of Alexandria, in 1882, walked into the Consulate, saluted me familiarly, and handed me a letter of recommendation from a journalist acquaintance of Baltimore? (The letter proved to be a rank forgery.) Unsuspected, he was installed in a

vacant room at the Consulate, where he soon opened the drawers of the fugitive Consul's desk, appropriated a cheque (payment on which fortunately had been stopped), and robbed General S. Ross Raymond proved to be an English *ticket-of-leave man*, whose life had been principally spent in the prisons of England and America. Liberated about the time of the death of General Grant, he procured money from the family on some pretext. Subsequently he crossed the ocean, and at Stratford-on-Avon, where Mr. George Washington Childs was causing a monument to be erected to Shakespeare, he presented a letter of recommendation "from his uncle, G. W. Childs," and obtained a loan of £1000. I concluded to go to the hotel, and if, as it appeared, it was the real Raymond, I would warn the proprietor and the police.

It was eight o'clock when I arrived; there was a crowd on the avenue and at the door, attracted by the novel sight of several little negroes in Turkish costume, who were posted at the door to receive Raymond's visitors. When I entered, I asked for Son Excellence Raymond Bey. The *comptable* glared at me. "The invited guests of M. Raymond are there," she said, "awaiting his return." The proprietor intervened. "Raymond Bey had borrowed twenty-five thousand francs until the next day!" There was no longer any doubt. It was my quondam acquaintance! In a few words I recounted the purpose of my

visit. The proprietor, pale with emotion, quickly ascended to the rooms of his guest. When he returned, he was both pale and blue by turns. Raymond's trunks were filled with bricks. It was the work of an instant to dismiss the guests—dinnerless. Raymond was next heard of as condemned to prison in England and America. His death was announced in 1910, but his reappearance in the courts after similar announcements creates the impression that he may be heard of again.

Subsequently, in 1883, I returned to Egypt to plead before the International Commission des Indemnités, which had been organized to indemnify those who had lost property by the bombardment and burning of Alexandria, the claims of a number of clients. Alexandria was still half buried beneath its ashes, and its inhabitants were waiting with impatience the awards of the Commission.

When the Commission assembled, Judge Barringer discovered that his old enemy Judge X had been made a member, and, furthermore, that X had openly boasted that Barringer should never receive a piastre for his claim of 60,000 francs indemnity—a case of *lex talionis*. Judge Barringer appealed to me in my quality as Ex-Chargé d'Affaires of the Consulate to protect him by an appeal to the Secretary of State. Accordingly, a letter was written enclosing a statement from Judge B., requesting that X

might be eliminated from all jurisdiction in connection with the claim of Judge B. Mr. Hunter, the Acting Secretary of State, replied by cable in the affirmative, with the result that Judge B. received without discussion the entire sum of his claim. This interference on my part to defend an American citizen from a contemplated wrong and outrage won for me the bitter hostility of X, his accomplice Brown, and their friends and protégés.

During my stay at Ramleh, in the summer of [1883] I was visited by my friend M. Dahan-Dahan, a Syrian gentleman who represented the United States as Consular Agent at Tantah. M. Dahan would have me go with him to Tantah to witness the curious fêtes of the Arab saint, "the Saïd-el-Bedowee Fêtes," which are, indeed, simply reproductions of the ancient fêtes of Isis.

Under the impression of this memorable visit to Tantah, a city somewhat out of the beaten path of the traveller, I wrote the following description of the "Saïd-el-Bedowee Fêtes." I give it place here as one of the many agreeable incidents of my life in Egypt.

In the Delta of the Nile, close upon the site of ancient Busiris[1] and not far from Canopus, cities formerly celebrated for their mystic fêtes in honour of Isis and Bacchus, there is an Arab city where similar mysteries are still practised in

[1] The Abousir of to-day.

honour of the Moslem saint, El Saïd-el-Bedowee. The Isis of Busiris represented the idea of fecundity and procreation in general.

The mantle of Osiris and Isis has been spread upon the tomb of El Bedowee, who represents the same power to the Arab mind—is, in fact, a continuation of the same deities transmitted from century to century down to the triannual fêtes of the *moulid* (birthday) of the Saint of Tantah.

Ebers, in writing of the fêtes of Osiris and Isis, says : " Under the image of a husband and wife the pretty legend very subtly represented the course of the phenomena of nature in Egypt, the circuit of the sun and the fate of the human soul, the inundations of the Nile and the fertility of the earth, the illuminating power of the sun, the fundamental principle of human life and the ultimate triumph of goodness and truth. Osiris represented the sun, the Nile, in fact, every part of nature in which the productive is displayed. Osiris was the active agent, Isis the passive. Considered jointly, Osiris and Isis was the universal being, the soul of nature, the god and goddess of generation and fecundity." The material mind of the Arab, if it has not grasped the poetic appreciation of the legend, has accepted certainly the grosser interpretation, for the moulid of the Bedowee at Tantah is really a counterpart of the orgies which once held high carnival at Busiris and Canopus.

Busiris disappeared long ages ago, and nothing remains to mark its site except a few granite blocks, the ruins of the great temple mentioned by Herodotus. The historian says of the festival, that it was customary for the people to repair thither by water, and parties of men and women were crowded together on that occasion without distinction of age or sex.

During the journey several women played upon the crotola and some on the flute, while others, as is the custom of this day, accompanied them by clapping their hands. As many as seven hundred thousand persons were in attendance. An ox was sacrificed, stuffed with incense, myrrh, and other odorific substances, and then burned. They beat themselves at the close of the sacrifice, and this was done, adds Herodotus, "in honour of a god whose name a religious scruple forbids me to mention."

The statue of Isis at Busiris bore the mysterious inscription :—

"I am all in all; the Past, the Present, the Future, and my veil hath no mortal raised."

Schiller refers to the statue of Isis in his *Veiled Statue* :—

"Senseless and pale
Prostrate before the dais of Isis' shrine
Next day they found him; that which there he said
He never uttered."

Canopus, according to Strabo, was situated at the mouth of the Canopian branch of the Nile.

Canopus has also disappeared, and in its place Aboukir has arisen.

At the commencement of the Macedonian dynasty, 240 years B.C., Canopus was the fashionable seashore bathing resort of Alexandria. It contained spacious, luxurious baths and magnificent villas. The fervent disciples of Bacchus there celebrated their fêtes. Quitting Alexandria, covered with garlands of flowers, they formed in procession in much the same manner as the crowd formerly visited Busiris.

Arrived in Canopus the *Bacchants et Bacchantes* took up their quarters in certain localities, and over the portals of their houses they wrote the significant announcement, the like of which may be seen in Pompeii to-day :—

" *Hic domus est felicitatis.*"

Seneca, writing of the city, said : " No resident of Canopus can claim to be virtuous, but the true man of virtue can reside there without losing either his character or his time."

Tantah is not so beautiful as was her dead sister, but materially and morally she is quite as bad, if not worse.

Tantah has succeeded to Canopus and Busiris in the practice of their mystic rites.

The Arab city is situated in the province of Garbiyéh, and on the line of the railway between Alexandria and Cairo. Third or fourth in commercial importance, it contains a population of

75,000 souls, composed of the Arab fellah, Copts, Armenians, Jews, Syrians, Greeks, and negroes. Besides cotton and grains, Tantah drives a brisk trade in fabrics of all kinds of Eastern goods and, as may be imagined, in female slaves—Circassian, Georgian, and Abyssinian, and this, too, in spite of the official prohibition.

Tantah was an official residence and possessed a palace of the Viceroy. In a narrow street, through which two donkeys may scarcely pass abreast, a stately, graceful, octagonal minaret shoots high in air, displaying against the clear blue sky all the subtle symmetry and elegance peculiar to Arabic architecture. Like a sentinel with bayonet fixed it seems to stand guard over the glittering ogival dome below, that in the eternal sunlight of Egypt glows and burns as a ball of fire, reflecting its golden rays over and around the mosque of the Saïd-el-Bedowee.

Within the mosque, or sanctuary, the grandeur and dimensions are truly marvellous. Symmetrical columns of alabaster rise from the tessellated mosaic marble floor and lose themselves in space above. High up in the minaret is the exterior *mastabah,* to which the muezzin climbs five times each day and bids the faithful to prayer.

Incense smokes from censers placed here and there, and the perfumed air contributes to captivate insensibly with mystic and irresistible charm the stranger who for the first time stands be-

wildered within the sacred precincts of the mosque.

Under the dome, surrounded by a bronzed railing, there is a marble monument over which is spread a red cloth on which, in golden letters, are written verses of the Koran. It is the tomb of the Saint, the Saïd-el-Bedowee. The city of Tantah is celebrated for its three fêtes which occur during the year in honour of El Bedowee. Each fête lasts eight days and attracts more than two hundred thousand persons, chief among whom are women—sterile women who assemble from every part of Egypt, invoking the aid of the spirit of the Saïd-el-Bedowee.

The popular legend in Egypt holds that the simple touch of the finger on the tomb of the Saint is sufficient to relieve them of their sterility, the greatest reproach which the Moslem wife may incur. The Koran, as well as the Moslem code *multéka*, prescribes the condition and right of the Moslem woman, which the Occidental may be surprised to learn accords her a quasi-independence. The husband, briefly stated, is obliged to maintain his wife upon a footing becoming his fortune and his rank. He may forbid her to go out, but he has no right to take her to another city or country without her consent. He cannot refuse her permission to see her father and mother at least once a week, and once a month her other relatives. In case of divorce, usually demanded by the husband because of

sterility, he is obliged to surrender the wife's *dot*, or if there has been none, then he must assure the maintenance and support of the repudiated. The subjection of the woman, therefore, is not absolute. If she is sterile the code multéka may be invoked, and she may go and appeal to the spirit of the Saïd at Tantah. The husband may repudiate her, but he must relinquish every *para* of her fortune. The harem doors are opened, and accompanied by her female servants, she sets out for the sacred tomb. Not unfrequently the invocation results in the birth of an infant, and custom ascribes it to the blessed intervention of the Saint. This liberty, accorded by the law, provokes, as may be imagined, a vast deal of licence.

The Saint Saïd-el-Bedowee was born, A.H. 596 and A.D. 1200, at Fez, whither his family had fled from Irak. When seven years of age he accompanied his parents to Mecca, where he developed a character full of caprice and giddiness, which won for him among his school-fellows the sobriquet of *Saïd-el-bablowee*—the happy jester.

When twenty-four years of age his father died, after which he lived with his brother, and during this time the afflatus of divine science, the *Walah* of the Moslem, came upon him, and the licentious and reckless youth was turned into a saint. His tongue no longer wagged with wit, but, silent, he expressed himself only by signs. From time to time he fasted during forty days,

seeking thus to chasten and subdue his spirit. His eyes, heretofore beaming with fun, now glowed with the fires of ecstatic fervour, and were continually lifted to heaven in prayer and silent conversation.

Voices in the air were constantly speaking to Saïd and strange visions visited him at night. The people at length came to recognize him as a man particularly favoured of God. The fame of his sanctity spread far and wide. Urged by an irresistible desire, he set out on foot, first to Irak and thence to Egypt, where he was received with marked favour by the Sultan Beybar. He established himself at Tantah, and there performed such marvellous feats of mortification and asceticism that all Egypt went wild over the advent of the new prophet and saint. His name was in every mouth and became the synonym, as it is to-day, of strength and power: *Ya Saïd, Ya geddah.* He was at once, in the Moslem mind, the worthy rival and descendant of Sebennytus and of Hercules. He performed miracles, resurrected the dead! He gave mysterious counsel to his disciples and aided them in many instances from his own means. He died at the advanced age of ninety-six. The solemn festival of his moulid, or birthday, instituted shortly after his death, has now become a fête of great importance.

The personal appearance of the Saïd was remarkable in the extreme, and contributed not

a little to the charm which he exercised over the people. His massive head was hidden in a burnous, or scarf, like that worn by the Bedouin. His face, though hidden, disclosed two great black eyes, which, sunk in their sockets, burned like two great coals of fire. The nose was aquiline and the complexion a light olive brown. In the commencement of his ascetic exercises his face was completely hidden; but on one occasion, it is said, a disciple, one Abd-el-Medjid, undertook to look upon the reputed awful but sacred countenance of the Moslem Jove. Abd-el was so overcome with fear that he laid himself down and died. The face of the saint was scarred with cuts made after the manner of certain tribes, and on each side of his nose there were moles which completed the insignia of the recognized prophet.

The moulid of Tantah gives rise at times to serious trouble and conflicts, and the Government has frequently decreed its suppression; but the interdicton has not been carried into effect, because of the religious prejudice which attaches thereto.

After a copious *acheh*, or supper, at Dahan's hospitable home, we sallied forth, pushing our way through the crowded streets to the moulid without the city. Night had fallen and from the plain on which the tents of 200,000 people were spread, a blaze of light flashed from bonfires and lanterns. The hum of the multitude

could be heard above the ceaseless drumming of the darabouk, the strident cries of the dervish dancers, and the *Zihrs*, who, seated upon the ground, sway their bodies to and fro, or, howling, jerk their heads violently first to the right and then to the left, repeating with exhausting energy ever and ever the name of Allah! Allah! The moulid is perhaps best described in all its phases by the lines of a poet who has visited Tantah :—

"Loud is the sound of ballad singers shouting,
While with her wanton grace and faces pretty,
Like some alluring sly coquette
A dancer with her castagnette
Displays herself in subtile pantomime:
And singers chant an old Arabian ditty
Of Saladin and of his time.

"Seesaws are creaking, all their bells are tinkling;
Gaudily painted vans and coaches clatter;
The Berberee guitars are humming,
The darabouki round us drumming;
A thousand people push and shove and hustle,
A thousand voices buzz and roar and chatter,
The fair is at the height of bustle.

"I join the circle crowded round a wizard
Who wakes the dead and conjures up the devil;
Who blows a horn and at the sound
His empty jug at once is found
Full filled by Afreets; nuts to serpents turn
Within their pockets, puzzled still they revel;
Abundant bachsheesh he can earn.

"A short way on I find the Alatiyeh;
There sounds the feeble fiddling Hemenjbeh
The dulcimer and tambourine,
Zither and songs of Bedouin;

The weird old airs cradle and soothe my care
With sweet fantastic dreams, half sad, half gay;
A mystic language charms my ear.

"There 'mid the tents, where garish lamps are flaring,
Dervishes spin in wild delirious dances,
Ecstatically drunk as it were.
Coffee, sherbet and pipes out there
Mingle their scent with musk and ambergris;
Fumes of hasheesh inspire voluptuous fancies,
Oh! for a sou to purchase bliss!"

A group of professional story-tellers, named *Abou Zeidees*, chant news by reciting romanzas to eager listeners. They sing of the heroes of the *Alif leyleh wah leyleh* (*The Thousand and One Nights*), the life of Abou Zeïd, and the songs of the sun-beloved Antar. As we approach, the chief is singing amid the "Oh! Ah's!" of the audience:—

"Ya sheikh el Arab, ya Saïd,
Tegmani al kilili leyleh
Wah gani habeebi kelet
La amal lu-l kashmeer dulleyeh."

"O sheikh of the Arabs, O Saïd;
Unite me to the true love one night
And if the beloved of my heart come to me
I will make the cashmere shawl her canopy."

We are now in the quarter of the camp devoted to the frail. The shout of the revellers is heard from every part of the tented city and rises high above the din of darabouk, the clash of castanet, and the shrill notes of the *zummareh*. In the shadows of the lanterns dimly burning may be

seen the devotees of Bacchus clasped in each other's arms in drunken embrace, prone upon the ground, for the intoxicating *raki* is a potent factor in the festivities.

At the door of each tent, before an improvised temple of Venus, are gathered the votaries of the star-eyed goddess, rare and radiant beauties, many of them worthy rivals of the ancient sorceress of the Nile. There, on the cashmere shawl, the lover pours out his soul in endless song to the queen at whose feet he kneels.

The mysteries of Isis could not be unveiled. No more may those of the Bedowee be revealed, but neither Busiris nor Canopus could surpass in shameless debauchery the fêtes at Tantah.

The night is far spent when my companion and myself regain the city. The lights burn dim and pale in the grey dawn which is breaking in the east. The shouts of men and women and noisy din of camp grow fainter and fainter upon the ear, and finally are hushed in silence—the revellers sleep. As we reach the threshold of Dahan's house the muezzin's call to prayer breaks upon the stillness of the air from the mastabah of the minaret :—

" *Allah Akbar ! la illaha il allah wah Mohammed rassoul Allah !* " (" God is great ! There is but one God, and Mohammed is the prophet ! ")

The invocation, however, falls unheeded now, for the revellers are wrapped in the brutal slumber

which follows the orgies of the moulid of the Saïd-el-Bedowee.

It will be recalled that Arabi had been tried and exiled to Ceylon. It was considered necessary, however, to punish someone for his crimes and Suleiman Daoud was selected as a scapegoat. I was present at the trial and was indignant at the manifest mockery. His lawyer, unable to secure a hearing, retired from the case, and Suleiman was condemned without delay. The scene that followed was pathetic. M. Hoyami, a Syrian gentleman, was acting as my secretary, and was with me at the time of Suleiman's condemnation. M. Hoyami suggested that we might possibly be permitted to visit Suleiman in his prison and procure for him, if we could, able counsel who would save his life. Hoyami, I should add, being an old friend of Suleiman's, was desirous of giving the latter a proof of his friendship. We went to the Governor, who flatly refused the permission to visit; but, notwithstanding, on coming out, I said, so that our arbagee might hear: "Very good of the Governor, was it not?" and added: "Arbagee, drive quickly to the prison of Suleiman Daoud." Our coachman needed no other argument, but, arriving, almost drove over the sentry, hurling at him, with the brutal audacity of his class, the vilest invectives. The sentry was so surprised that he permitted Hoyami and myself to pass and gain the exterior window,

where we opened conversation with the condemned man. Briefly told, Suleiman refused to believe that the sentence was serious. Like Arabi, he too would be exiled. He would ask the favour of my intervention that the place of exile should be *Suakin* and not the *Soudan*. In vain I pleaded that he should procure without delay some distinguished counsellor to defend him. "How much would it cost?" he laughingly asked. "At least twenty-five thousand francs." "Nonsense," he said; "I will give two thousand francs—not a piastre more." "Suleiman," I replied, "do not treat your case so lightly." Hoyami and I left him, the former with tears in his eyes.

A few days later, in the early morning of July 12th, returning from Ramleh, we heard the rumble of a caisson and the measured tread of soldiers. As we entered the Place des Consuls we beheld an improvised scaffold, and the next moment, in the square quickly formed, we witnessed involuntarily the execution of Suleiman Daoud.

I was seated at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel Canal de Suez (which had escaped the conflagration of 1882), when my attention was directed to a guest—an Arab Bey seated next me—who recounted for the edification of the assemblage the story of a young and beautiful woman, who, during the reign of violence, had sought the protection of his wives and was still with them

in his harem at Benha. "The Princess," said the Bey of Benha, "is the daughter of the King of Uganda, who confided her to the care of a white officer, who brought her to Cairo and placed her in a convent"—whence, after the flight of the Christians in 1882, she had gone to Benha, and, seeking his protection, had remained with his wives. Imagine, reader, my surprise and the surprise of the Bey when, turning to him, I said in Arabic: "True, O Bey! the Princess has told you her story correctly. I am the officer who brought her to Cairo. The Princess, however, did not tell you that the Khedive proposed to marry her to some officer and send her back to the country, where her husband would represent Egypt at her father's court. Promise me, O Bey, that you will continue your kind care of the Princess, that when the Mahdi shall have been defeated and Egypt regains control there, the Khedive's wishes may be accomplished." The Bey of Benha, recovered from his astonishment, promised with many ejaculations that it should be done as requested.

The insurrection of the Mahdi, the revolt of Arabi, the death of M'tesa, the scenes of bloodshed in the Soudan, the bankruptcy of Egypt, the dethronement of Ismail, the bombardment of Alexandria, had all conspired to defer the plan of sending Princess M'tesa back to Uganda.

The *Phare d'Alexandrie*, during my absence, had published a series of articles from the pen of

an anonymous writer, entitled: "Histoire Contemporaine." It was a flagrant attempt of the author to falsify the history of the events of 1882, and depreciating the services of the U.S. officers, sailors, and marines, attributed their services to the Greeks, Germans, and Russians. I addressed a polite note to the editor of the *Phare* asking rectification, but failing to receive a reply, the *Egyptian Gazette*, with a knowledge of the case, very courteously accorded my communication the hospitality of its columns. Besides, I wrote to Lieutenant-Commander Hutchins, U.S. Navy, Lieutenant-Commander Barber, and Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, U.S. Navy, commanders of the American detachment, and also Lieutenant-Commander Bradford, R.N., who replied as follows:—

Lieutenant-Commander Hutchins replied, in part:—

"Speaking of the Germans,[1] that reminds me of the night of July 16th, 1882, when, hearing some commotion in the Tribunal building where Lieutenant Bradford was quartered with his command, I went over to see what was the matter. . . . He told me they (the English) expected Arabi to make an attack on the city that night. We then made a compact to stick together, if the worst came to the worst. It was

[1] In writing of the Americans, for example, the author of *Egyptian Campaigns* said: "The Americans arrived in Alexandria on the 15th of July, and returned to their ships the *next morning*, leaving the Germans to take care of the city!"

now extremely dark, and, on leaving Bradford, I struck out for my command. To my surprise, after a few steps, I ran *slam bang* right into a section of artillery that was coming around the corner at the double. While trying to get round them I heard orders in German, and, to my surprise, found they were Germans retreating to their ship. They, with the Greeks and Russians, embarked that night, when they learned that Arabi had threatened to clean us all out of the city. . . ." Lieutenant-Commander Hutchins added: "I have always thought there was a very large number of people in Alexandria who wanted their property destroyed by fire that they might make a claim for losses before the Court of Indemnities."

Lieutenant-Commander F. M. Barber, executive officer of the *Quinnebaug*, wrote me thus :—

"I was at that time executive officer of the U.S.S. *Quinnebaug*, and we arrived in Alexandria harbour in company with the U.S. flagship *Lancaster* and the U.S.S. *Nipsic* some days before the bombardment of July 11th, 1882. Upon our arrival we found upwards of forty men-of-war in port, and the city in that state of unrest and excitement which always accompanies such an occurrence as the massacre of June 11th. You were in charge of the U.S. Consulate, rendering aid to the frightened of all nationalities and promising protection which was readily accorded

them by Admiral Nicholson. Other men-of-war took only their own nationals, but we took everyone you sent, even some that had been refused by their own men-of-war and who had afterward gone to you; and I well remember what a mixed crowd they were, particularly as it fell to my lot to provide for our share, and pork and beans was not palatable to the poor Jews.

"On the evening of July 10th we all steamed out of the harbour, and the bombardment took place on the 11th and was continued by a few shots on the morning of the 12th. That afternoon all was quiet, though the Egyptian flags on the forts were still flying, and no one could tell if the garrisons had surrendered or not; but toward evening huge columns of smoke began to rise, and you became very anxious and insisted on going on shore. The Admiral declined to give you a ship's boat and we all urged you not to make the attempt otherwise on account of the danger, but you took a fishing boat and went ashore alone. You returned and informed the Admiral that Arabi Pasha had fled, and that the city was in a state of anarchy and was being burned and looted by the mob.

"Admiral Nicholson, who was a man of prompt action, ordered the *Lancaster* and *Quinnebaug* (the *Nipsic* had sailed for Brazil) to steam in and land men on the morning of the 13th. There were about 150 to 160 men landed, and they

accompanied you to the Consulate. Without you they could never have found their way there at all, as the houses, being principally built of limestone, had been crumbled by the fire, and there were no streets or landmarks in the vicinity of the wharves. I could not recognize it at all two days afterwards when I went on shore to visit the *Quinnebaug's* detachment, though I knew Alexandria quite well, having been there in 1866 in the *Swatara* after John H. Surratt.

" It is a matter of history that it was the arrival of our men that prevented the entire destruction of Alexandria; that ours was the only Consulate left in the city, and that it was filled with refugees of all nationalities seeking protection, until the English tardily landed a large force on July 15th, and with the assistance of our men restored permanent order to the wrecked community.

" It was your initiative that began, continued, and completed the work which was so creditable to the United States throughout all those memorable days. Some weeks afterwards we had the pleasure of your company on board the *Quinnebaug* as far as Nice, and learned that you proposed trying for the vacant position of Consul-General to Egypt. We were all pleased, for naval officers know better than most men how necessary it is to have a man of strong character in a consular position in time of emergency, and not one who,

as often happens when we have to act with them, wants all the authority and none of the responsibility, thereby securing to himself the glory in case of success and the certainty of keeping his billet in case of failure.

"I heard afterwards with regret that you had been made Secretary of Legation in Corea, a position with little honour and no profit, and where, I know from experience, the surroundings are such as to paralyse the intellect and petrify honest ambition. I presume it was your strange thirst for travelling in unknown regions that induced you to accept the situation; but Corea was no reward for your service in Alexandria. In those days, however, the U.S. was at peace with all the world, and a Consul was measured by his ability in promoting the business interests rather than the honour of the nation.

"Few of those people whose lives you saved ever saw the United States either before or afterwards, and they were poor people without any influence at any event. It is not surprising that your case disappeared under the mass of business with which our Congress and our Executive are always burdened. But since then we have had a war. We dominate one-half of the world, and, in spite of ourselves, we are involved in the colonial interests of the other half. I think our representatives appreciate this, and will realize that it is not too late to reward a man who was where he was wanted when the country needed

him, and will be there again if occasion requires."[1]

Lieutenant-Commander Bradford, R.N., wrote me as follows :—

"ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH.

"You must please excuse the delay in replying to your letter of the 11th inst., but it has only reached me now. If my memory is correct, I reached the Tribunal on the morning of July 15th, and found that you, with a detachment of American seamen and marines, were already in possession of the Consulate. While I remained there, I received the greatest assistance in restoring order and extinguishing the fire, both from yourself and the officers and men of the *Lancaster*. The statement published in the *Phare d'Alexandrie*, that the American detachment returned on board, is entirely incorrect, and I am sure the thanks of the European population are due to you for the zeal and energy you displayed in replacing them in possession of their homes. You were always at your post, ready to

[1] The author accepted the post in Corea on the personal promise of President Cleveland that he should receive the first vacancy for a mission. That the promise was not kept the author refers to the explanation given him by his friend the late Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which appears on a subsequent page. Justice Field's interpretation was undoubtedly correct, but it was also true that there were other elements in the opposition, among which were the unworthy Americans in Egypt acting through Nubar Pasha and Lord Sackville-West, the British Ambassador at Washington. Had the State Department been administered upon the high plane it has been subsequently, under such Secretaries of State as Root, Bacon, and Knox, this injustice would not have been.

assist everybody, without regard to nationality, and I may say that no man worked harder during that eventful week. I now thank you and your officers and men for their assistance, and also for the kindness we received at your hands. With the best wishes for your welfare,

"Believe me yours sincerely,

"BARTON R. BRADFORD, R.N."

Sir Edward Malet, H.B. Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, wrote me:—

"I hope that you will allow me to take this opportunity of expressing the high sense which I entertain of the services you rendered immediately after the bombardment of Alexandria. Believe me to be, dear Colonel,

"Yours very faithfully,

"EDWARD MALET."

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, U.S. Navy, wrote as follows:—

"I have great pleasure in recalling your services at Alexandria during the stormy days of June and July, 1882.

"As I remember, the American Consulate was pusillanimously abandoned by its incumbent at a time when he and it were sorely needed. At much personal sacrifice and with admirable courage you assumed the charge thus basely deserted; to your efforts is due the salvation of hundreds of Christians, Americans born, natural-

ized American citizens, persons claiming American protection through employment in American homes, missions and other establishments, and in the great final rush to escape the slaughter which the imminent announcement of a 'Holy War' would necessarily entail, any and all without distinction or discrimination. This is only a short episode in your long and honourable career, but how gratifying it must be to you to have rescued so many from torture and death!

"As the officer who commanded the sailors and marines landed from the American fleet on July 13th, 1882, to establish order in Alexandria, stop pillaging, and arrest the burning of the city, I am glad to bear witness to your courage and your invaluable aid in the performance of my duty through your exceptional knowledge of Egypt and your wise counsel. Of you might it have been said at that time: '*Among the faithless, faithful only he.*'

"I believe I am right in stating that you put your duty to your country above your personal interest at that time, and without hesitation (I might say, quixotically) gave up a competence for life because, although justly won by hard service and wounds, you felt that to abandon the unremunerative and vexatious yet responsible charge forced upon you by circumstances, and the earnest request of your compatriots, would have been untrue to that high ideal of honour and loyalty which has shed lustre upon the American name wherever you have chanced to be.

"However highly the Government may see

fit to reward you for your devotion, I can conscientiously state that in my opinion you are most worthy. I wish you and your friends the best of luck to secure your recognition for services at a time when only your courage, and the strength and purity of your character, could avail to rescue the American flag out of the filth and slime into which American Consuls in Egypt had plunged it.

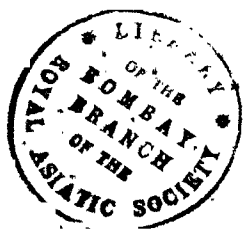
"I am, my dear Colonel, faithfully yours,

"C. F. GOODRICH,
"Captain U.S. Navy."

The testimony of Captain Goodrich, of Captains Hutchins, Barber, and Bradford, all living actors in the drama, lends particular interest to an affair which reflects honour upon the American Navy.

There is nothing which marks the heroic deeds of the Americans in Alexandria. The Place des Consuls was so named because the Consulates were established there prior to the burning of the city. The fire destroyed all these, and they have since removed to other quarters. The U.S. Consulate alone was saved, and still remains Place des Consuls. It would be appropriate justice, a case, indeed, of *Caveant Consules*, for the Consuls of all nations will recognize the services rendered their subjects and protégés in 1882, if the name of the Place des Consuls, where their Consulates are no longer situated,

were changed to Place des *Etats-Unis*, with a tablet in bronze in commemoration of the Americans—the officers, sailors, and marines who saved many Christian lives and saved the city of Alexandria. *Ad perpetuam rei memoriam.*



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